

XVIITH Century Lyrics



By A. C. Judson

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Mary McCabe Frost

Seventeenth-Century Lyrics

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, CHICAGO
THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK; THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF
CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO; THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS,
LONDON; THE MARUZEN-KABUSHIKI-KAISHA, TOKYO, OSAKA, KYOTO,
FUKUOKA, SENDAI; THE COMMERCIAL PRESS, LIMITED, SHANGHAI.

Seventeenth-Century Lyrics

EDITED WITH SHORT
BIOGRAPHIES, BIBLIOG-
RAPHIES, AND NOTES

By

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS · · CHICAGO · ILLINOIS

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PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, DECEMBER, 1927

P r e f a c e

THIS anthology was prepared with the aim of giving adequate representation to the chief English lyrical poets of the seventeenth century. A number of minor poets usually represented in such a collection have been excluded entirely so that such outstanding men as Jonson, Herrick, Milton, and Dryden, not to mention such lesser figures as Herbert and Vaughan and Cowley, might be given their due. In this book attention has been centered upon what I believe to be the fourteen most important lyric poets of the century, and their work has been represented by two hundred and seventy-five poems. Whatever other merits the book may possess, this emphasis upon the more important men is, I feel, its *raison d'être*. Nor, I hasten to add, have I introduced a single poem merely to swell the total of any one man unless it measured up to what I thought to be a proper standard of quality. Indeed, an insistence upon intrinsic merit accounts for the relatively small number of poems by Lovelace, Suckling, and Rochester.

In accordance with the conviction that a knowledge of the life and personality of the author is well-nigh essential to an understanding—certainly to a rich appreciation—of a good deal of the lyric poetry of the seventeenth century, I have arranged the poems of each man, so far as possible, in chronological sequence, and have furnished a brief biography in which I have stressed the relation of the various poems to the poet's life. One of the chief charms of the seventeenth-century lyric is its genuinely personal note. Herbert, Vaughan, Herrick, and Milton often bare their hearts to us, and their poetry loses half its point without a knowledge of the struggles and the spiritual triumphs of which it became the almost inevitable expression. The short biographies, written with the specific aim of illuminating the poems included in this collection, will, I hope, not only increase the significance of the poetry for the average student but also spare the instructor the need of dwelling at length on biographical matters.

My chief aim in the notes has been the clarifying of obscurities and the indicating of reasonably clear literary relationships. Many lyrics, to be sure—notably the songs of Carew, Rochester, and Dryden—call for no elucidation whatever; on the other hand, much of the poetry of Jonson and Milton is for the average reader so full of obscure references that a great deal of its significance is lost, or may be gained only by a tedious consulting of dictionary and encyclopedia. Furthermore, the poets of this period are curiously indebted to one another and to earlier literature, many of them imitating and even paraphrasing with innocent and delightful irresponsibility. Jonson becomes much more intelligible when one is aware of his

PREFACE

almost instinctive adaptation of the classics. Herrick, with his rose-encircled brow and bevy of mistresses, is frequently puzzling unless one has some familiarity with his sources of classical inspiration. Vaughan can best be appreciated only after one knows the interesting connection between his poems and those in George Herbert's little volume, *The Temple*. And John Donne—how definitely a knowledge of his beautiful and eccentric poems illuminates the work of men as far removed from him in spirit and time as Abraham Cowley. Seventeenth-century poetry constitutes an intricate web, the beauty and meaning of whose pattern become increasingly apparent with the study of sources and relationships.

Though I have attempted in both biographies and notes to assemble whatever matter would elucidate and contribute to the interest of the various selections, I have also left much to student and instructor. To begin with, I have made no effort to sketch the history of the lyric during the century. Vastly interesting spiritual changes occurred: as has often been remarked, men began the century as children, still possessing much of the buoyancy and glow of Elizabethan England; they ended it men and women, with the more sobered and thoughtful modern outlook. In no other hundred years has the English race undergone a more profound mental change. Any effort to interpret and trace the shifting attitude toward life, as also the artistic modifications in the form of the lyric, I have felt to be beyond the scope of this book. Likewise, I have made the criticism and interpretation of individual men wholly incidental. For those, however, who wish to give more exhaustive study to particular poets, I have furnished bibliographies, with some attempt at a comparative evaluation of the books and critical articles mentioned.

I should perhaps state that, although I have striven to provide a dependable text, I have taken liberal privileges in modernizing it. It has seemed to me, for example, that more would be lost than gained by the retention of such forms as "heav'n," "ent'ring," and "th'," since modern readers experience no difficulty in making the necessary elisions. I have, however, resisted one temptation to which many compilers of anthologies yield—the printing of incomplete poems. In all but three instances poems are reproduced in full.

Finally, I ought frankly to confess that I have included a number of short poems that are not lyrics according to a narrow interpretation—epigrams, descriptive pieces like "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," and even Suckling's "Ballad upon a Wedding," with its considerable narrative element. If any justification were needed, it could be found in the primary aim already expressed of revealing as adequately as practicable the poetic achievements and personalities of the fourteen poets represented.

PREFACE

I am grateful to many persons for helpful suggestions and criticisms in connection with this book, especially to Professor Killis Campbell, of the University of Texas, who read a large portion of my manuscript at an early stage in its preparation; to Professor Howard M. Jones, of the University of North Carolina, who examined the manuscript at a time of unusual stress; to my colleague, Professor Laurens J. Mills, who has read all the proofs; and to my wife, who has read and reread both manuscript and proofs.

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~~~~~  
*John Donne*  
~~~~~

SONG

*G*o and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging, 5
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou beest born to strange sights, 10
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee, 15
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
Such a pilgrimage were sweet. 20
Yet do not; I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she 25
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

• • •

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
To-morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
Or say that now
We are not just those persons which we were? 5

Or that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose? 10

Or, your own end to justify,
For having purposed change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would; 15
Which I abstain to do,
For by to-morrow I may think so too.

• • •

THE INDIFFERENT

I can love both fair and brown;
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays;
Her who loves loneliness best, and her who masks and plays;
Her whom the country formed, and whom the town;
Her who believes, and her who tries; 5
Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,
And her who is dry cork and never cries.
I can love her, and her, and you, and you;
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices spent, and now would find out others?
Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?
Oh we are not; be not you so;
Let me—and do you—twenty know. 10
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
Must I, who came to travel thorough you,
Grow your fixed subject because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song,
And by love's sweetest part, variety, she swore
She heard not this till now; and that it should be so no more. 20
She went, examined, and returned ere long,
And said, "Alas, some two or three
Poor heretics in love there be,
Which think to stablish dangerous constancy.
But I have told them, 'Since you will be true,
You shall be true to them who are false to you.' " 25

JOHN DONNE

THE MESSAGE

Send home my long-strayed eyes to me,
Which, oh, too long have dwelt on thee;
Yet since there they have learned such ill,
 Such forced fashions,
 And false passions,
 That they be
 Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain; 10
But if it be taught by thine
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And cross both
 Word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine. 15

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
 Art in anguish
 And dost languish
 For some one
 That will none,
Or prove as false as thou art now.

* * *

LOVE'S DEITY

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
 Who died before the god of love was born.
I cannot think that he, who then loved most,
 Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produced a destiny,
 And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be, 5
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god meant not so much,
 Nor he in his young godhead practiced it.
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
 His office was indulgently to fit 10

Actives to passives. Correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
 Love till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
 His vast prerogative as far as Jove.
To rage, to lust, to write to, to command,
 All is the purlieu of the god of love.
Oh, were we wakened by this tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
 I should love her who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
 As though I felt the worst that love could do?
Love might make me leave loving, or might try
 A deeper plague, to make her love me too;
Which, since she loves before, I am loath to see.
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be
 If she whom I love should love me.

* * *

THE GOOD MORROW

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I
Did till we loved? were we not weaned till then,
But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?
'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.
If ever any beauty I did see
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good Morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone;
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown;
Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true, plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west?
Whatever dies, was not mixed equally;
If our two loves be one, or thou and I
Love so alike that none do slacken, none can die.

15

20

25

5

10

15

20

JOHN DONNE

THE SUN RISING

Busy old fool, unruly sun,
Why dost thou thus
Through windows, and through curtains, call on us?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?
Saucy, pedantic wretch, go chide 5
Late schoolboys and sour prentices,
Go tell court huntsmen that the king will ride,
Call country ants to harvest offices;
Love, all alike, no season knows, nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time. 10

Thy beams so reverend and strong
Why shouldst thou think?
I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her sight so long.
If her eyes have not blinded thine, 15
Look, and to-morrow late tell me
Whether both the Indias of spice and mine
Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.
Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,
And thou shalt hear, "All here in one bed lay." 20

She is all states, and all princes I;
Nothing else is.
Princes do but play us; compared to this,
All honor's mimic, all wealth alchemy.
Thou, sun, art half as happy as we 25
In that the world's contracted thus;
Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
To warm the world, that's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;
This bed thy center is; these walls, thy sphere. 30

* * *

THE ECSTASY

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swelled up, to rest
The violet's reclining head,
Sat we two, one another's best.
Our hands were firmly cemented 5
With a fast balm, which thence did spring;

Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
 Our eyes, upon one double string.
So to entergraft our hands as yet
 Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
 Was all our propagation.
As, 'twixt two equal armies, fate
 Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls—which, to advance their state,
 Were gone out—hung 'twixt her and me.
And whilst our souls negotiate there,
 We like sepulchral statues lay;
All day, the same our postures were,
 And we said nothing, all the day.
If any, so by love refined
 That he soul's language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
 Within convenient distance stood,
He—though he knew not which soul spake,
 Because both meant, both spake, the same—
Might thence a new concoction take,
 And part far purer than he came.
This ecstasy doth unperplex
 (We said) and tell us what we love;
We see, by this, it was not sex;
 We see we saw not what did move:
But as all several souls contain
 Mixture of things, they know not what,
Love these mixed souls doth mix again,
 And makes both one, each this and that.
A single violet transplant;
 The strength, the color, and the size—
All which before was poor and scant—
 Redoubles still and multiplies.
When love with one another so
 Interinanimates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
 Defects of loneliness controls.
We then, who are this new soul, know
 Of what we are composed and made,
For the atomies of which we grow
 Are souls, whom no change can invade.
But, O alas! so long, so far
 Our bodies why do we forbear?

10

15

20

25

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50

JOHN DONNE

They are ours, though they are not we. We are
The intelligences, they the sphere.

We owe them thanks because they thus

Did us, to us, at first convey,

Yielded their forces, sense, to us,

Nor are dross to us, but allay.

55

On man heaven's influence works not so

But that it first imprints the air;

So soul into the soul may flow,

Though it to body first repair.

60

As our blood labors to beget

Spirits, as like souls as it can,

Because such fingers need to knit

That subtle knot which makes us man,

So must pure lovers' souls descend

65

To affections, and to faculties

Which sense may reach and apprehend;

Else a great prince in prison lies.

To our bodies turn we then, that so

Weak men on love revealed may look;

70

Love's mysteries in souls do grow,

But yet the body is his book.

And if some lover, such as we,

Have heard this dialogue of one,

Let him still mark us; he shall see

75

Small change when we are to bodies gone.

* * *

LOVERS' INFINITENESS

If yet I have not all thy love,

Dear, I shall never have it all:

I cannot breathe one other sigh to move,

Nor can entreat one other tear to fall;

And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,

5

Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters, I have spent.

Yet no more can be due to me

Than at the bargain made was meant;

If then thy gift of love were partial,

That some to me, some should to others fall,

10

Dear, I shall never have thee all.

Or if then thou gavest me all,

All was but all which thou hadst then;

But if in thy heart since there be or shall

New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths and letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vowed by thee—
And yet it was, thy gift being general:
The ground, thy heart, is mine; whatever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

15

Yet I would not have all yet:
He that hath all can have no more;
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou shouldst have new rewards in store.
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart;
If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it:
Love's riddles are that, though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing savest it.
But we will have a way more liberal
Than changing hearts—to join them; so we shall
Be one, and one another's all.

25

30

THE ANNIVERSARY

All kings, and all their favorites,
All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
The sun itself, which makes times, as they pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw.
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running, it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

5

10

Two graves must hide thine and my curse;
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas, as well as other princes, we—
Who prince enough in one another be—
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears;
But souls where nothing dwells but love—
All other thoughts being inmates—then shall prove
This, or a love increased, there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves, remove.

15

20

JOHN DONNE

And then we shall be throughly blest,
But we no more than all the rest;
Here upon earth, we are kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two. 25
True and false fears let us refrain;
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore: this is the second of our reign. 30

* * *

SONG

Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I 5
Must die at last, 'tis best,
To use myself in jest,
Thus by feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day; 10
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take 15
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That, if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall!
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind, 25
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be

That thou lov'st me as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste;
Thou art the best of me.

30

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill;
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil.
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep;
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

35

40

• • •

*A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING
MOURNING*

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
“The breath goes now,” and some say, “No”;

So let us melt and make no noise,
No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move:
’Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

5

Moving of the earth brings harms and fears;
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

10

Dull sublunary lovers’ love,
Whose soul is sense, cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

15

But we, by a love so much refined
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assurèd of the mind,
Care less eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

20

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two:
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if the other do;

25

And though it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

30

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like the other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

35

* * *

THE FUNERAL

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm,
Nor question much,
That subtle wreath of hair which crowns my arm;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which, then to heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control,
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

5

For, if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all,
These hairs, which upward grew, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do it; except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled when they are condemned
to die.

10

By this should know my pain,
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 'tis some bravery
That, since you would save none of me, I bury some
of you.

15

20

HOLY SONNETS

I

Thou hast made me, and shall Thy work decay?
 Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
 I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
 I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
 Despair behind, and death before doth cast
 Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
 By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh.
 Only Thou art above, and when towards Thee
 By Thy leave I can look, I rise again;
 But our old subtle foe so tempteth me
 That not one hour myself I can sustain.
 Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
 And Thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

5

10

VII

At the round earth's imagined corners blow
 Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
 From death, you numberless infinities
 Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go;
 All whom the flood did, and fire shall, o'erthrow,
 All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies,
 Despair, law, chance hath slain, and you whose eyes
 Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
 But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space;
 For, if, above all these, my sins abound,
 'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace
 When we are there. Here on this lowly ground,
 Teach me how to repent; for that's as good
 As if Thou hadst sealed my pardon with Thy blood.

5

10

X

Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
 Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
 From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
 Much pleasure; then, from thee much more must flow,
 And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.
 Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,

5

And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou, then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

10

* * *

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

5

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

10

I have a sin of fear, that, when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by Thyself that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as He shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, Thou hast done;
I fear no more.

15

~~~~~  
*Ben Jonson*  
~~~~~

ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER

*H*ERE lies, to each her parents' ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth;
Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end she parted hence
With safety of her innocence;
Whose soul heaven's queen, whose name she bears,
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed amongst her virgin-train:
Where while that, severed, doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth;
Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

5

10

[THE GLOVE OF THE DEAD LADY]

Thou more than most sweet glove,
Unto my more sweet love,
Suffer me to store with kisses
This empty lodging that now misses
The pure, rosy hand that wore thee,
Whiter than the kid that bore thee.
Thou art soft, but that was softer;
Cupid's self hath kissed it ofter
Than e'er he did his mother's doves,
Supposing her the queen of loves.
That was thy mistress,
Best of gloves.

5

10

HYMN

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

5

BEN JONSON

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us, then, with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

10

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

15

* * *

[SWELL ME A BOWL]

Swell me a bowl with lusty wine,
Till I may see the plump Lyaeus swim
Above the brim;
I drink as I would write,
In flowing measure, filled with flame and sprite.

5

* * *

AN ODE TO HIMSELF

Where dost thou careless lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge that sleeps doth die;
And this security,
It is the common moth
That eats on wits and arts, and [soon] destroys them both.

5

Are all the Aonian springs
Dried up? lies Thesbia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings;
Or droop they as disgraced,
To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies
defaced?

10

If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause,

Let this thought quicken thee: 15
Minds that are great and free
Should not on fortune pause;
'Tis crown enough to virtue still, her own
applause.

What though the greedy fry 20
Be taken with false baits
Of worded balladry,
And think it poesy?
They die with their conceits,
And only piteous scorn upon their folly
waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre; 25
Strike in thy proper strain;
With Japhet's line, aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire
To give the world again:
Who aided him will thee, the issue of Jove's
brain. 30

And, since our dainty age
Cannot endure reproof,
Make not thyself a page
To that strumpet the stage;
But sing high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw and the dull ass's
hoof. 35

* * *

*EPITAPH ON S[ALATHIEL] P[AVY], A CHILD
OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL*

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story;
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive 5
In grace and feature,
As heaven and nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fates turned cruel, 10

BEN JONSON

Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel;
And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly
As, sooth, the Parcae thought him one,
He played so truly.
So, by error, to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since, alas, too late,
They have repented,
And have sought, to give new birth,
In baths to steep him;
But being so much too good for earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

15

20

ON MY FIRST SON

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy.
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
O, could I lose all father now! for why
Will man lament the state he should envy—
To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,
And, if no other misery, yet age?
Rest in soft peace; and, asked, say, "Here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry;
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such
As what he loves may never like too much."

5

10

SONG

TO CELIA

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love:
Time will not be ours forever;
He at length our good will sever.
Spend not, then, his gifts in vain:
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.

5

Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumor are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies;
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removèd by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

10

15

• • •
SONG

TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

5

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

10

15

• • •

AN ODE

Helen, did Homer never see
Thy beauties, yet could write of thee?
Did Sappho, on her seven-tongued lute,
So speak (as yet it is not mute)
Of Phaon's form? or doth the boy
In whom Anacreon once did joy

5

Lie drawn to life in his soft verse,
As he whom Maro did rehearse?
Was Lesbia sung by learned Catullus
Or Delia's graces by Tibullus? 10
Doth Cynthia, in Propertius' song,
Shine more than she the stars among?
Is Horace his each love so high
Rapt from the earth as not to die?
With bright Lycoris, Gallus' choice, 15
Whose fame hath an eternal voice?
Or hath Corinna, by the name
Her Ovid gave her, dimmed the fame
Of Caesar's daughter, and the line
Which all the world then styled divine? 20
Hath Petrarch since his Laura raised
Equal with her? or Ronsard praised
His new Cassandra 'bove the old,
Which all the fate of Troy foretold?
Hath our great Sidney Stella set 25
Where never star shone brighter yet?
Or Constable's ambrosiac muse
Made Dian not his notes refuse?
Have all these done—and yet I miss
The swan that so relished Pancharis—30
And shall not I my Celia bring
Where men may see whom I do sing?
Though I, in working of my song,
Come short of all this learnèd throng,
Yet sure my tunes will be the best, 35
So much my subject drowns the rest.

* * *

[WITCHES' CHARMS]

Sisters, stay; we want our dame:
Call upon her by her name
And the charm we use to say,
That she quickly anoint and come away.

FIRST CHARM

Dame, dame, the watch is set: 5
Quickly come, we all are met.
From the lakes and from the fens,
From the rocks and from the dens,

From the woods and from the caves,
From the churchyards, from the graves,
From the dungeon, from the tree
That they die on, here are we!

10

Comes she not yet?
Strike another heat.

SECOND CHARM

The weather is fair, the wind is good:
Up, dame, o' your horse of wood;
Or else tuck up your grey frock,
And saddle your goat or your green cock,
And make his bridle a bottom of thrid,
To roll up how many miles you have rid.
Quickly come away,
For we all stay!

15

Nor yet? nay, then,
We'll try her again.

20

THIRD CHARM

The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain;
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,
And frog peeps out o' the fountain;
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play;
The spindle is now a-turning;
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a-burning.
The ditch is made, and our nails the spade,
With pictures full of wax and of wool;
Their livers I stick with needles quick;
There lacks but the blood to make-up the flood.
Quickly, dame, then bring your part in;
Spur, spur upon little Martin;
Merrily, merrily make him sail,
A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in's tail,
Fire above and fire below,
With a whip i' your hand to make him go.

25

30

35

40

O, now she's come!
Let all be dumb.

BEN JONSON

[SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS]

Still to be neat, still to be dressed,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

5

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes but not my heart.

10

• • •

TO PENSURST

Thou art not, Penshurst, built, to envious show,
Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold:
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told;
Or stair, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And, these grudged at, art reverenced the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as sport;
Thy mount, to which the dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut shade;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set
At his great birth where all the Muses met.
There in the writhèd bark are cut the names
Of many a sylvan, taken with his flames;
And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke
The lighter fauns to reach thy Lady's Oak.
Thy copse, too, named of Gamage, thou hast there,
That never fails to serve thee seasoned deer
When thou wouldest feast or exercise thy friends.
The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed;
The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed.
Each bank doth yield thee conies; and the tops,
Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sidney's copse,

5

10

15

20

25

To crown thy open table, doth provide
The purpled pheasant with the speckled side;
The painted partridge lies in every field,
And for thy mess is willing to be killed.
And if the high-swollen Medway fail thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat, aged carps that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loath the second draught or cast to stay,
Officially at first themselves betray,
Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land,
Before the fisher or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come;
The blushing apricot and wooly peach
Hang on thy walls that every child may reach.
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They are reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan;
There's none that dwell about them wish them down;
But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
And no one empty handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit;
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses bring them; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands, and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.
But what can this (more than express their love)
Add to thy free provisions, far above
The need of such? whose liberal board doth flow
With all that hospitality doth know;
Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat;
Where the same beer and bread, and selfsame wine,
That is his lordship's shall be also mine,
And I not fain to sit, as some this day,
At great men's tables, and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups, nor, standing by,
A waiter, doth my gluttony envy,
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat;
He knows below he shall find plenty of meat;

BEN JONSON

Thy tables hoard not up for the next day;
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire, or lights, or livery; all is there;
As if thou then wert mine, or I reigned here:
There's nothing I can wish for which I stay. 75

That found King James when, hunting late this way
With his brave son, the Prince, they saw thy fires
Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires
Of thy Penates had been set on flame,
To entertain them; or the country came, 80

With all their zeal, to warm their welcome here.
What—great I will not say, but sudden—cheer
Didst thou then make 'em! and what praise was heaped
On thy good lady then, who therein reaped
The just reward of her high housewifery; 85

To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,
When she was far; and not a room but dressed
As if it had expected such a guest!
These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.
Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal. 90

His children thy great lord may call his own,
A fortune in this age but rarely known.
They are, and have been, taught religion; thence
Their gentler spirits have sucked innocence.
Each morn and even they are taught to pray, 95

With the whole household, and may, every day,
Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts
The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see 100

Those proud, ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

• • •

TO MY BOOKSELLER

Thou that mak'st gain thy end, and wisely well
Call'st a book good or bad as it doth sell,
Use mine so, too; I give thee leave; but crave,
For the luck's sake, it thus much favor have:
To lie upon thy stall till it be sought; 5

Not offered, as it made suit to be bought;
Nor have my title-leaf on posts or walls,
Or in cleft sticks, advanced to make calls

For termers or some clerk-like serving-man,
Who scarce can spell the hard names, whose knight less can. 10
If without these vile arts it will not sell,
Send it to Bucklers-bury; there 'twill well.

• • •

TO WILLIAM CAMDEN

Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know
(How nothing's that!), to whom my country owes
The great renown and name wherewith she goes;
Than thee the age sees not that thing more grave, 5
More high, more holy, that she more would crave.
What name, what skill, what faith hast thou in things!
What sight in searching the most antique springs!
What weight and what authority in thy speech!
Man scarce can make that doubt but thou canst teach. 10
Pardon free truth, and let thy modesty,
Which conquers all, be once overcome by thee.
Many of thine this better could than I;
But for their powers, accept my piety.

5

10

[*TO BENJAMIN RUDYERD*]

If I would wish for truth, and not for show,
The agèd Saturn's age and rites to know;
If I would strive to bring back times, and try
The world's pure gold and wise simplicity;
If I would virtue set as she was young, 5
And hear her speak with one and her first tongue;
If holiest friendship, naked to the touch,
I would restore, and keep it ever such;
I need no other arts, but study thee,
Who prov'st all these were and again may be. 10

5

10

ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse
What kind of creature I could most desire,
To honor, serve, and love, as poets use.

BEN JONSON

I meant to make her fair and free and wise, 5
 Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
 Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
 Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride; 10
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
 Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learnèd and a manly soul
 I purposed her, that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control 15
 Of destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
 My muse bade Bedford write, and that was she!

• • •

TO MARY, LADY WROTH

Madam, had all antiquity been lost,
All history sealed up, and fables crossed,
That we had left us, nor by time nor place,
Least mention of a nymph, a Muse, a Grace,
But even their names were to be made anew, 5
Who could not but create them all from you?
He that but saw you wear the wheaten hat
Would call you more than Ceres, if not that;
And, dressed in shepherd's tire, who would not say
You were the bright Oenone, Flora, or May? 10
If dancing, all would cry the Idalian queen
Were leading forth the Graces on the green;
And, armèd to the chase, so bare her bow
Diana alone, so hit and hunted so.
There's none so dull that for your style would ask 15
That saw you put on Pallas' plumèd casque;
Or, keeping your due state, that would not cry
There Juno sat, and yet no peacock by.
So are you nature's index, and restore
I' yourself all treasure lost of the age before. 20

• • •

ON GILES AND JOAN

Who says that Giles and Joan at discord be?
The observing neighbors no such mood can see.
Indeed, poor Giles repents he married ever;

But that his Joan doth too. And Giles would never,
 By his free will, be in Joan's company;
 No more would Joan he should. Giles riseth early,
 And, having got him out of doors, is glad;
 The like is Joan: but, turning home, is sad;
 And so is Joan. Ofttimes when Giles doth find
 Harsh sights at home, Giles wisheth he were blind; 5
 All this doth Joan: or that his long-yarned life
 Were quite out-spun; the like wish hath his wife.
 The children that he keeps Giles swears are none
 Of his begetting; and so swears his Joan.
 In all affections she concurreth still. 10
 If, now, with man and wife to will and nill
 The selfsame things a note of concord be,
 I know no couple better can agree!

• • •

INVITING A FRIEND TO SUPPER

To-night, grave sir, both my poor house and I
 Do equally desire your company:
 Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
 But that your worth will dignify our feast
 With those that come; whose grace may make that seem 5
 Something, which else could hope for no esteem.
 It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates
 The entertainment perfect, not the cates.
 Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,
 An olive, capers, or some better salad 10
 Ushering the mutton, with a short-legged hen,
 If we can get her full of eggs, and then
 Lemons and wine for sauce; to these, a coney
 Is not to be despaired of for our money;
 And though fowl now be scarce, yet there are clerks, 15
 The sky not falling, think we may have larks.
 I'll tell you of more, and lie, so you will come—
 Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which some
 May yet be there; and godwit if we can;
 Knat, rail, and ruff, too. Howsoe'er, my man 20
 Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,
 Livy, or of some better book to us,
 Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our meat;
 And I'll profess no verses to repeat:

BEN JONSON

To this if aught appear, which I know not of,
That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.
Digestive cheese and fruit there sure will be.
But that which most doth take my Muse and me
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine;
Of which had Horace or Anacreon tasted,
Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted:
Tobacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring
Are all but Luther's beer to this I sing.
Of this we will sup free but moderately,
And we will have no Polly or parrot by;
Nor shall our cups make any guilty men,
But at our parting we will be as when
We innocently met. No simple word
That shall be uttered at our mirthful board
Shall make us sad next morning, or affright
The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night.

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EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L. H.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
In a little? reader, stay.
Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.
If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth;
The other, let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

TO HEAVEN

Good and great God, can I not think of Thee
But it must straighten my melancholy be?
Is it interpreted in me disease
That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease?
O be Thou witness that the reins dost know,
And hearts of all, if I be sad for show;

5

And judge me after, if I dare pretend
To aught but grace, or aim at other end.
As Thou art all, so be Thou all to me,
First, midst, and last, converted One and Three; 10
My faith, my hope, my love; and, in this state,
My judge, my witness, and my advocate.
Where have I been this while exiled from Thee,
And whither rapt, now Thou but stoop'st to me?
Dwell, dwell here still! O, being everywhere, 15
How can I doubt to find Thee ever here?
I know my state, both full of shame and scorn,
Conceived in sin and unto labor born,
Standing with fear, and must with horror fall,
And destined unto judgment after all. 20
I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is ground
Upon my flesh to inflict another wound.
Yet dare I not complain, or wish for death,
With holy Paul, lest it be thought the breath
Of discontent; or that these prayers be 25
For weariness of life, not love of Thee.

• • •

[TO A FAIR FRIEND]

Fair friend, 'tis true your beauties move
 My heart to a respect
Too little to be paid with love,
 Too great for your neglect.

I neither love nor yet am free;
 For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
 'Tis of the purest kind. 5

It little wants of love but pain:
 Your beauty takes my sense;
And lest you should that price disdain,
 My thoughts too feel the influence. 10

'Tis not a passion's first access,
 Ready to multiply;
But, like love's calmest state, it is
 Possessed with victory. 15

It is like love to truth reduced,
All the false values gone
Which were created and induced
By fond imagination.

20

'Tis either fancy or 'tis fate
To love you more than I:
I love you at your beauty's rate;
Less were an injury.

Like unstamped gold, I weigh each grace,
So that you may collect
The intrinsic value of your face
Safely from my respect.

25

And this respect would merit love,
Were not so fair a sight
Payment enough; for who dare move
Reward for his delight?

30

• • •

A SONG

O do not wanton with those eyes
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

5

O be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with fears.
Mine own enough betray me.

10

• • •

MY PICTURE, LEFT IN SCOTLAND

I now think Love is rather deaf than blind,
For else it could not be
That she

Whom I adore so much should so slight me,
And cast my love behind;

5

I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,
And every close did meet
In sentence of as subtle feet
As hath the youngest he
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.10
Oh, but my conscious fears,
That fly my thoughts between,
Tell me that she hath seen
My hundreds of grey hairs,
Told seven and forty years,15
Read so much waste, as she cannot embrace
My mountain belly and my rocky face;
And all these, through her eyes, have stopped her ears.

* * *

[*THE GIPSY'S BENEDICTION*]

To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure;
To the fair, their face
With eternal grace,
And the soul to be loved at leisure.5
To the witty, all clear mirrors;
To the foolish, their dark errors;
To the loving sprite,
A secure delight;
To the jealous, his own false terrors.10

* * *

A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS

I. HIS EXCUSE FOR LOVING

Let it not your wonder move,
Less your laughter, that I love.
Though I now write fifty years,
I have had, and have, my peers;
Poets, though divine, are men:5
Some have loved, as old again.
And it is not always face,
Clothes, or fortune, gives the grace;
Or the feature, or the youth;
But the language and the truth,
With the ardor and the passion,
Gives the lover weight and fashion.10

If you then will read the story,
First prepare you to be sorry
That you never knew till now
Either whom to love, or how.
But be glad as soon, with me,
When you know that this is she
Of whose beauty it was sung,
"She shall make the old man young,
Keep the middle age at stay,
And let nothing high decay,
Till she be the reason why
All the world for love may die."

15

20

4. HER TRIUMPH

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And, enamored, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side
Through swords, through seas, whither she
would ride.

5

10

Do but look on her eyes; they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair; it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements'
strife.

15

20

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Ha' you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Ha' you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's down ever?

25

Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

30

8. URGING HER OF A PROMISE

Charis, one day, in discourse
Had of love and of his force,
Lightly promised she would tell
What a man she could love well;
And that promise set on fire
All that heard her with desire.
With the rest, I long expected
When the work would be effected;
But we find that cold delay,
And excuse spun every day,
As, until she tell her one,
We all fear she loveth none.

5

"Therefore, Charis, you must do it,
For I will so urge you to it
You shall neither eat nor sleep,
No, nor forth your window peep
With your emissary eye
To fetch in the forms go by,
And pronounce which band or lace
Better fits him than his face.
Nay, I will not let you sit
'Fore your idol glass a whit,
To say over every purl
There, or to reform a curl,
Or with Secretary Sis
To consult if fucus this
Be as good as was the last.
All your sweet of life is past,
Make account, unless you can,
And that quickly, speak your man!"

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9. HER MAN DESCRIBED BY HER OWN DICTAMEN

Of your trouble, Ben, to ease me,
I will tell what man would please me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble, or of greater blood
(Titles, I confess, do take me,
And a woman God did make me);

5

French to boot, at least in fashion,
And his manners of that nation.

Young I'd have him, too, and fair,
Yet a man; with crispèd hair,
Cast in thousand snares and rings,
For Love's fingers and his wings,
Chestnut color, or more slack—
Gold upon a ground of black;
Venus' and Minerva's eyes,
For he must look wanton-wise;

10

Eyebrows bent like Cupid's bow;
Front, an ample field of snow;
Even nose, and cheek withal
Smooth as is the billiard-ball;
Chin as woolly as the peach;
And his lip should kissing teach,
Till he cherished too much beard
And make Love or me afeard.

15

He would have a hand as soft
As the down, and show it oft;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it ere it came;
All his blood should be a flame
Quickly fired, as in beginners
In Love's school and yet no sinners.

20

'Twere too long to speak of all:
What we harmony do call
In a body should be there;
Well he should his clothes, too, wear,
Yet no tailor help to make him—
Dressed, you still for man should take him,
And not think he had eat a stake,
Or were set up in a brake.

30

Valiant he should be as fire,
Showing danger more than ire;
Bounteous as the clouds to earth,
And as honest as his birth;
All his actions to be such
As to do no thing too much:
Nor o'erpraise nor yet condemn,
Nor outvalue nor contemn;
Nor do wrongs nor wrongs receive,
Nor tie knots nor knots unweave;

40

45

50

And from baseness to be free,
As he durst love truth and me.

Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

55

• • •

[ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE]

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to outdo the life;
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass;
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

5

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• • •

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame,
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.
These are as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron—what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them or the need.

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15

I therefore will begin. Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie 20
A little further to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses— 25
I mean with great but disproportioned Muses;
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lylly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line. 30
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I would not seek
For names, but call forth thundering Aeschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead, 35
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth or since did from their ashes come. 40
Triumph, my Britain; thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age but for all time;
And all the Muses still were in their prime
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm 45
Our ears or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit: 50
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all; thy art, 55
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat 60

Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame,
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made as well as born.

And such wert thou: look how the father's face 65
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turnèd and true-filèd lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance. 70

Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere 75
Advanced and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light. 80

• • •

[*HYMN TO PAN*]

Of Pan we sing, the best of singers, Pan,
That taught us swains how first to tune our lays,
And on the pipe more airs than Phoebus can.
Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.

Of Pan we sing, the best of leaders, Pan, 5
That leads the naiads and the dryads forth,
And to their dances more than Hermes can.
Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.

Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,
That drives the hart to seek unusèd ways, 10
And in the chase more than Sylvanus can.
Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.

Of Pan we sing, the best of shepherds, Pan,
That keeps our flocks and us, and both leads forth
To better pastures than great Pales can. 15
Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.
And while his powers and praises thus we sing,
The valleys let rebound, and all the rivers ring.

BEN JONSON

FROM
[A PINDARIC ODE]

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY AND FRIENDSHIP
OF THAT NOBLE PAIR
SIR LUCIUS CARY AND SIR H. MORISON

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

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* * *

The just indignation the author took at the vulgar censure of his play [*The New Inn*] by some malicious spectators begat this following

ODE TO HIMSELF

Come leave the loathèd stage,
And the more loathsome age,
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
 Usurp the chair of wit!
Indicting and arraigning every day
 Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
 Commission of the brain
Run on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

5

10

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acorns eat;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
 On such as have no taste!
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
 Whose appetites are dead!
No, give them grains their fill,
 Husks, draff to drink and swill:
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not their palates, with the swine.

15

20

No doubt some moldy tale,
Like *Pericles*, and stale
As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish-
Scraps, out [of] every dish
Thrown forth and raked into the common tub, 25
May keep up the Play-club;
There, sweepings do as well .
As the best-ordered meal;
For who the relish of these guests will fit
Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit. 30

And much good do it you then:
Brave plush and velvet men;
Can feed on orts; and, safe in your stage clothes,
Dare quit, upon your oaths,
The staggers and the stage-wrights too, your peers, 35
Of larding your large ears
With their foul comic socks,
Wrought upon twenty blocks;
Which, if they are torn, and turned, and patched enough,
The gamesters share your gilt, and you their stuff. 40

Leave things so prostitute
And take the Alcaic lute;
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;
Warm thee by Pindar's fire:
And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold, 45
Ere years have made thee old,
Strike that disdainful heat
Throughout, to their defeat,
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain. 50

But when they hear thee sing
The glories of thy king,
His zeal to God and his just awe o'er men,
They may, blood-shaken then,
Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers 55
As they shall cry, like ours,
In sound of peace or wars,
No harp e'er hit the stars
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign,
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his wain. 60

BEN JONSON

[SONG OF ZEPHYRUS AND THE SPRING]

ZEPHYRUS

Come forth, come forth, the gentle spring,
And carry the glad news I bring,
To earth, our common mother;
It is decreed by all the gods
The heaven, of earth, shall have no odds, 5
But one shall love another.

Their glories they shall mutual make,
Earth look on heaven for heaven's sake;
Their honors shall be even;
All emulation cease, and jars; 10
Jove will have earth to have her stars
And lights no less than heaven.

SPRING

It is already done in flowers
As fresh and new as are the hours,
By warmth of yonder sun; 15
But will be multiplied on us
If from the breath of Zephyrus
Like favor we have won.

[BOTH]

Give all to him: his is the dew,
The heat, the humor, all the true 20
Belovèd of the spring;
The sun, the wind, the verdure, all
That wisest nature cause can call
Of quickening any thing!

5

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Robert Herrick

THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK

*I*SING of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July flowers.
I sing of Maypoles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have access 5
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness.
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write 10
How roses first came red and lilies' white.
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab and of the fairy king.
I write of hell; I sing (and ever shall)
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

5

10

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON

When I a verse shall make,
Know I have prayed thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me, 5
When I, thy Herrick,
Honoring thee, on my knee
Offer my lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be 10
Writ in my psalter.

5

10

AN ODE FOR HIM

Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,

ROBERT HERRICK

Meet at those lyric feasts
 Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun,
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad,
 And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend,
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more

*TO LIVE MERRILY AND TO TRUST TO
GOOD VERSES*

Now is the time for mirth;
Nor cheek or tongue be dumb,
For with the flowery earth
The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come;
For now each tree does wear,
Made of her pap and gum,
Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the rose, and now
The Arabian dew besmears
My uncontrollèd brow
And my retorted hairs.

Homer, this health to thee,
In sack of such a kind
That it would make thee see
Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next, Virgil I'll call forth,
To pledge this second health
In wine whose each cup's worth
An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next I'll drink
To Ovid; and suppose,
Made he the pledge, he'd think
The world had all one nose.

Then this immense cup
Of aromatic wine,
Catullus, I quaff up
To that terse Muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat;
O Bacchus! cool thy rays!
Or frantic, I shall eat
Thy thyrse and bite the bays.

Round, round, the roof does run;
And, being ravished thus,
Come, I will drink a tun
To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus next,
This flood I drink to thee.
But stay; I see a text
That this presents to me:

Behold, Tibullus lies
Here burnt, whose small return
Of ashes scarce suffice
To fill a little urn.

Trust to good verses, then;
They only will aspire,
When pyramids, as men,
Are lost i' the funeral fire.

And when all bodies meet,
In Lethe to be drowned,
Then only numbers sweet
With endless life are crowned.

ON HIMSELF

I fear no earthly powers,
But care for crowns of flowers,
And love to have my beard

With wine and oil besmeared.
This day I'll drown all sorrow;
Who knows to live to-morrow?

5

• • •

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness.
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part.

5

10

• • •

*TO THE WATER NYMPHS DRINKING
AT THE FOUNTAIN*

Reach with your whiter hands to me
Some crystal of the spring;
And I about the cup shall see
Fresh lilies flourishing.

Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but this—
To the glass your lips incline;
And I shall see by that one kiss
The water turned to wine.

5

• • •

THE NIGHT PIECE, TO JULIA

Her eyes the glowworm lend thee;
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

5

No will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake or slowworm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

10

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

15

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

20

• • •
THE BRIDE-CAKE

This day, my Julia, thou must make
For Mistress Bride the wedding-cake;
Knead but the dough, and it will be
To paste of almonds turned by thee;
Or kiss it thou but once or twice,
And for the bride-cake there'll be spice.

5

• • •
*UPON JULIA'S HAIR FILLED
WITH DEW*

Dew sat on Julia's hair,
And spangled too,
Like leaves that laden are
With trembling dew;
Or glittered to my sight
As when the beams
Have their reflected light
Danced by the streams.

5

• • •
ANOTHER, UPON HER WEEPING

She by the river sat, and sitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a tear.

CHERRY-RIPE

"Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe," I cry,
"Full and fair ones; come and buy."
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, "There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile;
There's the land, or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow."

5

UPON JULIA'S VOICE

So smooth, so sweet, so silvery is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the damned would make no noise,
But listen to thee, walking in thy chamber,
Melting melodious words to lutes of amber.

• • •

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see
That brave vibration, each way free,
O, how that glittering taketh me!

5

• • •

THE BRACELET TO JULIA

Why I tie about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist,
For what other reason is't
But to show thee how in part
Thou my pretty captive art?
But thy bond-slave is my heart.
'Tis but silk that bindeth thee;
Knap the thread, and thou art free.
But 'tis otherwise with me:
I am bound, and fast bound so,
That from thee I cannot go;
If I could, I would not so.

5

10

TO THE ROSE

SONG

Go, happy rose, and interwove
With other flowers, bind my love.
Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fettered me.

5

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold, to bind her hands;
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods at will,
For to tame, though not to kill.

10

Take thou my blessing thus, and go
And tell her this—but do not so,
Lest a handsome anger fly
Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up, as well as I.

15

• • •

THE MAD MAID'S SONG

Good Morrow to the day so fair;
Good morning, sir, to you;
Good Morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

5

Good morning to this primrose too;
Good Morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah, woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack, and well-a-day!
For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away.

10

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave;
I'll seek him in your eyes;
Nay, now I think they've made his grave
I' the bed of strawberries.

15

ROBERT HERRICK

I'll seek him there; I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

20

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him,
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender: pray take heed;
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home. But 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him.

25

* * *

TO ANTHEA

WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee:

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

5

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honor thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

10

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see;
And, having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

15

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

20

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

• • •

[*MISTRESS SUSANNA SOUTHWELL*]

UPON HER FEET

Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they started at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.

5

• • •

TO DIANEME

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud that you can see
All hearts your captives, yours yet free;
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

5

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• • •

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may:
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

5

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

ROBERT HERRICK

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer; 10
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, while ye may, go marry;
For, having lost but once your prime, 15
You may forever tarry.

* * *

THE BELLMAN

From noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
From murders benedicite,
From all mischances that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night
Mercy secure ye all, and keep 5
The goblin from ye, while ye sleep.
Past one o'clock, and almost two,
My masters all, good day to you.

* * *

*MRS. ELIZABETH WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME
OF THE LOST SHEPHERDESS*

Among the myrtles, as I walked,
Love and my sighs thus intertalked:
"Tell me," said I, in deep distress,
"Where I may find my shepherdess."
"Thou fool," said Love, "know'st thou not this? 5
In everything that's sweet she is.
In yond' carnation go and seek;
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek;
In that enamelled pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye; 10
In bloom of peach and rose's bud,
There waves the streamer of her blood."
"Tis true," said I; and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts an union; 15
But on a sudden all were gone.
At which I stopped; said Love, "These be
The true resemblances of thee;

For as these flowers, thy joys must die,
And in the turning of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her must wither,
Like those short sweets, ere knit together."

20

• • •

*A BUCOLIC BETWIXT TWO: LACON
AND THYRSIS*

Lacon. For a kiss or two, confess,
What doth cause this pensiveness,
Thou most lovely neatherdess?
Why so lonely on the hill?
Why thy pipe by thee so still,
That erewhile was heard so shrill?
Tell me, do thy kine now fail
To fulfil the milking-pail?
Say, what is't that thou dost ail?

5

Thyr. None of these; but out, alas!
A mischance is come to pass,
And I'll tell thee what it was;
See, mine eyes are weeping ripe.

10

Lacon. Tell, and I'll lay down my pipe.

Thyr. I have lost my lovely steer,
That to me was far more dear
Than these kine which I milk here:
Broad of forehead, large of eye,
Parti-colored like a pie,
Smooth in each limb as a die,
Clear of hoof, and clear of horn,
Sharply pointed as a thorn;
With a neck by yoke unworn,
From the which hung down by strings
Balls of cowslips, daisy rings,
Enterplaced with ribbanings;
Faultless every way for shape;
Not a straw could him escape;
Ever gamesome as an ape,
But yet harmless as a sheep.
Pardon, Lacon, if I weep;
Tears will spring where woes are deep.

15

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Now, ai me! ai me! Last night
Came a mad dog, and did bite,
Aye, and killed my dear delight.

35

Lacon. Alack, for grief!

Thyr. But I'll be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call
Me, and my sad playmates all,
To his evening funeral.
Live long, Lacon; so adieu.

40

Lacon. Mournful maid, farewell to you;
Earth afford ye flowers to strew.

• • •

OBERON'S FEAST

Shapcot! to thee the fairy state
I with discretion dedicate;
Because thou prizest things that are
Curious and unfamiliar.
Take first the feast; these dishes gone,

5

We'll see the fairy court anon.

A little mushroom table spread,
After short prayers they set on bread,
A moon-parched grain of purest wheat,
With some small glittering grit, to eat
His choice bits with; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.
But all this while his eye is served,
We must not think his ear was sterved;
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen the chirring grasshopper,
The merry cricket, puling fly,
The piping gnat for minstrelsy.
And now, we must imagine first,
The elves present, to quench his thirst,
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
Brought and besweetened in a blue
And pregnant violet; which done,
His kitling eyes begin to run
Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of papery butterflies,

10

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Of which he eats; and tastes a little
 Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle.
 A little fuzz-ball pudding stands
 By, yet not blessed by his hands; 30
 That was too coarse; but then forthwith
 He ventures boldly on the pith
 Of sugared rush, and eats the sag
 And well-bestrutted bee's sweet bag;
 Gladding his palate with some store 35
 Of emmets' eggs. What would he more
 But beards of mice, a newt's stewed thigh,
 A bloated earwig, and a fly;
 With the red-capped worm that's shut
 Within the concave of a nut, 40
 Brown as his tooth? A little moth,
 Late fattened in a piece of cloth;
 With withered cherries, mandrake's ears,
 Mole's eyes; to these the slain stag's tears;
 The unctuous dewlaps of a snail; 45
 The broke heart of a nightingale
 O'ercome in music; with a wine
 Ne'er ravished from the flattering vine,
 But gently pressed from the soft side
 Of the most sweet and dainty bride, 50
 Brought in a dainty daisy, which
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch
 His blood to height; this done, commended
 Grace by his priest, the feast is ended.

• • •

*TO PHILLIS
 TO LOVE, AND LIVE WITH HIM*

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see
 The pleasures I'll prepare for thee.
 What sweets the country can afford
 Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy board.
 The soft, sweet moss shall be thy bed, 5
 With crawling woodbine overspread;
 By which the silver-shedding streams
 Shall gently melt thee into dreams.
 Thy clothing, next, shall be a gown
 Made of the fleece's purest down. 10

The tongues of kids shall be thy meat,
Their milk thy drink, and thou shalt eat
The paste of filberts for thy bread,
With cream of cowslips butterèd.
Thy feasting tables shall be hills
With daisies spread, and daffodils;
Where thou shalt sit, and redbreast by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
I'll give thee chains and carcanets
Of primroses and violets.

A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
That richly wrought, and this as brave;
So that as either shall express
The wearer's no mean shepherdess.

At shearing times and yearly wakes,
When Themilis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be, and be the wit,
Nay, more, the feast, and grace of it.
On holy days, when virgins meet
To dance the heyes with nimble feet,
Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
The Queen of Roses for that year;
And having danced, 'bove all the best,
Carry the garland from the rest.

In wicker baskets maids shall bring
To thee, my dearest shepherdling,
The blushing apple, bashful pear,
And shame-faced plum, all simpering there.
Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
The name of Phillis in the rind
Of every straight and smooth-skin tree;
Where, kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee.
To thee a sheep-hook I will send,
Bepranked with ribands, to this end,
This, this alluring hook might be
Less for to catch a sheep than me.
Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,
Not made of ale, but spicèd wine;
To make thy maids and self free mirth,
All sitting near the glittering hearth.
Thou shalt have ribands, roses, rings,
Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings

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Of winning colors, that shall move
 Others to lust, but me to love.
 These, nay, and more, thine own shall be
 If thou wilt love, and live with me.

55

• • •

*THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESS CALLING
 HIM TO ELYSIUM*

Desunt nonnulla—

Come then, and like two doves with silvery wings,
 Let our souls fly to the shades where ever springs
 Sit smiling in the meads; where balm and oil,
 Roses and cassia, crown the un-tillied soil;
 Where no disease reigns, or infection comes
 To blast the air, but ambergris and gums. 5
 This, that, and every thicket doth transpire
 More sweet than storax from the hallowed fire;
 Where every tree a wealthy issue bears
 Of fragrant apples, blushing plums, or pears;
 And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles shew 10
 Like morning sunshine tinselling the dew.
 Here in green meadows sits eternal May,
 Purfling the margents, while perpetual day
 So double gilds the air as that no night
 Can ever rust the enamel of the light. 15
 Here naked younglings, handsome striplings, run
 Their goals for virgins' kisses; which when done,
 Then unto dancing forth the learnèd round
 Commixed they meet, with endless roses crowned. 20
 And here we'll sit on primrose-banks, and see
 Love's chorus led by Cupid; and we'll be
 Two loving followers, too, unto the grove
 Where poets sing the stories of our love.
 There thou shalt hear divine Musaeus sing 25
 Of Hero and Leander; then I'll bring
 Thee to the stand where honored Homer reads
 His Odysseys and his high Iliads;
 About whose throne the crowd of poets throng
 To hear the incantation of his tongue; 30
 To Linus, then to Pindar; and that done,
 I'll bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon,

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ROBERT HERRICK

Quaffing his full-crowned bowls of burning wine,
And in his raptures speaking lines of thine,
Like to his subject; and as his frantic
Looks show him truly Bacchanalian-like, 35
Besmeared with grapes, welcome he shall thee thither,
Where both may rage, both drink and dance together.
Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by
Whom fair Corinna sits, and doth comply 40
With ivory wrists his laureate head, and steeps
His eye in dew of kisses while he sleeps;
Then soft Catullus, sharp-fanged Martial,
And towering Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
And snaky Persius, these, and those, whom rage 45
(Dropped for the jars of heaven) filled to engage
All times unto their frenzies,—thou shalt there
Behold them in a spacious theater.
Among which glories, crowned with sacred bays
And flattering ivy, two recite their plays— 50
Beaumont and Fletcher, swans to whom all ears
Listen, while they, like sirens in their spheres,
Sing their Evadne; and still more for thee
There yet remains to know than thou canst see
By glimmering of a fancy. Do but come, 55
And there I'll show thee that capacious room
In which thy father Jonson now is placed,
As in a globe of radiant fire, and graced
To be in that orb crowned, that doth include
Those prophets of the former magnitude, 60
And he one chief; but hark, I hear the cock
(The bellman of the night) proclaim the clock
Of late struck one, and now I see the prime
Of day break from the pregnant east: 'tis time
I vanish; more I had to say, 65
But night determines here. Away!

* * *

THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT

A man prepared against all ills to come,
That dares to dead the fire of martyrdom;
That sleeps at home, and sailing there at ease,
Fears not the fierce sedition of the seas;
That's counter-proof against the farm's mishaps, 5
Undreadful, too, of courtly thunderclaps;

That wears one face, like heaven, and never shows
 A change, when fortune either comes or goes;
 That keeps his own strong guard, in the despite
 Of what can hurt by day or harm by night; 10
 That takes and re-delivers every stroke
 Of chance, as made up all of rock and oak;
 That sighs at others' death, smiles at his own
 Most dire and horrid crucifixion:
 Who for true glory suffers thus, we grant 15
 Him to be here our Christian militant.

• • •

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

Get up! get up for shame! the blooming Morn
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
 See how Aurora throws her fair,
 Fresh-quilted colors through the air.
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see 5
 The dew-bespangling herb and tree.

Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east
 Above an hour since, yet you not dressed;
 Nay, not so much as out of bed,
 When all the birds have matins said 10
 And sung their thankful hymns? 'Tis sin,
 Nay, profanation to keep in,
 Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
 Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in may.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
 To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green, 15,
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care

For jewels for your gown or hair;
 Fear not, the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you;

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwepht;

Come and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
 And Titan on the eastern hill 20
 Retires himself, or else stands still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
 Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

ROBERT HERRICK

- Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park 30
 Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch: each porch, each door ere this
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove, 35
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street
 And open fields, and we not see 't?
 Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying; 40
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.
- There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up and gone to bring in may;
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come 45
 Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
 Some have despatched their cakes and cream
 Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth. 50
 Many a green-gown has been given,
 Many a kiss, both odd and even;
 Many a glance, too, has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying, 55
This night, and locks picked; yet we're not a-Maying.
- Come, let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty. 60
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun;
And, as a vapor or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;
 So when or you or I are made 65
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying. 70

HIS TEARS TO THAMESIS

I send, I send here my supremest kiss
 To thee, my silver-footed Thamesis.
 No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,
 Whereon so many stately structures stand;
 Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go
 To bathe in thee, as thousand others do; 5
 No more shall I along thy crystal glide
 In barge with boughs and rushes beautified,
 With soft-smooth virgins for our chaste disport,
 To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton Court. 10
 Never again shall I with finny oar
 Put from, or draw unto the faithful shore;
 And landing here, or safely landing there,
 Make way to my beloved Westminster,
 Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth 15
 Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
 May all clean nymphs and curious water-dames
 With swan-like state float up and down thy streams;
 No drought upon thy wanton waters fall
 To make them lean and languishing at all. 20
 No ruffling winds come hither to disease
 Thy pure and silver-wristed Naiades.
 Keep up your state, ye streams; and as ye spring,
 Never make sick your banks by surfeiting.
 Grow young with tides; and though I see ye never, 25
 Receive this vow; so fare ye well for ever.

• • •

HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY

Here, here I live with what my board
 Can with the smallest cost afford;
 Though ne'er so mean the viands be,
 They well content my Prue and me.
 Or pea or bean, or wort or beet, 5
 Whatever comes, content makes sweet.
 Here we rejoice because no rent
 We pay for our poor tenement,
 Wherein we rest, and never fear
 The landlord or the usurer.
 The quarter-day does ne'er affright 10
 Our peaceful slumbers in the night.

ROBERT HERRICK

We eat our own, and batten more
Because we feed on no man's score;
But pity those whose flanks grow great
Swelled with the lard of others' meat. 15
We bless our fortunes when we see
Our own belovèd privacy;
And like our living, where we're known
To very few, or else to none. 20

* * *

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH

Though clock,
To tell how night draws hence, I've none,
A cock 5
I have, to sing how day draws on.
I have
A maid, my Prue, by good luck sent,
To save
That little Fates me gave or lent.
A hen 10
I keep, which, creaking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long, white egg to lay.
A goose
I have, which, with a jealous ear,
Lets loose 15
Her tongue to tell what danger's near.
A lamb
I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,
Whose dam
An orphan left him, lately dead. 20
A cat
I keep, that plays about my house,
Grown fat
With eating many a micing mouse.
To these 25
A Tracy I do keep, whereby
I please
The more my rural privacy.
Which are
But toys, to give my heart some ease:
Where care 30
None is, slight things do lightly please.

A TERNARY OF LITTLES

UPON A PIPKIN OF JELLY SENT TO A LADY

A little saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine,
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil,
As my small jar best fits my little oil. 5

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head,
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little chapel fits a little quire,
As my small bell best fits my little spire. 10

A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float,
As my small pipe best fits my little note. 15

A little meat best fits a little belly;
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little jelly.

* * *

MEAT WITHOUT MIRTH

Eaten I have; and though I had good cheer,
I did not sup, because no friends were there.
Where mirth and friends are absent when we dine
Or sup, there wants the incense and the wine.

* * *

UPON PRUE, HIS MAID

In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin, once my maid,
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

ROBERT HERRICK

THE COUNTRY LIFE

TO THE HONORED MR. END. PORTER, GROOM OF THE
BEDCHAMBER TO HIS MAJESTY

Sweet country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others', not their own,
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy less enjoying thee.
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam 5
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorchèd clove;
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West. 10
No, thy ambition's masterpiece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year:
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds, 15
Not envying others' larger grounds,
For well thou know'st 'tis not the extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed Morn, 20
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which though well soiled, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.
There at the plough thou find'st thy team, 25
With a hind whistling there to them,
And cheer'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to the enamelled meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads, 30
Thou seest a present godlike power
Imprinted in each herb and flower,
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large, sleek neat 35
Unto the dewlaps up in meat;
And as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near
To make a pleasing pastime there.

These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short, sweet grass as backs with wool,
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill. 40

For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays,
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crowned. 45

Thy wakes, thy quintals, here thou hast,
Thy Maypoles too with garlands graced,
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
Thy shearing-feast, which never fail,
Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowl,
That's tossed up after fox-i'-the-hole, 50

Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-tide kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings,
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these, thou hast thy times to go
And trace the hare i' the treacherous snow; 55

Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade,
To take the precious pheasant made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls then,
To catch the pilfering birds, not men. 60

O happy life! if that their good
The husbandmen but understood,
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these,
And, lying down, have naught to affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night. 65

Caetera desunt—

* * *

THE WAKE

Come, Anthea, let us two
Go to feast, as others do.
Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,

ROBERT HERRICK

Are the junkets still at wakes;
Unto which the tribes resort,
Where the business is the sport.
Morris-dancers thou shalt see;
Marian, too, in pageantry;
And a mimic to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and those
Base in action as in clothes;
Yet with strutting they will please
The incurious villages.
Near the dying of the day
There will be a cudgel-play,
Where a coxcomb will be broke,
Ere a good word can be spoke;
But the anger ends all here,
Drenched in ale or drowned in beer.
Happy rustics, best content
With the cheapest merriment,
And possess no other fear
Than to want the wake next year.

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THE WASSAIL

Give way, give way, ye gates, and win
An easy blessing to your bin
And basket, by our entering in.

May both with manchet stand replete,
Your larders, too, so hung with meat,
That though a thousand, thousand eat,

5

Yet ere twelve moons shall whirl about
Their silvery spheres, there's none may doubt
But more's sent in than was served out.

Next, may your dairies prosper so
As that your pans no ebb may know;
But if they do, the more to flow,

10

Like to a solemn, sober stream,
Banked all with lilies, and the cream
Of sweetest cowslips filling them.

15

Then may your plants be pressed with fruit,
Nor bee or hive you have be mute,
But sweetly sounding like a lute.

Next may your duck and teeming hen
Both to the cock's tread say amen, 20
And for their two eggs render ten.

Last, may your harrows, shares, and ploughs,
Your stacks, your stocks, your sweetest mows,
All prosper by your virgin vows.

Alas! we bless, but see none here 25
That brings us either ale or beer;
In a dry house all things are near.

Let's leave a longer time to wait,
Where rust and cobwebs bind the gate,
And all live here with needy fate; 30

Where chimneys do forever weep
For want of warmth, and stomachs keep
With noise the servants' eyes from sleep.

It is in vain to sing, or stay
Our free feet here, but we'll away; 35
Yet to the Lares this we'll say:

The time will come when you'll be sad,
And reckon this for fortune bad,
To have lost the good ye might have had.

• • •

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS EVE

Down with the rosemary and bays,
Down with the mistletoe;
Instead of holly, now upraise
The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway; 5
Let box now domineer,
Until the dancing Easter Day
Or Easter's eve appear.

ROBERT HERRICK

Then youthful box, which now hath grace
Your houses to renew,
Grown old, surrender must his place
Unto the crispèd yew.

10

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
And many flowers beside,
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin,
To honor Whitsuntide.

15

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,
With cooler oaken boughs,
Come in for comely ornaments,
To re-adorn the house.

20

Thus times do shift; each thing his turn does hold;
New things succeed as former things grow old.

• • •

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE

Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the bays and mistletoe;
Down with the holly, ivy, all
Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas hall;
That so the superstitious find
No one least branch there left behind; 5
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see.

• • •

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS DAY

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn;
Which quenched, then lay it up again
Till Christmas next return.
Part must be kept, wherewith to teend 5
The Christmas log next year;
And where 'tis safely kept, the Fiend
Can do no mischief there.

THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST HOME

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE MILDWY,
EARL OF WESTMORLAND

Come, sons of summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil;
By whose tough labors and rough hands
We rip up first, then reap, our lands.
Crowned with the ears of corn, now come, 5
And, to the pipe, sing harvest home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Dressed up with all the country art.
See here a maukin, there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet; 10
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies
Clad all in linen white as lilies.
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy to see the hock-cart crowned.
About the cart hear how the rout 15
Of rural younglings raise the shout,
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves, 20
Some cross the fill-horse, some with great
Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat;
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent. 25
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glittering with fire, where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef;
With upper stories, mutton, veal, 30
And bacon, which makes full the meal,
With several dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumenty.
And for to make the merry cheer, 35
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer;
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough, the commonwealth,

ROBERT HERRICK

Next to your flails, your fanes, your fats,
Then to the maids with wheaten hats,
To the rough sickle, and crookt scythe:
Drink, frolic boys, till all be blithe.
Feed and grow fat, and, as ye eat,
Be mindful that the laboring neat,
As you, may have their fill of meat;
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke,
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they're hanged up now. 40
And, you must know, your lord's word's true:
Feed him ye must, whose food fills you;
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again. 45
50
55

• • •

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS

Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring. 5

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-teending. 10

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a-shredding
For the rare mince pie,
And the plums stand by
To fill the paste that's a-kneading. 15

TO THE MOST FAIR AND LOVELY MISTRESS
ANNE SOAME, NOW LADY ABBIE

So smell those odors that do rise
 From out the wealthy spiceries;
 So smells the flower of blooming clove,
 Or roses smothered in the store;
 So smells the air of spiced wine,
 Or essences of jessamine;
 So smells the breath about the hives
 When well the work of honey thrives,
 And all the busy factors come
 Laden with wax and honey home;
 So smell those neat and woven bowers
 All overarched with orange flowers,
 And almond blossoms, that do mix
 To make rich these aromatics;
 So smell those bracelets and those bands
 Of amber snuffed between the hands;
 When thus enkindled, they transpire
 A noble perfume from the fire.
 The wine of cherries, and to these
 The cooling breath of raspberries,
 The smell of morning's milk and cream,
 Butter of cows, y^e mixed with them,
 Of roasted warden, or baked pear,
 These are not to be reckoned here;
 Whereas the meanest part of her
 Smells like the maiden-pomander.
 Thus sweet she smells, or what can be
 More liked by her, or loved by me.

THE HAG

The hag is astride
 This night for to ride,
 The devil and she together;
 Through thick and through thin,
 Now out and then in,
 Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
 She takes for a spur;
 With a lash of a bramble she rides now;

ROBERT HERRICK

Through waves and through a storm,
One comes, and comes,
One follows his steps that guides now.

10

No beast for his food
Dares now range the wood,
But hushed in his lair he lies lurking;
While mischief by these,
On land and on sea,
At noon of night are a-working.

15

The storm will arise
And trouble the skies
This night; and, more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Afrighted shall come,
Called out by the clap of the thunder.

20

THE FAIRIES

If ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each platter in his place;
Bake the fire up, and get
Water to wash the feet
Wash your pail and cleanse your dairies:
She is a bathhouse to the fairies.
Sweep poor Nelly who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

5

CHARM

Bring the holy crust of bread;
Lay it underneath the head;
Tis a certain charm to keep
Hags away while children sleep.

* * *

ANOTHER

Let the serpent be white
Near the child's heart lay a knife:
Point be up, and haft be down

(While she gossips in the town);
 This, 'mongst other mystic charms,
 Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

5

ANOTHER CHARM, FOR STABLES

Hang up hooks and shears to scare
 Hence the hag that rides the mare,
 Till they be all over wet
 With the mire and the sweat;
 This observed, the manes shall be
 Of your horses all knot-free.

5

TO DAFFODILS

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon:
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay
 Until the hastening day
 Has run
 But to the evensong;
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

10

We have short time to stay as you;
 We have as short a spring,
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or anything.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

15

20

TO BLOSSOMS

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past

ROBERT HERRICK

But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

5

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
*Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth
And lose you quite.

10

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride
Like you a while, they glide
Into the grave.

15

* * *

TO MEADOWS

Ye have been fresh and green,
Ye have been filled with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

5

Ye've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round;
Each virgin, like a spring,
With honeysuckles crowned.

10

But now, we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with dishevelled hair
Adorned this smoother mead.

15

Like unthrifts, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
Ye're left here to lament
Your poor estates, alone.

20

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears

 Speak grief in you,

 Who were but born

Just as the modest morn

 Teemed her refreshing dew?

Alas, you have not known that shower

 That mars a flower,

 Nor felt the unkind

Breath of a blasting wind,

 Nor are ye worn with years,

 Or warped, as we,

 Who think it strange to see

Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,

To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known

 The reason why

 Ye droop and weep.

Is it for want of sleep?

 Or childish lullaby?

Or that ye have not seen as yet

 The violet?

 Or brought a kiss

From that sweetheart to this?

No, no, this sorrow shown

 By your tears shed

Would have this lecture read,

That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,

Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

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*TO A GENTLEWOMAN, OBJECTING TO HIM
HIS GRAY HAIRS*

Am I despised because you say,

And I dare swear, that I am gray?

Know, lady, you have but your day;

And time will come when you shall wear

Such frost and snow upon your hair;

And when (though long, it comes to pass)

You question with your looking-glass,

ROBERT HERRICK

And in that sincere crystal seek,
But find no rosebud in your cheek,
Nor any bed to give the shew
Where such a rare carnation grew.

10

Ah! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,
It will be told
That you are old,
By those true tears you're weeping.

15

• • •

*HIS LACHRIMAE; OR, MIRTH TURNED
TO MOURNING*

Call me no more,
As heretofore,
The music of a feast;
Since now, alas!
The mirth that was
In me is dead or ceased.

5

Before I went
To banishment,
Into the loathèd West,
I could rehearse
A lyric verse,
And speak it with the best.

10

But time, ai me!
Has laid, I see,
My organ fast asleep;
And turned my voice
Into the noise
Of those that sit and weep.

15

• • •

DISCONTENTS IN DEVON *has we ave seen*

More discontents I never had,
Since I was born, than here;
Where I have been, and still am, sad,
In this dull Devonshire.
Yet, justly too, I must confess
I ne'er invented such
Ennobled numbers for the press
Than where I loathed so much.

5

TO THE KING

UPON HIS COMING WITH HIS ARMY INTO THE WEST.

Welcome, most welcome to our vows and us,
Most great and universal genius!
The drooping West, which hitherto has stood
As one in long-lamented widowhood,
Looks like a bride now, or a bed of flowers
Newly refreshed, both by the sun and showers.
War, which before was horrid, now appears
Lovely in you, brave prince of cavaliers!
A deal of courage in each bosom springs
By your access, O you the best of kings!
Ride on with all white omens, so that where
Your standard's up, we fix a conquest there.

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THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD

Dull to myself, and almost dead to these,
My many fresh and fragrant mistresses;
Lost to all music now, since everything
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.
Sick is the land to the heart, and doth endure
More dangerous faintings by her desperate cure.
But if that golden age would come again,
And Charles here rule, as he before did reign;
If smooth and unperplexed the seasons were,
As when the sweet Maria livèd here:
I should delight to have my curls half drowned
In Tyrian dews, and head with roses crowned;
And once more yet, ere I am laid out dead,
Knock at a star with my exalted head.

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THE POWER IN THE PEOPLE

Let kings command, and do the best they may,
The saucy subjects still will bear the sway.

• • •

NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION

Nothing hard or harsh can prove
Unto those that truly love.

UPON SMEATON

How could Luke Smeaton wear a shoe or boot,
Who two and thirty corns had on a foot?

• • •

HIS WISH

Fat be my hind; unlearnèd be my wife;
Peaceful by night; my day devoid of strife:
To these a comely offspring I desire,
Singing about my everlasting fire.

• • •

HOW ROSES CAME RED

'Tis said, as Cupid danced among
The gods, he down the nectar flung,
Which, on the white rose being shed,
Made it forever after red.

• • •

*TO HIS DEAR VALENTINE, MISTRESS
MARGARET FALCONBRIDGE*

Now is your turn, my dearest, to be set
A gem in this eternal coronet.
'Twas rich before; but since your name is down,
It sparkles now like Ariadne's crown.
Blaze by this sphere forever; or this do, . . .
Let me and it shine evermore by you. 5

• • •

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS

You are a tulip seen to-day,
But, dearest, of so short a stay
That where you grew scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,
Yet one rude wind or ruffling shower
Will force you hence, and in an hour. 5

You are a sparkling rose i' the bud,
Yet lost ere that chaste flesh and blood
Can show where you or grew or stood.

You are a full-spread, fair-set vine,
And can with tendrils love intwine,
Yet dried ere you distil your wine.

You are like balm, inclosèd well
In amber or some crystal shell,
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty violet,
Yet withered ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among,
But die you must, fair maid, ere long,
As he, the maker of this song.

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TO FLOWERS

In time of life I graced ye with my verse;
Do now your flowery honors to my hearse.
You shall not languish, trust me; virgins here
Weeping shall make ye flourish all the year.

• • •

TO PERILLA

Ah, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steal away from thee?
Age calls me hence, and my gray hairs bid come
And haste away to mine eternal home;
'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,
That I must give thee the supremest kiss. 5
Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
Part of the cream from that religious spring,
With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet;
That done, then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapped thy smooth limbs when thou didst implore
The gods' protection but the night before;
Follow me, weeping, to my turf, and there
Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear;

10

10

ROBERT HERRICK

Then, lastly, let some weekly strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me.
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

15

TO ANTHEA

Now is the time when all the lights wax dim,
And thou, Anthea, must withdraw from him
Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me
Under that holy-oak or gospel-tree;
Where, though thou see'st not, thou mayst think upon 5
Me when thou yearly go'st procession;
Or, for mine honor, lay me in that tomb
In which thy sacred reliques shall have room;
For my embalming, sweetest, there will be
No spices wanting when I'm laid by thee. 10

• • •

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood;
Who as soon fell fast asleep
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir 5
The earth that lightly covers her.

• • •

UPON A MAID

Here she lies, in bed of spice,
Fair as Eve in Paradise;
For her beauty, it was such
Poets could not praise too much.
Virgins, come, and in a ring 5
Her supremest requiem sing;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly o'er the dead.

5

AN EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN

Here a solemn fast we keep,
 While all beauty lies asleep.
 Hushed be all things; no noise here
 But the toning of a tear,
 Or a sigh of such as bring
 Cowslips for her covering.

5

• • •

TO ROBIN REDBREAST

Laid out for dead, let thy last kindness be
 With leaves and moss-work for to cover me;
 And while the wood-nymphs my cold corpse inter,
 Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister!
 For epitaph, in foliage next write this:
 Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is.

5

• • •

HIS WINDING-SHEET

Come thou, who art the wine and wit
 Of all I've writ;
 The grace, the glory, and the best
 Piece of the rest.
 Thou art of what I did intend
 The all and end.
 And what was made, was made to meet
 Thee, thee, my sheet.
 Come, then, and be to my chaste side
 Both bed and bride.
 We two, as reliques left, will have
 One rest, one grave.
 And, hugging close, we will not fear
 Lust entering here,
 Where all desires are dead or cold
 As is the mold,
 And all affections are forgot
 Or trouble not.
 Here, here the slaves and prisoners be
 From shackles free,
 And weeping widows, long oppressed,
 Do here find rest.

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ROBERT HERRICK

The wrongèd client ends his laws
Here, and his cause; 25
Here those long suits of chancery lie
Quiet or die,
And all Star Chamber bills do cease
Or hold their peace.
Here needs no Court for our Request,
Where all are best, 30
All wise, all equal, and all just
Alike i' the dust.
Nor need we here to fear the frown
Of court or crown.
Where Fortune bears no sway o'er things, 35
There all are kings.
In this securer place we'll keep,
As lulled asleep;
Or for a little time we'll lie,
As robes laid by, 40
To be another day re-worn,
Turned but not torn;
Or like old testaments engrossed,
Locked up, not lost;
And for a while lie here concealed,
To be revealed 45
Next at that great Platonic Year,
And then meet here.

* * *

TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER

Charm me asleep, and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers
That, being ravished, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers. 5
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill,
And quickly still
Though thou not kill 10
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire

Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My pains asleep;
And give me such reposes,
That I, poor I,
May think, thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

15

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptime o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my pains,
With thy soft strains,
That having ease me given,
With full delight,
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For heaven.

25

30

• • •

TO LAR

No more shall I, since I am driven hence,
Devote to thee my grains of frankincense;
No more shall I from manteltrees hang down,
To honor thee, my little parsley crown;
No more shall I, I fear me, to thee bring
My chives of garlic for an offering;
No more shall I from henceforth hear a quire
Of merry crickets by my country fire.
Go where I will, thou lucky Lar stay here,
Warm by a glittering chimney all the year.

5

10

*DEAN BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON, BY
WHICH SOMETIMES HE LIVED*

Dean Bourn, farewell; I never look to see
Dean or thy warty incivility;
Thy rocky bottom, that doth tear thy streams
And makes them frantic even to all extremes,

To my content I never should behold,
Were thy streams silver, or thy rocks all gold.
Rocky thou art; and rocky we discover
Thy men; and rocky are thy ways all over.
O men, O manners; now and ever known
To be a rocky generation!
A people currish, churlish as the seas,
And rude, almost, as rudest savages.
With whom I did, and may re-sojourn when
Rocks turn to rivers, rivers turn to men.

5

10

HIS RETURN TO LONDON

From the dull confines of the drooping West,
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,
Ravished in spirit, I come, nay, more, I fly
To thee, blest place of my nativity!
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crowned.
O fruitful genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty year by year;
O place! O people! manners! framed to please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!
I am a free-born Roman; suffer then
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is; though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment;
Yet since called back, henceforward let me be,
O native country, repossessed by thee!
For, rather than I'll to the West return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
Give thou my sacred reliques burial.

5

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* * *

HIS POETRY HIS PILLAR

Only a little more
I have to write;
Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world good night.

"Tis but a flying minute
That I must stay,
Or linger in it;
And then I must away.

5

O Time, that cut'st down all,
And scarce leav'st here
Memorial
Of an'y man that were!

10

How many lie forgot
In vaults beneath,
And piecemeal rot
Without a fame in death!

15

Behold this living stone
I rear for me,
Ne'er to be thrown
Down, envious Time, by thee.

20

Pillars let some set up,
If so they please;
Here is my hope,
And my pyramides.

* * *

TO HIS BOOK

Make haste away, and let one be
A friendly patron unto thee,
Lest, rapt from hence, I see thee lie
Torn for the use of pastery;
Or see thy injured leaves serve well
To make loose gowns for mackerel;
Or see the grocers, in a trice,
Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

5

* * *

[*ON ERRORS MADE BY HIS PRINTER*]

For these transgressions which thou here dost see,
Condemn the printer, reader, and not me;
Who gave him forth good grain, though he mistook
The seed; so sowed these tares throughout my book.

ROBERT HERRICK

THE PILLAR OF FAME

Fame's pillar here at last we set,
Out-during marble, brass, or jet;
 Charmed and enchanted so
As to withstand the blow
 Of overthrow;
 Nor shall the seas,
 Or outrages
 Of storms, o'erbear
 What we uprear;
 Tho' kingdoms fall,
 This pillar never shall
 Decline or waste at all,
But stand for ever by his own
Firm and well-fixed foundation.

5
10

• • •

To his book's end this last line he'd have placed:
Jocund his Muse was, but his life was chaste.

• • •

NOBLE NUMBERS

HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION

For those my unbaptizèd rhymes,
Writ in my wild, unhallowed times,
For every sentence, clause, and word
That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
 Out of my book that is not Thine.
But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one
Worthy Thy benediction,
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

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A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell,
A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weather-proof,
Under the spars of which I lie
 Both soft and dry;

5

Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my fate,
 Both void of state;
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by the poor,
 Who thither come and freely get
 Good words or meat.
 Like as my parlor, so my hall
 And kitchen's small;
 A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin,
 Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipped, unfead;
 Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire,
 Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
 Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is Thine,
 And all those other bits that be
 There placed by Thee;
 The worts, the purslane, and the mess
 Of watercress,
 Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;
 And my content
 Makes those, and my belovèd beet,
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth,
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soils my land,
 And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one;
 Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day;
 Besides my healthful ewes to bear
 Me twins each year;
 The while the conduits of my kine
 Run cream for wine.

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ROBERT HERRICK

All these, and better, Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
 As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by Thee.

55

* * *

TO GOD

God! to my little meal and oil,
Add but a bit of flesh, to boil;
And Thou my pipkinet shalt see
Give a wave-offering unto Thee.

* * *

ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all. Amen.

5

* * *

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

Is this a fast, to keep
 The larder lean,
 And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
 Of flesh, yet still
 To fill
The platter high with fish?

5

Is it to fast an hour,
 Or ragged to go,
 Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

10

No; 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

15

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life;

20

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin.
And that's to keep thy Lent.

* * *

THE HEART

In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning part
Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.

* * *

TO FIND GOD

Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixed in that watery theater;
And taste thou them as saltless there
As in their channel first they were. 5
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshivered into seeds of rain;
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence.
This if thou canst; then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim. 10
15

ROBERT HERRICK

HIS LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill
Has or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fight a parting soul,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tossed about
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet, before the glass be out,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

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When the Tempter me pursu' th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

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When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

45

TO GOD

Do with me, God! as Thou didst deal with John,
Who writ that heavenly revelation.
Let me, like him, first cracks of thunder hear;
Then let the harp's enchantments strike mine ear.
Here give me thorns; there, in Thy kingdom, set
Upon my head the golden coronet.
There give me day, but here my dreadful night;
My sackcloth here, but there my stole of white.

5

THE WHITE ISLAND, OR PLACE OF THE BLEST

In this world, the isle of dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes
Reciting;

But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young eternity,
Uniting

5

In that whiter island, where
Things are evermore sincere;
Candor here and luster there
Delighting:

10

ROBERT HERRICK

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horror call,
To create, or cause at all,
Affrighting.

15

There, in calm and cooling sleep,
We our eyes shall never steep,
But eternal watch shall keep,
Attending

20

Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalized, and you;
And fresh joys, as never, too,
Have ending.

• • •

TO DEATH

Thou bid'st me come away,
And I'll no longer stay
Than for to shed some tears
For faults of former years,
And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times;
And next, to take a bit
Of bread, and wine with it;
To don my robes of love,
Fit for the place above;
To gird my loins about
With charity throughout,
And so to travel hence
With feet of innocence:
These done, I'll only cry
God mercy, and so die.

5

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George Herbert

LOVE [i]

IMMORTAL Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade,
How hath man parcelled out Thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that dust which Thou hast made,
While mortal love doth all the title gain! 5
Which siding with invention, they together
Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain,
Thy workmanship, and give Thee share in neither.
Wit fancies beauty, beauty raiseth wit.
The world is theirs; they two play out the game, 10
Thou standing by. And though Thy glorious name
Wrought our deliverance from the infernal pit,
Who sings Thy praise? Only a scarf or glove
Doth warm our hands and make them write of love.

◦ ◦ ◦

JORDAN

When first my lines of heavenly joys made mention,
Such was their luster, they did so excel,
That I sought out quaint words and trim invention;
My thoughts began to burnish, sprout, and swell,
Curling with metaphors a plain intention, 5
Decking the sense as if it were to sell.

Thousands of notions in my brain did run,
Offering their service, if I were not sped.
I often blotted what I had begun:
This was not quick enough, and that was dead. 10
Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sun,
Much less those joys which trample on his head.

As flames do work and wind when they ascend,
So did I weave myself into the sense;
But while I bustled, I might hear a friend 15
Whisper, "How wide is all this long pretense!
There is in love a sweetness ready penned;
Copy out only that, and save expense."

GEORGE HERBERT

THE ELIXIR

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make Thee prepossessed,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean
Which with his tincture—"for Thy sake"—
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

• • •

SIN

Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in;
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;

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Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.
 Yet all these fences and their whole array
 One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

• • •

PEACE

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,
 Let me once know.

I sought thee in a secret cave,
 And asked if Peace were there.
 A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No;
 Go seek elsewhere."

5

I did; and, going, did a rainbow note.
 "Surely," thought I,

"This is the lace of Peace's coat;
 I will search out the matter."

10

But while I looked, the clouds immediately
 Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
 A gallant flower,

The crown imperial. "Sure," said I,
 "Peace at the root must dwell."

15

But when I digged, I saw a worm devour
 What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man,
 Whom when for Peace

20

I did demand, he thus began:
 "There was a Prince of old

At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
 Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
 His life from foes.

25

But after death out of His grave
 There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;
 Which many, wondering at, got some of those
 To plant and set.

30

GEORGE HERBERT

"It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth;
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtue lies therein,
A secret virtue bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

35

"Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;
Make bread of it; and that repose
And peace which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue
Is only there."

40

• • •

THE PEARL

(MATTHEW 13:45)

I know the ways of learning, both the head
And pipes that feed the press, and make it run;
What reason hath from nature borrowèd,
Or of itself, like a good housewife, spun
In laws and policy; what the stars conspire;
What willing nature speaks, what forced by fire;
Both the old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
The stock and surplus, cause and history;
All these stand open, or I have the keys:
Yet I love Thee.

5

10

I know the ways of honor, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit;
In vies of favors whether party gains,
When glory swells the heart, and moldeth it
To all expressions both of hand and eye
Which on the world a truelove knot may tie,
And bear the bundle wheresoe'er it goes;
How many drams of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
Yet I love Thee.

15

20

I know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings and the relishes of it;
The propositions of hot blood and brains;
What mirth and music mean; what love and wit

Have done these twenty hundred years and more;
I know the projects of unbridled store;

My stuff is flesh, not brass; my senses live,
And grumble oft that they have more in me
Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
Yet I love Thee.

25

30

I know all these, and have them in my hand;

Therefore not seelèd but with open eyes

I fly to Thee, and fully understand

Both the main sale and the commodities;
And at what rate and price I have Thy love,
With all the circumstances that may move.

35

Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
But Thy silk twist let down from heaven to me,
Did both conduct and teach me how by it
To climb to Thee.

40

* * *

LOVE [2]

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.

But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lacked anything.

5

“A guest,” I answered, “worthy to be here.”
Love said, “You shall be he.”

“I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my Dear,
I cannot look on Thee.”

Love took my hand, and, smiling, did reply,
“Who made the eyes but I?”

10

“Truth, Lord, but I have marred them; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.”

“And know you not,” says Love, “who bore the blame?”
“My Dear, then I will serve.”

“You must sit down,” says Love, “and taste my meat.”
So I did sit and eat.

15

GEORGE HERBERT

THE QUIP

The merry world did on a day
With his train-bands and mates agree
To meet together where I lay,
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First Beauty crept into a rose; 5
Which when I plucked not, "Sir," said she,
"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?"
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
"What tune is this, poor man?" said he; 10
"I heard in music you had skill."
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he?
He scarce allowed me half an eye.
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me. 15

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
And he would needs a comfort be,
And, to be short, make an oration.
But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me. 20

Yet when the hour of Thy design
To answer these fine things shall come,
Speak not at large; say I am Thine;
And then they have their answer home.

* * *

DECAY

Sweet were the days when Thou didst lodge with Lot,
Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon,
Advise with Abraham, when Thy power could not
Encounter Moses' strong complaints and moan.
Thy words were then, "Let me alone." 5

One might have sought and found Thee presently
At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well.
"Is my God this way?" "No," they would reply;
"He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell.
List, ye may hear great Aaron's bell." 10

But now Thou dost Thyself immure and close
In some one corner of a feeble heart,
Where yet both Sin and Satan, Thy old foes,
Do pinch and straiten Thee, and use much art
To gain Thy thirds and little part.

15

I see the world grows old, whenas the heat
Of Thy great love, once spread, as in an urn
Doth closet up itself, and still retreat,
Cold sin still forcing it, till it return,
And, calling Justice, all things burn.

20

* * *

CONSTANCY

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue;
To God, his neighbor, and himself most true.
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

5

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind.
Who rides his sure and even trot
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

10

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing and the example weigh.
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

15

Whom none can work or woo
To use in anything a trick or sleight,
For above all things he abhors deceit.
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

20

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations. When the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run.
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue. Virtue is his sun.

25

GEORGE HERBERT

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way.

Whom others' faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

30

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill.

This is the mark-man, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

35

• • •

VANITY

The fleet astronomer can bore
And thread the spheres with his quick-piercing mind.
He views their stations, walks from door to door,
Surveys as if he had designed
To make a purchase there. He sees their dances,
And knoweth long before
Both their full-eyed aspects and secret glances.

5

The nimble diver with his side
Cuts through the working waves, that he may fetch
His dearly earnèd pearl, which God did hide
On purpose from the venturous wretch;
That He might save his life, and also hers
Who with excessive pride
Her own destruction and his danger wears.

10

The subtle chemic can divest
And strip the creature naked, till he find
The callow principles within their nest.
There he imparts to them his mind,
Admitted to their bedchamber, before
They appear trim and dressed
To ordinary suitors at the door.

15

What hath not man sought out and found,
But his dear God? Who yet His glorious law
Embosoms in us, mellowing the ground
With showers and frosts, with love and awe,
So that we need not say, "Where's this command?"
Poor man, thou searchest round
To find out death, but missest life at hand.

20

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THE PULLEY

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
“Let us,” said He, “pour on him all we can:
Let the world’s riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.”

5

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure.
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

10

“For if I should,” said He,
“Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature;
So both should losers be.

15

“Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.”

20

• • •



THE COLLAR

I struck the board, and cried, “No more!
I will abroad!
What? Shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free, free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.

5

Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?

Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it. There was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?

10

GEORGE HERBERT

No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart! But there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures. Leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not. Forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldest not see.
Away! Take heed!
I will abroad.
Call in thy death's head there! Tie up thy fears!
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.”
But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methoughts I heard one calling, “Child!”
And I replied, “My Lord!”

15

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THE FLOWER

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are Thy returns! Even as the flowers in spring,
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

5

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite underground, as flowers depart
To see their mother-root when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

10

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;

15

Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amiss

This or that is;

Thy word is all, if we could spell.

20

O that I once past changing were,

Fast in Thy paradise, where no flower can wither!

Many a spring I shoot up fair,

Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither;

25

Nor doth my flower

Want a spring shower,

My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,

Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,

30

Thy anger comes, and I decline.

What frost to that? What pole is not the zone

Where all things burn,

When Thou dost turn,

And the least frown of Thine is shown?

35

And now in age I bud again:

After so many deaths I live and write;

I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing. O my only Light,

It cannot be

That I am he

On whom Thy tempests fell all night.

40

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;

45

Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.

Who would be more,

Swelling through store,

Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

• • •

LIFE

I made a posy while the day ran by.

Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie

My life within this band.

But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,

5

And withered in my hand.

GEORGE HERBERT

My hand was next to them, and then my heart.
I took, without more thinking, in good part
 Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
 Yet sugarine the suspicion.

10

Farewell, dear flowers! Sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
 And after death for cures.
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
 It be as short as yours.

15

* * *

THE GLANCE

When first Thy sweet and gracious eye
Unanimous was in the morn of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
 Weltering in sin,
I felt a sugared, strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
 And take it in.

5

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, even able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
 His swing and sway.

10

But still Thy sweet original joy,
Sprung from Thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging greatly when they grew bold, exulted,
 And got the day.

15

If Thy first glance so powerful be,
A mirth but opened and sealed up again,
What wonders shall we feel when we shall see
 Thy full-eyed love!

20

When Thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of Thine spend in delight
More than a thousand suns disburse in light,
 In heaven above.

VIRTUE

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave, 5
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie, 10
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal, 15
Then chiefly lives.

Thomas Carew

SONG

PERSUASIONS TO ENJOY

*I*f the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die;
If every sweet and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face;
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys 5
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
Forever free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade; 10
Then, fear not, Celia, to bestow
What, still being gathered, still must grow.
Thus, either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

• • •

SONG

CELIA SINGING ✓

You that think Love can convey
No other way
But through the eyes into the heart
His fatal dart,
Close up those casements, and but hear 5
This siren sing;
And on the wing
Of her sweet voice it shall appear
That Love can enter at the ear.
Then unveil your eyes: behold 10
The curious mold
Where that voice dwells; and, as we know,
When the cocks crow,
We freely may
Gaze on the day, 15
So may you, when the music's done,
Awake and see the rising sun.

THE PROTESTATION

A SONNET

No more shall meads be decked with flowers,
 Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers,
 Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
 Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
 Nor April violets paint the grove,
 If I forsake my Celia's love.

5

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
 And fountains sweet shall bitter turn;
 The humble oak no flood shall know
 When floods shall highest hills o'erflow;
 Black Lethe shall oblivion leave,
 If e'er my Celia I deceive.

10

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
 And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
 The sun refuse to show his light,
 And day shall then be turned to night;
 And in that night no star appear,
 If once I leave my Celia dear.

15

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
 Nor lovers more shall love for worth,
 Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
 Nor pain torment poor souls in hell;
 Grim death no more shall horrid prove,
 If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

20

* * *

A DEPOSITION FROM LOVE

I was foretold your rebel sex
 Nor love nor pity knew,
 And with what scorn you use to vex
 Poor hearts that humbly sue;
 Yet I believed, to crown our pain,
 Could we the fortress win,
 The happy lover sure should gain
 A paradise within:
 I thought love's plagues like dragons sate,
 Only to fright us at the gate.

5

10

But I did enter, and enjoy
What happy lovers prove;
For I could kiss, and sport, and toy,
And taste those sweets of love
Which, had they but a lasting state,
Or if in Celia's breast 15
The force of love might not abate,
Jove were too mean a guest.
But now her breach of faith far more
Afflicts than did her scorn before. 20

Hard fate! to have been once possessed,
As victor, of a heart
Achieved with labor and unrest,
And then forced to depart!
If the stout foe will not resign 25
When I besiege a town,
I lose but what was never mine;
But he that is cast down
From enjoyed beauty feels a woe
Only deposèd kings can know. 30

* * *

DISDAIN RETURNED

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay, 5
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise 10
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within, 15
And find naught but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away. 20

TO A. L.

PERSUASIONS TO LOVE

Think not, 'cause men flattering say
 You're fresh as April, sweet as May,
 Bright as is the morning star,
 That you are so; or, though you are,
 Be not therefore proud, and deem
 All men unworthy your esteem: 5

For, being so, you lose the pleasure
 Of being fair, since that rich treasure
 Of rare beauty and sweet feature
 Was bestowed on you by nature
 To be enjoyed; and 'twere a sin 10

There to be scarce, where she hath been
 So prodigal of her best graces;
 Thus common beauties and mean faces
 Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
 The sport you lose by being coy. 15

Did the thing for which I sue
 Only concern myself, not you;
 Were men so framed as they alone
 Reaped all the pleasure, women none;
 Then had you reason to be scant: 20

But 'twere a madness not to grant
 That which affords (if you consent)
 To you, the giver, more content
 Than me, the beggar. Oh, then, be
 Kind to yourself, if not to me; 25

Starve not yourself because you may
 Thereby make me pine away;
 Nor let brittle beauty make
 You your wiser thoughts forsake:
 For that lovely face will fail; 30

Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
 'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
 Than summer's rain, or winter's sun;
 Most fleeting when it is most dear,
 'Tis gone while we but say 'tis here. 35

These curious locks, so aptly twined,
 Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
 Will change their auburn hue, and grow
 White and cold as winter's snow. 40

That eye, which now is Cupid's nest,
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose.
And what will then become of all
Those whom now you servants call? 45
Like swallows, when your summer's done,
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely choose one to your friend
Whose love may, when your beauties end, 50
Remain still firm: be provident,
And think, before the summer's spent,
Of following winter; like the ant,
In plenty hoard for time of scant.
Cull out, amongst the multitude 55
Of lovers that seek to intrude
Into your favor, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day;
One that will quench your youthful fires,
And feed in age your hot desires. 60
For when the storms of time have moved
Waves on that cheek which was beloved,
When a fair lady's face is pined,
And yellow spread where red once shined,
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her, 65
Love may return, but lover never;
And old folks say there are no pains
Like itch of love in agèd veins.
Oh, love me, then, and now begin it,
Let us not lose this present minute; 70
For time and age will work that wrack
Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their agèd plumes;
The faded rose each spring receives 75
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh, then, be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason; 80
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flower,
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

A CRUEL MISTRESS

We read of kings and gods that kindly took
 A pitcher filled with water from the brook;
 But I have daily tendered without thanks
 Rivers of tears that overflow their banks.
 A slaughtered bull will appease angry Jove,
 A horse the sun, a lamb the god of love,
 But she despairs the spotless sacrifice
 Of a pure heart that at her altar lies.
 Vesta is not displeased if her chaste urn
 Do with repaired fuel ever burn; 5
 But my saint frowns, though to her honored name
 I consecrate a never-dying flame.
 The Assyrian king did none i' the furnace throw
 But those that to his image did not bow;
 With bended knees I daily worship her, 10
 Yet she consumes her own idolater.
 Of such a goddess no times leave record,
 That burnt the temple where she was adored.

5

10

15

THE SPRING

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
 Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
 Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
 Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:
 But the warm sun thaws the benumbèd earth, 5
 And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
 To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
 The drowsy cuckoo and the humblebee.
 Now do a quire of chirping minstrels bring,
 In triumph to the world, the youthful spring. 10
 The valleys, hills, and woods in rich array
 Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
 Now all things smile; only my love doth lower,
 Nor hath the scalding noonday sun the power
 To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold 15
 Her heart congealed, and makes her pity cold.
 The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
 Into the stall, doth now securely lie
 In open fields; and love no more is made
 By the fireside; but in the cooler shade 20

5

10

15

20

THOMAS CAREW

Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore; and all things keep
Time with the season: only she doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

* * *

SONG

TO MY INCONSTANT MISTRESS

When thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joys of love, shalt see
The full reward and glorious fate
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancy. 5

A fairer hand than thine shall cure
That heart which thy false oaths did wound;
And to my soul a soul more pure
Than thine shall by Love's hand be bound,
And both with equal glory crowned. 10

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears shall be as vain
As mine were then, for thou shalt be
Damned for thy false apostacy. 15

* * *

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED

✓

SONG

Give me more love or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreme, of love or hate, 5
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danaë in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour 10

My vulture-hopes; and he's possessed
Of heaven that's but from hell released.
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love or more disdain.

• • •

UPON A RIBBON

This silken wreath, which circles in mine arm,
Is but an emblem of that mystic charm
Wherewith the magic of your beauties binds
My captive soul, and round about it winds
Fetters of lasting love. This hath entwined
My flesh alone; that hath empaled my mind. 5
Time may wear out these soft, weak bands; but those
Strong chains of brass, fate shall not discompose.
This holy relique may preserve my wrist,
But my whole frame doth by that power subsist; 10
To that my prayers and sacrifice, to this
I only pay a superstitious kiss.
This but the idol, that's the deity;
Religion there is due; here, ceremony;
That I receive by faith, this but in trust; 15
Here I may tender duty, there I must;
This order as a layman I may bear,
But I become Love's priest when that I wear;
This moves like air; that as the center stands;
That knot your virtue tied; this but your hands; 20
That, nature framed; but this was made by art;
This makes my arm your prisoner; that, my heart.

5

10

15

20

• • •

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLIERS

The Lady Mary Villiers lies
Under this stone; with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her birth,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were 5
Known unto thee, shed a tear;
Or if thyself possess a gem
As dear to thee as this to them,

5

THOMAS CAREW

Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in theirs thine own hard case:
For thou, perhaps, at thy return
Mayest find thy darling in an urn.

10

A SONG

✓

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

5

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

10

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fix'd become, as in their sphere.

15

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

20

Sir John Suckling

SONG

✓ *WHY* so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

10

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her!

15

◦ ◦ ◦

FROM

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen,
O, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

5

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty, at least, in pairs.

10

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

Amongst the rest, one pestilent fine
(His beard no bigger, though, than thine)
Walked on before the rest.

15

Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The King (God bless him!), 'twould undo him
Should he go still so dressed

At course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' the town,
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

20

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him stayed.
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

25

30

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale),
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

35

Her finger was so small the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must),
It looked like the great collar, just,
About our young colt's neck.

40

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But, O, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight!

45

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison
(Who sees them is undone);

50

For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

55

Her mouth so small, when she does speak
Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

60

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
Presented, and away.

70

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

75

The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there denied.
Passion o' me, how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride.

80

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house;
The bride's came thick and thick:
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
And who could help it, Dick?

85

90

O' the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance;
 Then dance again, and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wished her place,
 And every man wished his!

95

• • •

[THE SIEGE] ✓

'Tis now, since I sat down before
 That foolish fort, a heart
(Time strangely spent), a year and more,
 And still I did my part,

Made my approaches, from her hand
 Unto her lip did rise,
And did already understand
 The language of her eyes;

5

Proceeded on with no less art—
 My tongue was engineer:
I thought to undermine the heart
 By whispering in the ear.

10

When this did nothing, I brought down
 Great cannon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town;
 And still it yielded not.

15

I then resolved to starve the place
 By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
 And all such little blisses.

20

To draw her out, and from her strength,
 I drew all batteries in;
And brought myself to lie at length
 As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do
 And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
 And smiled at all was done.

25

I sent to know from whence and where
 These hopes and this relief.
 A spy informed, Honor was there,
 And did command in chief.

30

“March, march,” quoth I; “the word straight give;
 Let’s lose no time, but leave her:
 That giant upon air will live,
 And hold it out forever.

35

“To such a place our camp remove
 As will no siege abide:
 I hate a fool that starves her love
 Only to feed her pride.”

40

SONG

Honest lover whosoever,
 If in all thy love there ever
 Was one wavering thought, if thy flame
 Were not still even, still the same,
 Know this,
 Thou lov’st amiss;
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again and love anew.

5

If, when she appears i’ the room,
 Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
 And in striving this to cover,
 Dost not speak thy words twice over,
 Know this,
 Thou lov’st amiss;
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

10

15

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
 And all defects for graces take,
 Persuad’st thyself that jests are broken
 When she hath little or nothing spoken,
 Know this,
 Thou lov’st amiss;
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

20

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

If, when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou let'st not men ask and ask again;
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was asked thee, properly,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss;
 And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

25

If, when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cut'st not fingers 'stead of meat,
And with much gazing on her face
Dost not rise hungry from the place,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss;
 And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

35

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And, desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss;
 And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

45

* * *

SONG

I prithee send me back my heart,
 Since I cannot have thine;
For, if from yours you will not part,
 Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on it, let it lie,
 To find it were in vain,
For thou'st a thief in either eye
 Would steal it back again.

5

Why should two hearts in one breast lie
 And yet not lodge together?
O love, where is thy sympathy,
 If thus our breasts thou sever?

10

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For, when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

15

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she hath mine.

20

• • •

[CONSTANCY]

Out upon it! I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall molt away his wings
Ere he shall discover,
In the whole wide world again,
Such a constant lover.

5

But the spite on it is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays
Had it any been but she.

10

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

15

✓ • • •

A SONG TO A LUTE

Hast thou seen the down i' the air,
When wanton blasts have tossed it?
Or the ship on the sea,

When ruder waves have crossed it?

Hast thou marked the crocodile's weeping,
Or the fox's sleeping?

Or hast viewed the peacock in his pride,
Or the dove by his bride,

When he courts for his lechery?

O, so fickle, O, so vain, O, so false, so false is she!

5

10

John Milton

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,

5

That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity, 10
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein 15
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrud,

Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet!
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet; 25
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN

It was the winter wild, 30
While the heaven-born Child,
All meanly wrapt, in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to Him,

Had doffed her gaudy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

35

Only with speeches fair
 She woos the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame,
 Pollute with sinful blame,
 The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
 Confounded that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

40

But He, her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
 She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere,
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
 And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

45

50

No war, or battle's sound,
 Was heard the world around;
 The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
 The hookèd chariot stood
 Unstained with hostile blood;
 The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

55

60

But peaceful was the night
 Wherein the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began:
 The winds, with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters kissed,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.

65

The stars, with deep amaze,
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence,
 And will not take their flight

70

For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer, that often warned them thence;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
 Until their Lord Himself bespoke, and bid them go.

75

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame,
 As his inferior flame
 The new-enlightened world no more should need:
 He saw a greater Sun appear
 Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

80

The shepherds on the lawn,
 Or ere the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
 Full little thought they than
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below:
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

85

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet
 As never was by mortal finger strook,
 Divinely warbled voice,
 Answering the stringèd noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
 The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

90

95

Nature, that heard such sound
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

105

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed;
 The helmed cherubim

110

And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to heaven's new-born Heir.

115

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made.
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

120

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so);
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

125

130

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die.
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

135

140

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

145

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so;
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross

150

JOHN MILTON

Must redeem our loss,
So both Himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep, 155

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smoldering clouds outbreake:
The agèd earth, aghast,
With terror of that blast 160
Shall from the surface to the center shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss 165
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
The old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway, 170
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving. 175
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell. 180

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale, 185
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated ~~earth~~,
And on the holy ~~hearth~~, 190
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,

A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

195

Peor and Baälim
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
 And moonèd Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
 The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn;
 In vain the Tyrian maid们 their wounded Thammuz mourn.

200

And sullen Moloch, fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol, all of blackest hue;
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis and Orus and the dog Anubis, haste.

205

210

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest;
 Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
 In vain, with timbreled anthems dark,
 The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshiped ark.

215

220

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand;
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyⁿ;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine;
 Our Babe, to show His godhead true,
 Can in His swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

225

230

So, when the sun in bed,
 Curtained with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale

Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

235

But see! the virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

240

SONG ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

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[TO THE NIGHTINGALE]

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May;
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

5

10

ON SHAKESPEARE

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
 The labor of an age in piled stones,
 Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavoring art,
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
 And so sepulchered in such pomp dost lie
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

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[ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE]

How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
 My hastening days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
 That I to manhood am arrived so near;
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

5

10

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

Blest pair of sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;

And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbèd song of pure concert,
Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud, uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:

5

That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience and their state of good.
O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light!

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L'ALLEGRO

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;

5

There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

10

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;

15

Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying, 20
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee 25
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek; 30
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as ye go,
On the light, fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee 35
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty.
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free: 40
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow, 45
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweetbriar or the vine
Or the twisted eglantine,
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin, 50
And to the stack or the barn door
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill, 55
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state, 60

Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

65

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures:

70

Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;

75

Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.

80

Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savory dinner set

Of herbs and other country messes,

85

Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves,
Or, if the earlier season lead,

To the tanned haycock in the mead.

90

Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound

To many a youth and many a maid

95

Dancing in the checkered shade;

And young and old come forth to play

On a sunshine holiday,

Till the livelong daylight fail.

Then to the spicy, nut-brown ale,

100

With stories told of many afeat:

How faery Mab the junkets eat;

She was pinched and pulled, she said;

And he, by friar's lanthorn led,

Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
 That ten day-laborers could not end }
 Then lies him down the lubber ~~fiend~~ }
 And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And, crop-full, out of doors he flings
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
 Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all command.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp and feast and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal ~~verse~~,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear

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Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

150

IL PENSERO SO

Hence, vain, deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fix'd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or liklest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morphæus' train. 10
But hail, thou goddess sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue; 15
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended. 20
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain). 25
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure, 30
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn. 35

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Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step and musing gait
 And looks commerçing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes; 40
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad, leaden, downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet, 45
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
 And add to these retirèd Leisure, 50
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure,
 But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
 The cherub Contemplation; 55
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke 60
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even song; 65
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray 70
 Through the heaven's wide, pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound, 75
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still, removèd place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80

Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high, lonely tower,
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskinèd stage.
 But, O sad virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musaeus from his bower;
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made hell grant what love did seek;
 . Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass
 On which the Tartar-king did ride;
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,

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- But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves. 125
- And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke 130
- Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh, 135
- That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep:
And let some strange, mysterious dream 140
- Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath, 145
- Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof, 150
- With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below, 155
- In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age 160
- Find out the peaceful hermitage,

JOHN MILTON

The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

170

175

LYCIDAS

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he well knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

5

10

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string;
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

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20

For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.

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Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute:
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

35

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.

40

The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,

45

Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows,
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?

50

For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.

55

Ay me! I fondly dream
"Had ye been there"—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,

60

When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,

65

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)

70

To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,

75

JOHN MILTON

And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea,
That came in Neptune's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
"What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?"
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakèd promontory.

They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope, with all her sisters, played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah, who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"

Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean Lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
He shook his mitered locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enew of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' ~~feast~~,
And shove away the worthy bidden ~~guest~~.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold

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A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannele pipes of wretched straw:
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

120

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells and flowrets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers:
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
 The glowing violet,

135

The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
 For so, to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled:
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth;

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And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more; 165
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills, 190
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

• • •

*WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED
TO THE CITY*

Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenseless doors may seize,
If deed of honor did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms 5
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground; and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

10

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY

Daughter to that good earl, once president
 Of England's council and her treasury,
 Who lived in both unstained with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till the sad breaking of that parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chaeronea, fatal to liberty,
 Killed with report that old man eloquent;
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourished, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet:
 So well your words his noble virtues praise
 That all both judge you to relate them true
 And to possess them, honored Margaret.

5

10

*ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED
UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN
TREATISES*

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
 As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
 Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.
 License they mean when they cry liberty;
 For who loves that must first be wise and good:
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,
 For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

5

10

JOHN MILTON

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 1652

ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE
COMMITTEE FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd fortune proud 5
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbruēd,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath; yet much remains 10
To conquer still! Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

• • •

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not; in Thy book record their groans 5
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow 10
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

• • •

[*ON HIS BLINDNESS*]

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide,
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work or His own gifts. Who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
 Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

5

10

[TO MR. LAWRENCE]

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius reinspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

5

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* * *

[TO CYRIACK SKINNER]

Cyriack, whose grandsire on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,

5

10

JOHN MILTON

And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

* * *

[*TO THE SAME*]

Cyriack, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon or star, throughout the year, 5
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied 10
In liberty's defense, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

* * *

[*ON HIS DECEASED WIFE*]

Methought I saw my late espousèd saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint 5
Purification in the old law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight 10
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

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Richard Crashaw

WISHES

TO HIS (SUPPOSED) MISTRESS

WHOE'ER she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny;

5

Till that ripe birth
Of studied fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth;

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine;

10

Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye called my absent kisses.

15

I wish her beauty
That owes not all his duty
To gaudy tire or glistering shoe-tie,

Something more than
Taffeta or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan,

20

More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile;

A face that's best
By its own beauty dressed,
And can alone command the rest,

25

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what nature's white hand sets ope;

30

A cheek where youth
And blood, with pen of truth,
Write what the reader sweetly ru'th,

A cheek where grows
More than a morning rose,
Which to no box his being owes;

Lips where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away;

Looks that oppress
Their richest tires, but dress
And clothe their simplest nakedness;

Eyes that displaces
The neighbor diamond, and outfaces
That sunshine by their own sweet graces;

Tresses that wear
Jewels but to declare
How much themselves more precious are,

Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems that in their bright shades play—

Each ruby there
Or pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own tear;

A well-tamed heart,
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart;

Eyes that bestow
Full quivers on love's bow,
Yet pay less arrows than they owe;

Smiles that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm
That chastity shall take no harm;

Blushes that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within;

35

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45

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Joys that confess
Virtue their mistress,
And have no other head to dress;

Fears fond and slight,
As the coy bride's when night
First does the longing lover right; 70

Tears quickly fled,
And vain, as those are shed
For a dying maidenhead; 75

Days that need borrow
No part of their good Morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow, 80

Days that, in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night; 85

Nights sweet as they,
Made short by lovers' play,
Yet long by the absence of the day; 90

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And, when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend!" 95

Sidneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old winter's head with flowers; 90

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers;
'bove all, nothing within that lowers; 95

Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of night. 95

In her whole frame
Have nature all the name,
Art and ornament the shame!

Her flattery,
Picture and poesy,
Her counsel her own virtue be. 100

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

105

Now if time knows
That her whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows,

Her whose just bays
My future hopes can raise
A trophy to her present praise,

110

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further—it is she.

'Tis she, and here
Lo! I unclothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

115

May she enjoy it
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modestly dares still deny it.

120

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye!
Be ye my fictions, but her story.

125

◦ ◦ ◦

OUT OF THE ITALIAN

A SONG

To thy lover,
Dear, discover
That sweet blush of thine that shameth
(When those roses
It discloses)
All the flowers that nature nameth.

5

In free air
 Flow thy hair;
 That no more summer's best dresses
 Be beholden
 For their golden
 Locks to Phoebus' flaming tresses.

10

O deliver
 Love his quiver;
 From thy eyes he shoots his arrows
 (Where Apollo
 Cannot follow),
 Feathered with his mother's sparrows.

15

O envy not
 (That we die not)
 Those dear lips whose door encloses
 All the graces
 In their places,
 Brother pearls, and sister roses.

20

From these treasures
 Of ripe pleasures
 One bright smile to clear the weather;
 Earth and heaven
 Thus made even,
 Both will be good friends together.

25

The air does woo thee,
 Winds cling to thee;
 Might a word once fly from out thee,
 Storm and thunder
 Would sit under,
 And keep silence round about thee.

30

But if nature's
 Common creatures
 So dear glories dare not borrow,
 Yet thy beauty
 Owes a duty
 To my loving, lingering sorrow.

40

When to end me
 Death shall send me
 All his terrors to affright me,

45

Thine eyes' graces
Gild their faces,
And those terrors shall delight me.

When my dying
Life is flying,
Those sweet airs that often slew me 50
Shall revive me,
Or reprieve me,
And to many deaths renew me.

◦ ◦ ◦

*AN EPITAPH UPON A YOUNG
MARRIED COUPLE*

DEAD AND BURIED TOGETHER

To these, whom death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage-bed;
For though the hand of fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sunder man and wife, 5
'Cause they both livèd but one life.
Peace, good reader; do not weep.
Peace, the lovers are asleep.
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot love could tie. 10
And though they lie as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead
(Pillow hard, and sheets not warm),
Love made the bed: they'll take no harm.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on 15
Till this stormy night be gone,
Till the eternal morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a light
Whose day shall never die in night. 20

*A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOR OF
THE ADMIRABLE SAINT TERESA*

Foundress of the Reformation of the Discalced Carmelites, both men and women; a woman for angelical height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance, more than a woman, who yet a child outran maturity, and durst plot a martyrdom.

Love, thou art absolute sole lord
Of life and death. To prove the word
We'll now appeal to none of all
Those thy old soldiers, great and tall,
Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down 5
With strong arms their triumphant crown,
Such as could with lusty breath,
Speak loud into the face of death
Their great Lord's glorious name, to none
Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne 10
For Love at large to fill; spare blood and sweat,
And see him take a private seat,
Making his mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.

Scarce has she learnt to lisp the name
Of martyr; yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath
Which, spent, can buy so brave a death.
She never undertook to know
What death with Love should have to do; 15
Nor has she e'er yet understood
Why, to show love, she should shed blood;
Yet, though she cannot tell you why,
She can love, and she can die.

Scarce has she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake;
Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove
How much less strong is death than Love. 20

Be Love but there; let poor six years
Be posed with the maturest fears
Man trembles at, you straight shall find
Love knows no nonage, nor the mind;
'Tis Love, not years or limbs, that can
Make the martyr, or the man. 25

Love touched her heart, and, lo, it beats
High, and burns with such brave heats, 30

Such thirsts to die, as dares drink up
A thousand cold deaths in one cup.
Good reason; for she breathes all fire;
Her [weak] breast heaves with strong desire
Of what she may, with fruitless wishes,
Seek for amongst her mother's [kisses].

40

Since 'tis not to be had at home

She'll travel to a martyrdom.

No home for her's confesses she

45

But where she may a martyr be.

She'll to the Moors, and trade with them

For this unvalued diadem:

She'll offer them her dearest breath,

With Christ's name in it, in change for death.

50

She'll bargain with them, and will give

Them God, teach them how to live

In Him; or, if they this deny,

For Him she'll teach them how to die.

So shall she leave amongst them sown

55

Her Lord's blood, or at least her own.

Farewell, then, all the world! Adieu!

Teresa is no more for you.

Farewell, all pleasures, sports, and joys

(Never till now esteemed toys);

60

[Farewell, whatever dear may be,]

Mother's arms, or father's knee;

Farewell, house, and farewell, home!

She's for the Moors, and martyrdom.

Sweet, not so fast! lo, thy fair Spouse,

65

Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows,

Calls thee back, and bids thee come

To embrace a milder martyrdom.

Blest powers forbid thy tender life

70

Should bleed upon a barbarous knife,

Or some base hand have power to rase

Thy breast's chaste cabinet, and uncase

A soul kept there so sweet; O no,

Wise Heaven will never have it so.

Thou art Love's victim, and must die

75

A death more mystical and high.

Into Love's arms thou shalt let fall

A still-surviving funeral.

His is the dart must make the death

Whose stroke shall taste thy hallowed breath;

80

A dart thrice dipped in that rich flame
 Which writes thy Spouse's radiant name
 Upon the roof of heaven, where aye
 It shines, and with a sovereign ray
 Beats bright upon the burning faces
 Of souls which in that Name's sweet graces
 Find everlasting smiles. So rare,
 So spiritual, pure, and fair
 Must be the immortal instrument
 Upon whose choice point shall be sent
 A life so loved; and that there be
 Fit executioners for thee,
 The fairest and first-born sons of fire,
 Blest seraphim, shall leave their quire,
 And turn Love's soldiers, upon thee
 To exercise their archery.

85

O how oft shalt thou complain
 Of a sweet and subtle pain;
 Of intolerable joys;
 Of a death in which who dies
 Loves his death, and dies again,
 And would forever so be slain;
 And lives, and dies; and knows not why
 To live but that he thus may never leave to die.

100

How kindly will thy gentle heart
 Kiss the sweetly-killing dart,
 And close in his embraces keep
 Those delicious wounds, that weep
 Balsam to heal themselves with. Thus
 When these thy deaths, so numerous,
 Shall all at last die into one,
 And melt thy soul's sweet mansion;
 Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
 By too hot a fire, and wasted
 Into perfuming clouds, so fast
 Shalt thou exhale to heaven at last
 In a resolving sigh, and then
 O what? Ask not the tongues of men.
 Angels cannot tell; suffice
 Thyself shall feel thine own full joys,
 And hold them fast forever there.
 So soon as you first appear,
 The moon of maiden stars, thy white
 Mistress, attended by such bright

105

110

115

120

- Souls as thy shining self, shall come, 125
And in her first ranks make thee room;
Where 'mongst her snowy family
Immortal welcomes wait for thee.
- O what delight, when revealed Life shall stand,
And teach thy lips heaven with His hand; 130
On which thou now mayst to thy wishes
Heap up thy consecrated kisses.
What joys shall seize thy soul when she,
Bending her blessed eyes on thee
(Those second smiles of heaven), shall dart 135
Her mild rays through thy melting heart!
- Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
- All thy good works which went before
And waited for thee, at the door, 140
Shall own thee there; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King, thy Spouse,
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.
- All thy old woes shall now smile on thee, 145
And thy pains sit bright upon thee,
All thy sufferings be divine.
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Even thy death[s] shall live, and new- 150
Dress the soul that erst they slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.
- Those rare works where thou shalt leave writ
Love's noble history, with wit 155
Taught thee by none but Him, while here
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
Each heavenly word by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be 160
Both fire to us and flame to thee;
Whose light shall live bright in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.
- Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crowned souls throng to be 165
Themselves thy crown: sons of thy vows,
The virgin-births with which thy sovereign Spouse
Made fruitful thy fair soul. Go now,

And with them all about thee, bow
 To Him. "Put on," He'll say, "put on,
 My rosy love, that thy rich zone
 Sparkling with the sacred flames
 Of thousand souls, whose happy names
 Heaven keep upon thy score." (Thy bright
 Life brought them first to kiss the light
 That kindled them to stars.) And so
 Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go,
 And wheresoe'er He sets His white
 Steps, walk with Him those ways of light,
 Which who in death would live to see,
 Must learn in life to die like thee.

170

175

180

IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OUR LORD GOD

A HYMN SUNG AS BY THE SHEPHERDS

CHORUS

Come, we shepherds, whose blest sight
 Hath met Love's noon in nature's night;
 Come, lift we up our loftier song,
 And wake the sun that lies too long.

To all our world of well-stolen joy
 He slept, and dreamt of no such thing;
 While we found out heaven's fairer Eye,
 And kissed the cradle of our King.
 Tell him he rises now too late
 To show us aught worth looking at.

5

10

Tell him we now can show him more
 Than he e'er showed to mortal sight,
 Than he himself e'er saw before,
 Which to be seen needs not his light.
 Tell him, Tityrus, where thou hast been;
 Tell him, Thyrsis, what thou hast seen.

15

TITYRUS

Gloomy night embraced the place
 Where the noble Infant lay.
 The Babe looked up and showed His face:

RICHARD CRASHAW

In spite of darkness, it was day.

20

It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise,
Not from the east, but from Thine eyes.

Chorus: It was Thy day, Sweet, [etc.]

THYRSIS

Winter chid aloud, and sent
The angry north to wage his wars.

25

The north forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes instead of scars.

By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers,
Where he meant frost, he scattered flowers.

Chorus: By those sweet eyes', [etc.]

30

BOTH

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Young Dawn of our eternal day!

We saw Thine eyes break from their east,
And chase the trembling shades away.

We saw Thee, and we blest the sight;
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

35

[Chorus: We saw Thee, etc.]

TITYRUS

“Poor world,” said I, “what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry Stranger?

40

Is this the best thou canst bestow?
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?

Contend the powers of heaven and earth
To fit a bed for this huge birth!”

Chorus: Contend the powers, [etc.]

THYRSIS

“Proud world,” said I, “cease your contest,
And let the mighty Babe alone.

45

The phoenix builds the phoenix' nest;
Love's architecture is his own.

The Babe whose birth embraves this morn
Made His own bed ere He was born.”

50

Chorus: The Babe whose, [etc.]

TITYRUS

I saw the curled drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head,
Offering their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant's bed;
"Forbear," said I; "be not too bold;
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold."

55

Chorus: "Forbear," said I, [etc.]

THYRSIS

I saw the obsequious seraphims
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wing,
Since Heaven itself lies here below.
"Well done," said I; "but are you sure
Your down, so warm, will pass for pure?"

60

Chorus: "Well done," said I, [etc.]

65

TITYRUS

No, no, your King's not yet to seek
Where to repose His royal head;
See, see how soon His new-bloomed cheek
'Twixt's mother's breasts is gone to bed.
"Sweet choice," said we! "no way but so
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow."

70

Chorus: "Sweet choice," said we, [etc.]

BOTH

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Bright Dawn of our eternal day!
We saw Thine eyes break from their east,
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight;
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

75

Chorus: We saw Thee, etc.

FULL CHORUS

Welcome, all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span,
Summer in winter, day in night,
Heaven in earth, and God in man!
Great little One! whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth.

80

85

Welcome, though nor to gold nor silk,
To more than Caesar's birthright is;
Two sister-seas of virgin milk,
With many a rarely tempered kiss,
That breathes at once both maid and mother, 90
Warms in the one, cools in the other.

Welcome, though not to those gay flies,
Gilded i' the beams of earthly kings;
Slippery souls in smiling eyes:
But to poor shepherds, homespun things; 95
Whose wealth's their flock; whose wit, to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband-showers
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers 100
To kiss Thy feet, and crown Thy head.
To Thee, dread Lamb! whose love must keep
The shepherds more than they the sheep,

To Thee, meek Majesty! soft King
Of simple graces and sweet loves,
Each of us his lamb will bring,
Each his pair of silver doves; 105
Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Ourselves become our own best sacrifice.

* * *

*IN THE GLORIOUS ASSUMPTION OF OUR
BLESSED LADY*

THE HYMN

Hark! she is called, the parting hour is come.
Take thy farewell, poor world; heaven must go home.
A piece of heavenly earth, purer and brighter
Than the chaste stars, whose choice lamps come to light her, 5
While through the crystal orbs, clearer than they,
She climbs, and makes a far more Milky Way.
She's called! Hark, how the dear, immortal Dove
Sighs to his silver mate: "Rise up, my love!
Rise up, my fair, my spotless one!"
The winter's past, the rain is gone; 10

The spring is come, the flowers appear,
No sweets but thou are wanting here.

“Come away, my love!

Come away, my dove!

Cast off delay;

The court of heaven is come

To wait upon thee home;

Come, come away!”

15

The flowers appear,
Or quickly would wert thou once here.

20

The spring is come, or if it stay,

‘Tis to keep time with thy delay.

The rain is gone, except so much as we

Detain in needful tears to weep the want of thee.

The winter’s past,

25

Or if he make less haste,

His answer is, “Why, she does so:

If summer come not, how can winter go?”

Come away, come away!

The shrill winds chide, the waters weep thy stay,

30

The fountains murmur, and each loftiest tree

Bows lowest his heavy top to look for thee.

“Come away, my love!

Come away, my dove! etc.”

She’s called again. And will she go?

35

When Heaven bids come, who can say no?

Heaven calls her, and she must away;

Heaven will not, and she cannot, stay.

Go, then; go, glorious on the golden wings

Of the bright youth of heaven, that sings

40

Under so sweet a burthen. Go,

Since thy dread Son will have it so;

And while thou goest, our song and we

Will, as we may, reach after thee.

Hail, holy queen of humble hearts!

45

We in thy praise will have our parts.

Thy precious name shall be

Thyself to us; and we

With holy care will keep it by us.

We to the last

Will hold it fast,

And no Assumption shall deny us.

50

All the sweetest showers

Of our fairest flowers

- Will we strow upon it. 55
Though our sweets cannot make
It sweeter, they can take
Themselves new sweetness from it.
- Maria, men and angels sing,
Maria, mother of our King. 60
Live, rosy princess, live! and may the bright
Crown of a most incomparable light
Embrace thy radiant brows. O may the best
Of everlasting joys bathe thy white breast.
- Live, our chaste love, the holy mirth
Of heaven, the humble pride of earth.
Live, crown of women, queen of men;
Live, mistress of our song. And when
Our weak desires have done their best,
Sweet angels come, and sing the rest. 70

* * *

*DESCRIPTION OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE AND
CONDITION OF LIFE*

(OUT OF BARCLAY)

- No roofs of gold o'er riotous tables shining,
Whole days and suns devoured with endless dining;
No sails of Tyrian silk proud pavements sweeping,
Nor ivory couches costlier slumbers keeping; 5
False lights of flaring gems; tumultuous joys;
Halls full of flattering men and frisking boys;
Whate'er false shows of short and slippery good
Mix the mad sons of men in mutual blood.
But walks and unshorn woods; and souls just so
Unforced and genuine, but not shady though: 10
Our lodgings hard and homely as our fare;
That, chaste and cheap as the few clothes we wear;
Those, coarse and negligent as the natural locks
Of these loose groves, rough as the unpolished rocks:
A hasty portion of prescribèd sleep; 15
Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep,
And sing, [and] sigh, and work, and sleep again;
Still rolling a round sphere of still-returning pain.
Hands, full of hearty labors, do much that more they may,
And work for work, not wages; let to-morrow's 20
New drops wash off the sweat of this day's sorrows:

A long and daily-dying life, which breathes
A respiration of reviving deaths.
But neither are there those ignoble stings
That nip the bosom of the world's best things, 25
And lash earth-laboring souls;
No cruel guard of diligent cares, that keep
Crowned woes awake, as things too wise for sleep.
But reverent discipline, and religious fear,
And soft obedience find sweet biding here; 30
Silence, and sacred rest; peace, and pure joys.
Kind loves keep house, lie close, [and] make no noise;
And room enough for monarchs, while none swells
Beyond the kingdoms of contentful cells.
The self-remembering soul sweetly recovers 35
Her kindred with the stars; not basely hovers
Below, but meditates her immortal way
Home to the original source of light and intellectual day.

* * *

CHARITAS NIMIA; OR, THE DEAR BARGAIN

Lord, what is man? why should he cost Thee
So dear? what had his ruin lost Thee?
Lord, what is man, that thou hast over-bought
So much a thing of naught?

Love is too kind, I see; and can 5
Make but a simple merchant-man.
'Twas for such sorry merchandise
Bold painters have put out his eyes.

Alas, sweet Lord, what were't to Thee
If there were no such worms as we?
Heaven ne'ertheless still heaven would be, 10
Should mankind dwell
In the deep hell.
What have his woes to do with Thee?

Let him go weep 15
O'er his own wounds;
Seraphims will not sleep,
Nor spheres let fall their faithful rounds.

- Still would the youthful spirits sing,
And still Thy spacious palace ring; 20
Still would those beauteous ministers of light
 Burn all as bright,
And bow their flaming heads before Thee;
Still thrones and dominations would adore Thee;
Still would those ever-wakeful sons of fire 25
 Keep warm Thy praise
 Both nights and days,
And teach Thy loved name to their noble lyre.
- Let foward dust then do its kind,
And give itself for sport to the proud wind. 30
Why should a piece of peevish clay plead shares
In the eternity of Thy old cares?
Why shouldst Thou bow Thy awful breast to see
What mine own madnesses have done with me?
- Should not the king still keep his throne
Because some desperate fool's undone? 35
Or will the world's illustrious eyes
Weep for every worm that dies?
- Will the gallant sun
 E'er the less glorious run?
Will he hang down his golden head, 40
Or e'er the sooner seek his western bed,
 Because some foolish fly
 Grows wanton, and will die?
- If I were lost in misery,
What was it to Thy heaven and Thee? 45
What was it to Thy precious blood
If my foul heart called for a flood?
- What if my faithless soul and I
 Would needs fall in
 With guilt and sin;
What did the Lamb that He should die?
What did the Lamb that He should need, 50
When the wolf sins, Himself to bleed?

If my base lust
 Bargained with death and well-beseeming dust,
 Why should the white
 Lamb's bosom write
 The purple name
 Of my sin's shame?
 Why should His unstained breast make good
 My blushes with His own heart-blood?

55

O my Savior, make me see
 How dearly Thou hast paid for me;
 That, lost again, my life may prove,
 As then in death, so now in love.

60

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* * *

FROM

THE FLAMING HEART

O sweet incendiary! show here thy art,
 Upon this carcass of a hard, cold heart;
 Let all thy scattered shafts of light, that play
 Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
 Combined against this breast, at once break in
 And take away from me myself and sin!
 This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
 And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
 O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
 By all thy dower of lights and fires,
 By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
 By all thy lives and deaths of love,
 By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
 And by thy thirsts of love more large than they,
 By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
 By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire,
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss
 That seized thy parting soul and sealed thee His;
 By all the heavens thou hast in Him,
 Fair sister of the seraphim,
 By all of Him we have in thee,
 Leave nothing of myself in me!
 Let me so read thy life that I
 Unto all life of mine may die!

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Henry Vaughan

TO AMORET GONE FROM HIM

*F*ANCY and I last evening walked,
And, Amoret, of thee we talked;
The west just then had stolen the sun,
And his last blushes were begun:
We sat, and marked how everything
Did mourn his absence—how the spring
That smiled and curled about his beams,
Whilst he was here, now checked her streams; 5
The wanton eddies of her face
Were taught less noise and smoother grace,
And in a slow, sad channel went,
Whispering the banks their discontent;
The careless ranks of flowers that spread
Their perfumed bosoms to his head,
And with an open, free embrace
Did entertain his beamy face, 10
Like absent friends point to the west,
And on that weak reflection feast.
If creatures, then, that have no sense,
But the loose tie of influence,
Though fate and time each day remove
Those things that element their love, 15
At such vast distance can agree,
Why, Amoret, why should not we?
 • • •
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CORRUPTION

Sure, it was so. Man in those early days
Was not all stone and earth;
He shined a little, and by those weak rays
Had some glimpse of his birth.
He saw heaven o'er his head, and knew from whence 5
He came, condemnèd, hither;
And, as first love draws strongest, so from hence
His mind sure progressed thither.

Things here were strange unto him: sweat and till;

All was a thorn or weed;

Nor did those last, but—like himself—died still

As soon as they did seed;

They seemed to quarrel with him; for that act

That fell him foiled them all;

He drew the curse upon the world, and cracked

The whole frame with his fall.

This made him long for home, as loath to stay

With murmurers and foes;

He sighed for Eden, and would often say,

"Ah! what bright days were those!"

Nor was heaven cold unto him; for each day

The valley or the mountain

Afforded visits, and still Paradise lay

In some green shade or fountain.

Angels lay leiger here; each bush and cell,

Each oak and highway knew them;

Walk but the fields, or sit down at some well,

And he was sure to view them.

Almighty Love! where art Thou now? Mad man

Sits down and freezeth on;

He raves, and swears to stir nor fire, nor fan,

But bids the thread be spun.

I see, Thy curtains are close-drawn; Thy bow

Looks dim, too, in the cloud;

Sin triumphs still, and man is sunk below

The center, and his shroud.

All's in deep sleep and night: thick darkness lies

And hatcheth o'er Thy people—

But hark! what trumpet's that? what angel cries,

"Arise! thrust in Thy sickle"?

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MAN

Weighing the steadfastness and state

Of some mean things which here below reside,

Where birds, like watchful clocks, the noiseless date

And intercourse of times divide,

Where bees at night get home and hive, and flowers,

Early as well as late,

Rise with the sun and set in the same bowers;

5

I would—said I—my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine;
The flowers without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never dressed so fine.

10

Man hath still either toys or care;
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
But ever restless and irregular
About this earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where;
He says it is so far
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

15

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,
By some hid sense their Maker gave;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

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[*THE HIDDEN FLOWER*]

I walked the other day, to spend my hour,
Into a field
Where I sometimes had seen the soil to yield
A gallant flower;
But winter now had ruffled all the bower
And curious store
I knew there heretofore.

5

Yet I, whose search loved not to peep and peer
I' the face of things,
Thought with myself, there might be other springs
Besides this here,
Which, like cold friends, sees us but once a year;
And so the flower
Might have some other bower.

10

Then taking up what I could nearest spy,
I digged about
That place where I had seen him to grow out;

And by and by
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,
Where, fresh and green,
He lived of us unseen.

Many a question intricate and rare
Did I there strow;
But all I could extort was that he now
Did there repair
Such losses as befell him in this air,
And would ere long
Come forth most fair and young.

This past, I threw the clothes quite o'er his head;
And, stung with fear
Of my own frailty, dropped down many a tear
Upon his bed;
Then, sighing, whispered, "Happy are the dead!
What peace doth now
Rock him asleep below!"

And yet, how few believe such doctrine springs
From a poor root,
Which all the winter sleeps here under foot,
And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of things;
But is still trod
By every wandering clod.

O Thou! whose spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead,
And by a sacred incubation fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, form, nor name,
Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below

That in these masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way;
And by those hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from Thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly;
Show me Thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease.

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And from this care, where dreams and sorrows reign,
Lead me above,
Where light, joy, leisure, and true comforts move
Without all pain; 60
There, hid in Thee, show me his life again
At whose dumb urn
Thus all the year I mourn!

* * *

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE

Since in a land not barren still
—Because Thou dost Thy grace distil—
My lot is fallen, blest be Thy will!

And since these biting frosts but kill
Some tares in me which choke or spill 5
That seed Thou sow'st, blest be Thy skill!

Blest be Thy dew, and blest Thy frost,
And happy I to be so crossed,
And cured by crosses at Thy cost.

The dew doth cheer what is distressed,
The frosts ill weeds nip and molest; 10
In both Thou work'st unto the best.

Thus while Thy several mercies plot,
And work on me now cold, now hot,
The work goes on, and slacketh not; 15

For as Thy hand the weather steers,
So thrive I best, 'twixt joys and tears,
And all the year have some green ears.

* * *

THE DAWNING

Ah! what time wilt Thou come? when shall that cry
“The Bridegroom's coming!” fill the sky?
Shall it in the evening run
When our words and works are done?
Or will Thy all-surprising light 5
Break at midnight,

When either sleep or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure?
Or shall these early, fragrant hours
Unlock Thy bowers?

10

And with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crowned with eternity?
Indeed, it is the only time
That with Thy glory doth best chime;
All now are stirring, every field

15

Full hymns doth yield;
The whole creation shakes off night,
And for Thy shadow looks, the light;
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepy planets set and slumber,
The pursy clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter,
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning star.

20

O at what time soever Thou,
Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,
And, with Thy angels in the van,
Descend to judge poor, careless man,
Grant I may not like puddle lie

25

In a corrupt security,
Where, if a traveller water crave,
He finds it dead, and in a grave;
But as this restless, vocal spring
All day and night doth run and sing,
And though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted;
So let me all my busy age

30

In Thy free services engage;
And though—while here—of force I must
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
As this doth in her channel flow,
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above;
So when that day and hour shall come
In which Thyself will be the sun,
Thou'l find me dressed and on my way,

35

Watching the break of Thy great day.

45

HENRY VAUGHAN

PEACE

My soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger, 5
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend,
And—O my soul, awake!—
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake. 10
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges; 15
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure. 20

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THE WORLD

I saw eternity, the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;
And round beneath it time in hours, days, years, 5
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurled.
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain; 10
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights,
With gloves and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour 15
Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so slow

He did nor stay nor go;
Condemning thoughts, like sad eclipses, scowl
Upon his soul,

And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.

Yet digged the mole, and, lest his ways be found,
Worked under ground,

Where he did clutch his prey. But one did see
That policy:

Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;

It rained about him blood and tears; but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust;
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.

Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugged each one his pelf:
The downright epicure placed heaven in sense,
And scorned pretense;

While others, slipped into a wide excess,
Said little less;

The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave;
And poor, despised Truth sat counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the ring.

But most would use no wing.
“O fools!” said I, “thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!

To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way,
The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun and be
More bright than he!”

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But as I did their madness so discuss,
One whispered thus:
"This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide
But for His bride."

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THE RETREAT

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel infancy;
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

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O, how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train,
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palm Trees;
But, ah, my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way.
Some men a forward motion love;
But I by backward steps would move,
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

25

30

CHILDHOOD

I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
Dazzles at it, as at eternity.

Were now that chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content, too, in my power, 5
Quickly would I make my path even,
And by mere playing go to heaven.

Why should men love
A wolf more than a lamb or dove? 10
Or choose hell-fire and brimstone streams
Before bright stars and God's own beams?
Who kisseth thorns will hurt his face,
But flowers do both refresh and grace,
And sweetly living—fie on men!— 15
Are, when dead, medicinal then;
If seeing much should make staid eyes,
And long experience should make wise,
Since all that age doth teach is ill,
Why should I not love childhood still? 20
Why, if I see a rock or shelf,
Shall I from thence cast down myself?
Or by complying with the world,
From the same precipice be hurled?
Those observations are but foul 25
Which make me wise to lose my soul.

And yet the practice worldlings call
Business, and weighty action all,
Checking the poor child for his play,
But gravely cast themselves away. 30

Dear, harmless age! the short, swift span
Where weeping Virtue parts with man;
Where love without lust dwells, and bends
What way we please without self-ends.

An age of mysteries! which he 35
Must live twice that would God's face see;
Which angels guard, and with it play,
Angels! which foul men drive away.

How do I study now, and scan
Thee more than e'er I studied man,
And only see through a long night
Thy edges and thy bordering light!
O for thy center and midday!
For sure that is the narrow way!

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* * *

[DEPARTED FRIENDS]

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is dressed
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

20

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

25

If a star were confined into a tomb,
 Her captive flames must needs burn there;
 But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

30

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under Thee!
 Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty.

35

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective still as they pass,
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill
 Where I shall need no glass.

40

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COCK CROWING

Father of lights! what sunny seed,
 What glance of day hast Thou confined
 Into this bird? To all the breed
 This busy ray Thou hast assigned;
 Their magnetism works all night,
 And dreams of paradise and light.

5

Their eyes watch for the morning hue;
 Their little grain, expelling night,
 So shines and sings as if it knew
 The path unto the house of light.
 It seems their candle, how'er done,
 Was tinned and lighted at the sun.

10

If such a tincture, such a touch,
 So firm a longing can empower,
 Shall Thy own image think it much
 To watch for Thy appearing hour?
 If a mere blast so fill the sail,
 Shall not the breath of God prevail?

15

O Thou immortal light and heat!
 Whose hand so shines through all this frame
 That, by the beauty of the seat,
 We plainly see who made the same;
 Seeing Thy seed abides in me,
 Dwell Thou in it, and I in Thee.

20

To sleep without Thee is to die;
Yea, 'tis a death partakes of hell;
For where Thou dost not close the eye,
It never opens, I can tell.

25

In such a dark Egyptian border,
The shades of death dwell, and disorder.

30

If joys, and hopes, and earnest throes,
And hearts whose pulse beats still for light
Are given to birds; who, but Thee, knows
A love-sick soul's exalted flight?

Can souls be tracked by any eye
But His who gave them wings to fly?

35

Only this veil, which Thou hast broke,
And must be broken yet in me,
This veil, I say, is all the cloak
And cloud which shadows Thee from me.
This veil Thy full-eyed love denies,
And only gleams and fractions spies.

40

O take it off! make no delay;
But brush me with Thy light, that I
May shine unto a perfect day,
And warm me at Thy glorious eye!
O take it off, or, till it flee,
Though with no lily, stay with me!

45

THE NIGHT

JOHN 3:2

Through that pure virgin shrine,
That sacred veil drawn o'er Thy glorious noon,
That men might look and live, as glowworms shine,
And face the moon,
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

5

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes
Thy long-expected healing wings could see
When Thou didst rise!
And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

10

O who will tell me where
 He found Thee at that dead and silent hour?
 What hallowed solitary ground did bear
 So rare a flower,
 Within whose sacred leaves did lie
 The fulness of the Deity?

15

No mercy-seat of gold,
 No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone,
 But His own living works did my Lord hold
 And lodge alone;
 Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
 And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

20

Dear night! this world's defeat;
 The stop to busy fools; care's check and curb;
 The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
 Which none disturb!
 Christ's* progress, and His prayer-time;
 The hours to which high heaven doth chime.

25

30

God's silent, searching flight;
 When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
 His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
 His still, soft call;
 His knocking-time; the soul's dumb watch,
 When spirits their fair kindred catch.

35

Were all my loud, evil days
 Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
 Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
 Is seldom rent;
 Then I in heaven all the long year
 Would keep, and never wander here.

40

But living where the sun
 Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tire
 Themselves and others, I consent and run
 To every mire,
 And by this world's ill-guiding light,
 Err more than I can do by night.

45

There is in God—some say—
 A deep but dazzling darkness; as men here
 Say it is late and dusky, because they
 See not all clear.

50

* Mark 1:35; Luke 21:37.

O for that night! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!

• • •

ABEL'S BLOOD

Sad, purple well! whose bubbling eye
Did first against a murderer cry;
Whose streams, still vocal, still complain
 Of bloody Cain;
And now at evening are as red
As in the morning when first shed.

5

If single thou
—Though single voices are but low—
Couldest such a shrill and long cry rear
As speaks still in thy Maker's ear,
What thunders shall those men arraign
Who cannot count those they have slain,
Who bathe not in a shallow flood,
But in a deep, wide sea of blood?
A sea whose loud waves cannot sleep,
But deep still calleth upon deep;
Whose urgent sound, like unto that
Of many waters, beateth at
The everlasting doors above,
Where souls behind the altar move,
And with one strong, incessant cry
Inquire "How long?" of the Most High.
Almighty Judge!

10

At whose just laws no just men grudge;
Whose blessed, sweet commands do pour
Comforts, and joys, and hopes each hour
On those that keep them; O accept
Of his vowed heart whom Thou hast kept
From bloody men! and grant I may
That sworn memorial duly pay
To Thy bright arm, which was my light
And leader through thick death and night!

15

Ay! may that flood,
That proudly spilt and despised blood,
Speechless and calm, as infant's sleep!
Or if it watch, forgive and weep
For those that spilt it! May no cries
From the low earth to high heaven rise

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But what—like His whose blood peace brings—
 Shall, when they rise, speak better things
 Than Abel's doth! May Abel be
 Still single heard, while these agree
 With His mild blood in voice and will
 Who prayed for those that did Him kill!

40

THE BOOK

Eternal God! Maker of all
 That have lived here since the man's fall;
 The Rock of Ages! in whose shade
 They live unseen when here they fade;

Thou knew'st this paper when it was
 Mere seed, and after that but grass;
 Before 'twas dressed or spun, and, when
 Made linen, who did wear it then;
 What were their lives, their thoughts and deeds,
 Whether good corn or fruitless weeds.

5

10

Thou knew'st this tree when a green shade
 Covered it, since a cover made,
 And where it flourished, grew, and spread,
 As if it never should be dead.

Thou knew'st this harmless beast when he
 Did live and feed by Thy decree
 On each green thing; then slept—well fed—
 Clothed with this skin which now lies spread
 A covering o'er this agèd book;
 Which makes me wisely weep, and look
 On my own dust; mere dust it is,
 But not so dry and clean as this.
 Thou knew'st and saw'st them all, and though
 Now scattered thus, dost know them so.

15

20

O knowing, glorious Spirit! when
 Thou shalt restore trees, beasts, and men,
 When Thou shalt make all new again,
 Destroying only death and pain,
 Give him amongst Thy works a place
 Who in them loved and sought Thy face!

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Richard Lovelace

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

5

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free;
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

10

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

20

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage:
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

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TO LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

His best . . .

5

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THE GRASSHOPPER

TO MY NOBLE FRIEND, MR. CHARLES COTTON

ODE

Oh thou that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well-fillèd oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropped thee from heaven, where now thou art reared;

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And, when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt plats of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

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But ah the sickle! Golden ears are cropped;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
Sharp, frosty fingers all your flowers have topped,
And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool, and now green ice—Thy joys,
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

20

RICHARD LOVELACE

Thou best of men and friends! we will create
A genuine summer in each other's breast,
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate,
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally,
As vestal flames; the north wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretched wings, dissolve, and fly
This Etna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
 Bewail the usurping of his reign;
But when in showers of old Greek we begin,
 Shall cry he hath his crown again!

Night, as clear Hesper, shall our tapers whip
From the light casements where we play,
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
That, asking nothing, nothing need;
Though lord of all what seas embrace, yet he
That wants himself is poor indeed.

~~~~~  
*Andrew Marvell*  
~~~~~

AN HORATIAN ODE
UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

THE forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses dear,

Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unusèd armor's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star;

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,
Did through his own side
His fiery way divide.

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous or enemy;
And with such to inclose
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Caesar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The force of angry heaven's flame;
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,
Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,

As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,
Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdom old
Into another mold,

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ANDREW MARVELL

- Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain;
 But those do hold or break,
 As men are strong or weak. 40
- Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
 And therefore must make room
 Where greater spirits come.
- What field of all the civil wars
Where his were not the deepest scars? 45
- And Hampton shows what part
 He had of wiser art;
- Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
 That Charles himself might chase
 To Carisbrooke's narrow case, 50
- That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
 While round the armèd bands
 Did clap their bloody hands.
- He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
 But with his keener eye
 The axe's edge did try; 60
- Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
 But bowed his comely head
 Down, as upon a bed.
- This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power. 65
- So, when they did design
 The capitol's first line,
- A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run; 70
- And yet in that the state
 Foresaw its happy fate.
- And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
 So much one man can do
 That does both act and know. 75
- They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confessed
 How good he is, how just,
 And fit for highest trust. 80

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand,
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey!

He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents;
And, what he may, forbears
His fame, to make it theirs;
And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt:

So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,
She, having killed, no more does search
But on the next green bough to perch;
Where, when he first does lure,

The falconer has her sure.
What may not, then, our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?

What may not others fear,
If thus he crown each year?
A Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free,
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-colored mind,
But from this valor sad
Shrink underneath the plaid,
Happy if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,

Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.
But thou, the war's and fortune's son,

March indefatigably on!

And for the last effect
Still keep thy sword erect:
Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power must it maintain.

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THE GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labors see
Crowned from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade 5
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all flowers and all trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear? 10
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow:
Society is all but rude 15
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name:
Little, alas, they know or heed 20
How far these beauties hers exceed!
Fair trees, whereso'er your barks I wound
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race:
Apollo hunted Daphne so, 25
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine 30
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass. 35

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these, 45
Far other worlds and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root, 50
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight, 55
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet? 60
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew,
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee 65
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

* * *

*THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE
DEATH OF HER FAWN*

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
To kill thee. Thou ne'er didst alive

Them any harm, alas! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill;
Nor do I for all this, nor will:
But if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain.

5

Even beasts must be with justice slain;
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean; their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.

15

Unconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well),
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then; I'm sure I do:
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear."
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled;
This waxèd tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

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Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game: it seemed to bless
Itself in me; how could I less
Than love it? O, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me.

40

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so

45

As Sylvio did; his gifts might be
 Perhaps as false, or more, than he;
 But I am sure, for aught that I
 Could in so short a time esp'y,
 Thy love was far more better then
 The love of false and cruel men.

50

With sweetest milk and sugar first
 I it at mine own fingers nursed;
 And as it grew, so every day
 It waxed more white and sweet than they.
 It had so sweet a breath! And oft
 I blushed to see its foot more soft
 And white—shall I say than my hand?
 Nay, any lady's of the land.

55

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
 'Twas on those little silver feet;
 With what a pretty skipping grace
 It oft would challenge me the race;
 And, when it had left me far away,
 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
 For it was nimbler much than hinds,
 And trod as [if] on the four winds.

60

I have a garden of my own,
 But so with roses overgrown,
 And lilies, that you would it guess
 To be a little wilderness;
 And all the spring-time of the year
 It only lovèd to be there.
 Among the beds of lilies I
 Have sought it oft, where it should lie;

75

Yet could not, till itself would rise,
 Find it, although before mine eyes;
 For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
 It like a bank of lilies laid.

80

Upon the roses it would feed,
 Until its lips even seemed to bleed,
 And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
 And print those roses on my lip;
 But all its chief delight was still
 On roses thus itself to fill,
 And its pure virgin limbs to fold
 In whitest sheets of lilies cold:
 Had it lived long, it would have been
 Lilies without, roses within.

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O help! O help! I see it faint
And die as calmly as a saint!
See how it weeps! the tears do come
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam; so
The holy frankincense doth flow;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.

95

I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It till it do o'erflow with mine,
Then place it in Diana's shrine.

100

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go;
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.
O do not run too fast; for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

105

First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too; but there
The engraver sure his art may spare;
For I so truly thee bemoan
That I shall weep, though I be stone,
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there;
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

115

120

*THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T. C. IN A
PROSPECT OF FLOWERS*

See with what simplicity
This nymph begins her golden days!
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flowers, and gives them names,
But only with the roses plays,

5

And them does tell

What color best becomes them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the gods was born?
Yet this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke and ensigns torn.

10

Happy, who can
Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

15

O then let me in time compound
And parley with those conquering eyes,
Ere they have tried their force to wound;
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
In triumph over hearts that strive,
And them that yield but more despise:

20

Let me be laid

Where I may see thy glories from some shade.

25

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing
Itself does at thy beauty charm,
Reform the errors of the spring:
Make that the tulips may have share
Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
And roses of their thorns disarm;

30

But most procure

That violets may a longer age endure.

But O, young beauty of the woods,
Whom nature courts with fruits and flowers,
Gather the flowers, but spare the buds,
Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
To kill her infants in their prime,
Do quickly make the example yours;

35

And ere we see,

Nip in the blossom all our hopes and thee.

40

* * *

THE CORONET

When, for the thorns with which I long, too long,
With many a piercing wound,
My Savior's head have crowned,
I seek with garlands to redress that wrong;
Through every garden, every mead,

5

ANDREW MARVELL

I gather flowers (my fruits are only flowers),
Dismantling all the fragrant towers
That once adorned my shepherdess's head.
And now, when I have summed up all my store,
Thinking (so I myself deceive) 10
So rich a chaplet thence to weave
As never yet the King of Glory wore,
Alas, I find the Serpent old,
That, twining in his speckled breast,
About the flowers disguised does fold, 15
With wreaths of fame and interest.
Ah, foolish man, that wouldest debase with them,
And mortal glory, Heaven's diadem!
But Thou who only couldst the Serpent tame,
Either his slippery knots at once untie, 20
And disentangle all his winding snare,
Or shatter too with him my curious frame,
And let these wither—so that he may die—
Though set with skill and chosen out with care,
That they, while Thou on both their spoils dost tread, 25
May crown Thy feet, that could not crown Thy head.

* * *

THE MOWER'S SONG

My mind was once the true survey
Of all these meadows fresh and gay,
And in the greenness of the grass
Did see its hopes as in a glass;
When Juliana came, and she, 5
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

But these, while I with sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant still and fine,
That not one blade of grass you spied
But had a flower on either side;
When Juliana came, and she, 10
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

Unthankful meadows, could you so
A fellowship so true forego,
And in your gaudy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet?
When Juliana came, and she, 15
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

But what you in compassion ought,
Shall now by my revenge be wrought; 20
And flowers, and grass, and I, and all,
Will in one common ruin fall;
For Juliana comes, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

And thus, ye meadows, which have been
Companions of my thoughts more green, 25
Shall now the heraldry become
With which I shall adorn my tomb;
For Juliana comes, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me. 30

• • •

THE MOWER TO THE GLOWWORMS

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate;

Ye country comets, that portend 5
No war nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Than to presage the grass's fall;

Ye glowworms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way 10
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray;

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come, 15
For she my mind hath so displaced
That I shall never find my home.

• • •

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.

Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews;
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest,
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.

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But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity,
And your quaint honor turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

25

30

Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life;
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

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BERMUDAS

Where the remote Bermudas ride
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat that rowed along,
 The listening winds received this song:

"What should we do but sing His praise, 5
 That led us through the watery maze,
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own?

Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks, 10
 That lift the deep upon their backs,
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.

He gave us this eternal spring,

Which here enamels everything,

And sends the fowls to us in care, 15

On daily visits through the air;

He hangs in shades the orange bright,

Like golden lamps in a green night,

And does in the pomegranates close

Jewels more rich than Ormus shows; 20

He makes the figs our mouths to meet,

And throws the melons at our feet;

But apples plants of such a price,

No tree could ever bear them twice;

With cedars chosen by His hand, 25

From Lebanon, He stores the land,

And makes the hollow seas, that roar,

Proclaim the ambergris on shore.

He cast (of which we rather boast)

The gospel's pearl upon our coast,

And in these rocks for us did frame

A temple where to sound His name.

Oh! let our voice His praise exalt,

Till it arrive at heaven's vault,

Which, thence perhaps rebounding, may 30

Echo beyond the Mexique Bay."

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
 An holy and a cheerful note;
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time. 35

Abraham Cowley

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HERVEY

Immodicis brevis est aetas, & rara senectus. Mart.

*I*T was a dismal and a fearful night;
Scarce could the morn drive on the unwilling light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possessed.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow, 5
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here, 10
Thy end forever, and my life, to moan?
Oh, thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when death's agony
Besieged around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part 15
Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had died for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do
If once my griefs prove tedious too 20
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas, my treasure's gone; why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth; 25
A strong and mighty influence joined our birth.
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship given of old to fame.
None but his brethren he, and sisters, knew
Whom the kind youth preferred to me; 30
And even in that we did agree,
For much above myself I loved them too.

- Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights?
Till the Ledaean stars, so famed for love, 35
 Wondered at us from above.
We spent them not in toys, in lusts or wine,
 But search of deep philosophy,
 Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine. 40
- Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about, which did not know
 The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, forever fade; 45
 Or your sad branches thicker join,
 And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.
- Henceforth no learnèd youths beneath you sing
Till all the tuneful birds to your boughs they bring; 50
No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer,
 And call the learnèd youths to hear;
No whistling winds through the glad branches fly,
 But all with sad solemnity
 Mute and unmovèd be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie. 55
- To him my Muse made haste with every strain
Whilst it was new, and warm yet from the brain;
He loved my worthless rhymes, and like a friend
 Would find out something to commend. 60
Hence now, my Muse; thou canst not me delight;
 Be this my latest verse
 With which I now adorn his hearse,
And this my grief without thy help shall write.
- Had I a wreath of bays about my brow, 65
I should contemn that flourishing honor now,
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
 It rage and crackle there.
Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me,
 Cypress which tombs does beautify;
 Not Phoebus grieved so much as I
For him who first was made that mournful tree. 70

ABRAHAM COWLEY

- Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here;
High as the place 'twas shortly in heaven to have, 75
 But low and humble as his grave;
So high that all the virtues there did come
 As to their chiefest seat,
 Conspicuous and great;
So low that for me, too, it made a room. 80
- He scorned this busy world below, and all
That we, mistaken mortals, pleasure call;
Was filled with innocent gallantry and truth,
 Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.
He, like the stars, to which he now is gone, 85
 That shine with beams like flame,
 Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.
- Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him knowledge had rather sought; 90
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
 In such a short mortality.
Whene'er the skilful youth discoursed or writ,
 Still did the notions throng
 About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit. 95
- So strong a wit did nature to him frame
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
 Tempering that mighty sea below.
Oh had he lived in learning's world, what bound 100
 Would have been able to control
 His overpowering soul?
We have lost in him arts that not yet are found.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit, 105
Yet never did his God or friends forget,
And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
 Retired and gave to them their due.
For the rich help of books he always took,
 Though his own searching mind before
 Was so with notions written o'er
As if wise nature had made that her book. 110

- So many virtues joined in him as we
Can scarce pick here and there in history,
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach, 115
As much as they could ever teach.
These did religion, queen of virtues, sway,
And all their sacred motions steer,
Just like the first and highest sphere,
Which wheels about, and turns all heaven one way. 120
- With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always lived, as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept.
Then down in peace and innocence he lay, 125
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day.
- Wondrous young man, why wert thou made so good,
To be snatched hence ere better understood? 130
Snatched before half of thee enough was seen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell,
But danger and infectious death
Maliciously seized on that breath, 135
Where life, spirit, pleasure always used to dwell.
- But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!
A fitter time for heaven no soul e'er chose,
The place now only free from those. 140
There 'mong the blest thou dost forever shine,
And wheresoe'er thou casts thy view
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'st not a soul clothed with more light than thine.
- And if the glorious saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below, 145
Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
Only more pure and rarefied.
There whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthly poesy, 150
Where grief and misery can be joined with verse.

THE WISH

Well then; I now do plainly see,
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity
Who for it can endure the stings, 5
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true, 10
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved, and loving me! 15

O fountains, when in you shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of pleasure's flood, 20
Where all the riches lie that she
Has coined and stamped for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;
Here naught but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter, 25
And naught but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say
That 'tis the way, too, thither. 30

How happy here should I
And one dear she live, and, embracing, die!
She who is all the world, and can exclude,
In deserts, solitude.
I should have then this only fear, 35
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW

Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
 The two most sacred names of earth and heaven,
 The hard and rarest union which can be
 Next that of godhead with humanity.
 Long did the Muses banished slaves abide, 5
 And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
 Like Moses thou—though spells and charms withstand—
 Hast brought them nobly home back to their holy land.

Ah wretched we, poets of earth! but thou
 Wert, living, the same poet which thou art now. 10
 Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
 And joy in an applause so great as thine,
 Equal society with them to hold,

Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old.
 And they—kind spirits!—shall all rejoice to see 15
 How little less than they exalted man may be.
 Still the old heathen gods in numbers dwell;
 The heavenliest thing on earth still keeps up hell.
 Nor have we yet quite purged the Christian land;

Still idols here like calves at Bethel stand. 20
 And though Pan's death long since all oracles broke,
 Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke:
 Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage we—
 Vain men!—the monster woman deify;

Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face, 25
 And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
 What different faults corrupt our Muses thus?
 Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous!

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
 The boundless godhead; she did well disdain
 That her eternal verse employed should be
 On a less subject than eternity;
 And for a sacred mistress scorned to take 30
 But her whom God himself scorned not His spouse to make.
 It, in a kind, her miracle did do;
 A fruitful mother was, and virgin too. 35

How well, blest swan, did fate contrive thy death;
 And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
 In thy great mistress' arms, thou most divine
 And richest offering of Loretto's shrine, 40
 Where, like some holy sacrifice to expire,
 A fever burns thee, and love lights the fire.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Angels—they say—brought the famed chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.

'Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

45

Pardon, my mother church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went,
For even in error sure no danger is
When joined with so much piety as his.

50

Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak it, and grief,
Ah that our greatest faults were in belief!

And our weak reason were even weaker yet,

Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.

His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might

55

Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.

And I myself a Catholic will be

So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee.

Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow

On us, the poets militant below!

60

Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,

Attacked by envy, and by ignorance,

Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,

Exposed by tyrant love to savage beasts and fires.

Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,

65

And like Elijah, mount alive the skies.

Elisha-like (but with a wish much less,

More fit thy greatness and my littleness).

Lo, here I beg (I whom thou once didst prove

So humble to esteem, so good to love),

70

Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,

I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me;

And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,

'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee to sing.

*ANACREONTICS
OR
SOME COPIES OF VERSES TRANSLATED
PARAPHRASTICALLY OUT OF
ANACREON*

DRINKING

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun—and one would guess
By's drunken, fiery face no less—
Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

5

10

15

20

THE EPICURE

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully a while
Like the wine and roses smile.
Crowned with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

5

10

THE GRASSHOPPER

Happy insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee?

Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill; 5
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink and dance and sing,
Happier than the happiest king! 10
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee,
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow,
Farmer he, and landlord thou! 15
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he. 20
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phoebus loves and does inspire;
Phoebus is himself thy sire.
To thee of all things upon earth 25
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou'st drunk and danced and sung
Thy fill the flowery leaves among, 30
Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal,
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retirest to endless rest.

* * *

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR

IN IMITATION OF HORACE HIS SECOND ODE, BOOK 4

I

Pindar is imitable by none;
The phoenix Pindar is a vast species alone.
Whoe'er but Daedalus with waxen wings could fly
And neither sink too low nor soar too high?
What could he who followed claim 5

But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,
 And by his fall a sea to name?
 Pindar's unnavigable song,
 Like a swollen flood from some steep mountain, pours along;
 The ocean meets with such a voice 10
 From his enlargèd mouth as drowns the ocean's noise.

II

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
 Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
 Which in no channel deigns to abide,
 Which neither banks nor dikes control. 15
 Whether the immortal gods he sings
 In a no less immortal strain,
 Or the great acts of god-descended kings,
 Who in his numbers still survive and reign,
 Each rich embroidered line, 20
 Which their triumphant brows around
 By his sacred hand is bound,
 Does all their starry diadems outshine.

III

Whether at Pisa's race he please
 To carve in polished verse the conquerors' images, 25
 Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong
 Be crownèd in his nimble, artful, vigorous song;
 Whether some brave young man's untimely fate
 In words worth dying for he celebrate,
 Such mournful and such pleasing words 30
 As joy to his mother's and his mistress' grief affords:
 He bids him live and grow in fame;
 Among the stars he sticks his name;
 The grave can but the dross of him devour,
 So small is death's, so great the poet's power. 35

Lo how the obsequious wind and swelling air
 The Theban swan does upwards bear
 Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
 And with extended wings opens his liquid way:
 Whilst, alas, my timorous Muse 40
 Unambitious tracks pursues;
 Does, with weak, unballast wings,
 About the mossy brooks and springs,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

About the trees' new-blossomed heads,
About the gardens' painted beds, 45
About the fields and flowery meads
And all inferior beauteous things,
 Like the laborious bee,
 For little drops of honey flee,
And there with humble sweets contents her industry. 50

* * *

HYMN TO LIGHT

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
 From the old negro's darksome womb!
 Which, when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smiled,

Thou tide of glory which no rest dost know, 5
 But ever ebb and ever flow!
 Thou golden shower of a true Jove,
Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth make love!

Hail, active nature's watchful life and health,
 Her joy, her ornament and wealth! 10
 Hail to thy husband heat, and thee,
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bridegroom he!

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
 Do all thy wingèd arrows fly?
 Swiftness and power by birth are thine:
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the Word divine. 15

'Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
 That so much cost in colors thou,
 And skill in painting, dost bestow
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow. 20

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
 Thy race is finished when begun;
 Let a post-angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay, 25
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey,
 And all the year dost with thee bring,
Of thousand flowery lights, thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou Scythian-like dost round thy lands, above
The sun's gilt tent, forever move,
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

30

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glowworms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild—
O greatness without pride!—the bushes of the field.

35

Night, and her ugly subjects, thou dost fright,
And sleep, the lazy owl of night;
Ashamed and fearful to appear,
They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

40

With 'em there hastes, and wildly takes the alarm,
Of painted dreams, a busy swarm;
At the first opening of thine eye,
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

45

The guilty serpents and obscurer beasts
Creep conscious to their secret rests;
Nature to thee does reverence pay;
Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.

At thy appearance, grief itself is said
To shake his wings and rouse his head.
And cloudy care has often took
A gentle beamy smile reflected from thy look.

50

At thy appearance, fear itself grows bold;
Thy sunshine melts away his cold.
Encouraged at the sight of thee,
To the cheek color comes, and firmness to the knee.

55

Even lust, the master of a hardened face,
Blushes if thou beest in the place;
To darkness' curtains he retires;
In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.

60

When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy wakened head
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy quire of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

The ghosts and monster spirits that did presume
A body's privilege to assume
Vanish again invisibly,
And bodies gain again their visibility. 65

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st;
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st. 70

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin lilies in their white
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light. 75

The violet, spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands;
On the fair tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and parti-colored coat. 80

With flame condensed thou dost the jewels fix,
And solid colors in it mix;
Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, goddess! would thou couldst thy hand withhold
And be less liberal to gold;
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care, alas, mightst thou poor man relieve! 85

To me the sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are.
But few, ah wondrous few, there be
Who do not gold prefer, O goddess, even to thee. 90

Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide. 95

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'erflows,
Takes there possession, and does make,
Of colors mingled, light, a thick and standing lake. 100

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
In the empyrean heaven does stay.
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

• • •

OF SOLITUDE

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice. 5

Hail, the poor Muse's richest manor seat!
Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above. 10

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature, the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize. 15

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs' dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself too mute. 20

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there;
On whose enamelled bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk. 25

Ah wretched and too solitary he
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away. 30

ABRAHAM COWLEY

O Solitude, first state of humankind!
Which blest remained till man did find
Even his own helper's company—
As soon as two, alas, together joined,
The serpent made up three—

35

Though God Himself, through countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred Solitude, alone,
Before the branchy head of number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of One.

40

Thou, though men think thine an unactive part,
Dost break and tame the unruly heart,
Which else would know no settled pace,
Making it move, well managed by thy art,
With swiftness and with grace.

45

Thou the faint beams of reason's scattered light
Dost, like a burning-glass, unite,
Dost multiply the feeble heat
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

50

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me;
I should at thee, too, foolish city,
If it were fit to laugh at misery,
But thy estate I pity.

55

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost.

60

* * *

TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY

I

Philosophy, the great and only heir
Of all that human knowledge which has bin
Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,
Though full of years he do appear
(Philosophy, I say, and call it "he,"

5

For whatsoe'er the painters' fancy be,
 It a male virtue seems to me),
 Has still been kept in nonage till of late,
 Nor managed or enjoyed his vast estate:
 Three or four thousand years, one would have thought, 10
 To ripeness and perfection might have brought
 A science so well bred and nursed,
 And of such hopeful parts, too, at the first.
 But, oh, the guardians and the tutors then,
 Some negligent and some ambitious men, 15
 Would ne'er consent to set him free,
 Or his own natural powers to let him see,
 Lest that should put an end to their authority.

II

That his own business he might quite forget,
 They amused him with the sports of wanton wit; 20
 With the desserts of poetry they fed him,
 Instead of solid meats to increase his force;
 Instead of vigorous exercise, they led him
 Into the pleasant labyrinths of ever-fresh discourse:
 Instead of carrying him to see 25
 The riches which do hoarded for him lie
 In nature's endless treasury,
 They chose his eye to entertain,
 His curious but not covetous eye,
 With painted scenes and pageants of the brain. 30
 Some few exalted spirits this latter age has shown
 That labored to assert the liberty,
 From guardians who were now usurpers grown,
 Of this old minor still, captive philosophy;
 But 'twas rebellion called to fight 35
 For such a long-oppressed right.
 Bacon at last, a mighty man, arose,
 Whom a wise king and nature chose
 Lord Chancellor of both their laws,
 And boldly undertook the injured pupil's cause. 40

III

Authority, which did a body boast,
 Though 'twas but air condensed, and stalked about
 Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost
 To terrify the learnèd rout,
 With the plain magic of true reason's light 45
 He chased out of our sight,

ABRAHAM COWLEY

Nor suffered living men to be misled
By the vain shadows of the dead:
To graves, from whence it rose, the conquered phantom fled.
He broke that monstrous god which stood 50
In midst of the orchard, and the whole did claim,
Which, with a useless scythe of wood
And something else not worth a name—
Both vast for show, yet neither fit
Or to defend or to beget; 55
Ridiculous and senseless terrors!—made
Children and superstitious men afraid.
The orchard's open now and free;
Bacon has broke that scarecrow deity;
Come, enter, all that will; 60
Behold the ripened fruit; come, gather now your fill.
Yet still, methinks, we fain would be
Catching at the forbidden tree;
We would be like the Deity
When truth and falsehood, good and evil, we 65
Without the senses' aid, within ourselves would see;
For 'tis God only who can find
All nature in His mind.

IV

From words, which are but pictures of the thought—
Though we our thoughts from them perversely drew— 70
To things, the mind's right object, he it brought:
Like foolish birds to painted grapes we flew;
He sought and gathered for our use the true;
And when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,
He pressed them wisely the mechanic way, 75
Till all their juice did in one vessel join,
Ferment into a nourishment divine,
The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.
Who to the life an exact piece would make,
Must not from others' work a copy take; 80
No, not from Rubens or Vandyke;
Much less content himself to make it like
The ideas and the images which lie
In his own fancy or his memory.
No, he before his sight must place 85
The natural and living face;
The real object must command
Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

V

From these and all long errors of the way
 In which our wandering predecessors went,
 And like the old Hebrews many years did stray 90
 In deserts but of small extent,
 Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
 The barren wilderness he passed,
 Did on the very border stand
 Of the blest promised land,

And, from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
 Saw it himself, and showed us it.
 But life did never to one man allow
 Time to discover worlds, and conquer too; 100
 Nor can so short a line sufficient be
 To fathom the vast depths of nature's sea.

The work he did we ought to admire,
 And were unjust if we should more require
 From his few years, divided 'twixt the excess 105
 Of low affliction and high happiness.
 For who on things remote can fix his sight
 That's always in a triumph or a fight?

VI

From you, great champions, we expect to get
 These spacious countries but discovered yet,
 Countries where yet instead of nature we 110
 Her images and idols worshipped see.
 These large and wealthy regions to subdue,
 Though learning has whole armies at command
 Quartered about in every land,
 A better troop she ne'er together drew. 115
 Methinks, like Gideon's little band,
 God with design has picked out you,
 To do these noble wonders by a few:
 When the whole host He saw, "They are," said He,

"Too many to o'ercome for Me."
 And now He chooses out his men
 Much in the way that He did then:
 Not those many whom He found
 Idly extended on the ground,
 To drink with their dejected head
 The stream just so as by their mouths it fled;
 No, but those few who took the waters up,
 And made of their laborious hands the cup. 125

ABRAHAM COWLEY

VII

- Thus you prepared; and in the glorious fight
Their wondrous pattern too you take:
Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,
And with their hands then lifted up the light.
Io! Sound too the trumpets here!
Already your victorious lights appear;
New scenes of heaven already we esp'y,
And crowds of golden worlds on high,
Which, from the spacious plains of earth and sea,
Could never yet discovered be
By sailor's or Chaldean's watchful eye.
Nature's great works no distance can obscure;
No smallness her near objects can secure.
You've taught the curious sight to press
Into the privatest recess
Of her imperceptible littleness.
You've learned to read her smallest hand,
And well begun her deepest sense to understand.

VIII

- Mischief and true dishonor fall on those
Who would to laughter or to scorn expose
So virtuous and so noble a design,
So human for its use, for knowledge so divine.
The things which these proud men despise, and call
 Impertinent, and vain, and small,
Those smallest things of nature let me know,
Rather than all their greatest actions do.
Whoever would depos'd truth advance
 Into the throne usurped from it,
Must feel at first the blows of ignorance
 And the sharp points of envious wit.
So when, by various turns of the celestial dance,
 In many thousand years
A star, so long unknown, appears,
Though heaven itself more beauteous by it grow,
It troubles and alarms the world below,
Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor show.

IX

With courage and success, you the bold work begin;
Your cradle has not idle bin:

None e'er but Hercules and you could be
At five years' age worthy a history.

170

And ne'er did fortune better yet

The historian to the story fit:

As you from all old errors free
And purge the body of philosophy,

So from all modern follies he

Has vindicated eloquence and wit.

175

His candid style like a clean stream does slide,

And his bright fancy all the way

Does like the sunshine in it play;

It does like Thames, the best of rivers, glide,
Where the god does not rudely overturn,

180

But gently pour the crystal urn,

And with judicious hand does the whole current guide.

It has all the beauties nature can impart,

And all the comely dress without the paint of art.



John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor used of old;
Show all thy skill to trim it up;
Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large that, filled with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek;
With war I've naught to do:
I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
Nor "Yarmouth" leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fixed stars or constellations;
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine;
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds intwine,
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are;
May Drink and Love still reign!
With wine I wash away my cares,
And then to love again.

* * *

CONSTANCY

A SONG

I cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn;
Since that poor swain that sighs for you
For you alone was born.

No, Phillis, no; your heart to move
 A surer way I'll try;
 And, to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on and die.

5

When killed with grief Amyntas lies,
 And you to mind shall call
 The sighs that now unpitied rise,
 The tears that vainly fall—
 That welcome hour that ends this smart
 Will then begin your pain;
 For such a faithful, tender heart
 Can never break in vain.

10

15

A SONG

My dear mistress has a heart
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
 When with love's resistless art,
 And her eyes, she did enslave me.
 But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my jealous heart would break
 Should we live one day asunder.

5

Melting joys about her move,
 Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
 She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can arm with kisses.
 Angels listen when she speaks;
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
 But my jealous heart would break
 Should we live one day asunder.

10

15

A SONG

Absent from thee, I languish still;
 Then ask me not when I return.
 The straying fool 'twill plainly kill
 To wish all day, all night to mourn.

JOHN WILMOT

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantastic mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fixed heart from my love.

5

When, wearied with a world of woe,
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love, and peace, and truth does flow,
May I, contented, there expire;

10

Lest, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on some base heart unblest,
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting rest.

15

* * *

LOVE AND LIFE

A SONG

All my past life is mine no more;
The flying hours are gone,
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

5

The time that is to come is not;
How can it, then, be mine?
The present moment's all my lot;
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

10

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This livelong minute true to thee,
'Tis all that Heaven allows.

15

* * *

THE KING'S EPITAPH

Here lies a great and mighty king,
Whose promise none relies on;
He never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

John Dryden

[INCANTATION]

YOU twice ten hundred deities,
To whom we daily sacrifice;
You powers that dwell with Fate below,
And see what men are doomed to do,
Where elements in discord dwell; 5
Thou god of sleep, arise and tell
Great Zempoalla what strange fate
Must on her dismal vision wait!

By the croaking of the toad,
In their caves that make abode,
Earthy dun, that pants for breath,
With her swelled sides full of death;
By the crested adders' pride,
That along the clifts do glide; 10
By thy visage fierce and black;
By the death's head on thy back;
By the twisted serpents placed
For a girdle round thy waist;
By the hearts of gold that deck 15
Thy breast, thy shoulders, and thy neck,
From thy sleepy mansion rise,
And open thy unwilling eyes,
While bubbling springs their music keep,
That use to lull thee in thy sleep. 20

* * *

SONG

Ah fading joy, how quickly art thou past!
Yet we thy ruin haste.
As if the cares of human life were few,
We seek out new;
And follow fate, which would too fast pursue. 5

See how on every bough the birds express
In their sweet notes their happiness.
They all enjoy, and nothing spare,
But on their mother nature lay their care:

JOHN DRYDEN

Why then should man, the lord of all below,
Such troubles choose to know
As none of all his subjects undergo?

10

Hark, hark, the waters fall, fall, fall,
And with a murmuring sound
Dash, dash upon the ground,
To gentle slumbers call.

15

* * *

SECRET LOVE

I feed a flame within, which so torments me
That it both pains my heart and yet contents me;
'Tis such a pleasing smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die than once remove it.

Yet he for whom I grieve shall never know it;
My tongue does not betray, nor my eyes show it:
Not a sigh, nor a tear, my pain discloses,
But they fall silently, like dew on roses.

5

Thus, to prevent my love from being cruel,
My heart's the sacrifice, as 'tis the fuel;
And while I suffer this, to give him quiet,
My faith rewards my love, though he deny it.

10

On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
While I conceal my love, no frown can fright me:
To be more happy, I dare not aspire,
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

15

* * *

[*DAMILCAR'S SONGS*]

I

You pleasing dreams of love and sweet delight,
Appear before this slumbering virgin's sight;
Soft visions set her free
From mournful piety.
Let her sad thoughts from heaven retire;
And let the melancholy love)
Of those remoter joys above)

5

Give place to your more sprightly fire.
 Let purling streams be in her fancy seen;
 And flowery meads, and vales of cheerful green:
 And in the midst of deathless groves
 Soft sighing wishes lie,
 And smiling hopes fast by,
 And just beyond 'em ever-laughing loves.

10

II

Ah how sweet it is to love!
 Ah how gay is young desire!
 And what pleasing pains we prove
 When we first approach love's fire!
 Pains of love be sweeter far
 Than all other pleasures are.

5

Sighs which are from lovers blown
 Do but gently heave the heart:
 Even the tears they shed alone
 Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,
 Bleed away in easy death.

10

Love and time with reverence use,
 Treat 'em like a parting friend,
 Nor the golden gifts refuse
 Which in youth sincere they send;
 For each year their price is more,
 And they less simple than before.

15

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
 Swells in every youthful vein;
 But each tide does less supply,
 Till they quite shrink in again:
 If a flow in age appear,
 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

20

* * *

THE FAIR STRANGER

Happy and free, securely blest,
 No beauty could disturb my rest;
 My amorous heart was in despair
 To find a new victorious fair:

Till you, descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains;
Where now you rule without control,
The mighty sovereign of my soul.

5

Your smiles have more of conquering charms
Than all your native country's arms;
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

10

But in your eyes, O there's the spell!
Who can see them, and not rebel?
You make us captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

15

* * *

[INCANTATION]

Tiresias. Choose the darkest part o' the grove,
Such as ghosts at noonday love.
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie;
Altars, raised of turf or stone,
Will the infernal powers have none. 5
Answer me, if this be done.

All Priests. 'Tis done.

Tiresias. Is the sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the pit,
Draw the barren heifer back;
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curlèd hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows,
And turn your faces from the sun; 15
Answer me, if this be done.

5

10

All Priests. 'Tis done.

Tiresias. Pour in blood, and blood-like wine,
To Mother Earth and Proserpine;
Mingle milk into the stream; 20
Feast the ghosts that love the steam;
Snatch a brand from funeral pile;
Toss it in to make 'em boil;
And turn your faces from the sun:
Answer me, if all be done.

20

15

All Priests. All is done.

25

[SONG]

1. Hear, ye sullen powers below;
 Hear, ye taskers of the dead.
2. You that boiling cauldrons blow,
 You that scum the molten lead.
3. You that pinch with red-hot tongs;
1. You that drive the trembling hosts 5
 Of poor, poor ghosts,
 With your sharpened prongs;
2. You that thrust 'em off the brim;
3. You that plunge 'em when they swim; 10
 1. Till they drown;
 Till they go
 On a row,
 Down, down, down,
 Ten thousand, thousand, thousand fathoms low. 15
- Chorus.* Till they drown, etc.
1. Music for a while
 Shall your cares beguile;
 Wondering how your pains were eased;
2. And disdaining to be pleased; 20
 3. Till Alecto free the dead
 From their eternal bands;
 Till the snakes drop from her head,
 And whip from out her hands.
1. Come away, 25
 Do not stay,
 But obey
 While we play,
 For hell's broke up, and ghosts have holiday.
- Chorus.* Come away, etc. 30

* * *

SONG

- Can life be a blessing,
 Or worth the possessing,
 Can life be a blessing, if love were away?
 Ah, no! though our love all night keep us waking,
 And though he torment us with cares all the day, 5
 Yet he sweetens, he sweetens our pains in the taking;
 There's an hour at the last, there's an hour to repay.

JOHN DRYDEN

In every possessing,
The ravishing blessing,
In every possessing the fruit of our pain, 10
Poor lovers forget long ages of anguish,
Whate'er they have suffered and done to obtain;
'Tis a pleasure, a pleasure to sigh and to languish,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

* * *

A SONG

Farewell, ungrateful traitor!
Farewell, my perjured swain!
Let never injured creature
Believe a man again.
The pleasure of possessing 5
Surpasses all expressing;
But 'tis too short a blessing,
And love too long a pain.

'Tis easy to deceive us,
In pity of your pain;
But when we love, you leave us 10
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descried it,
There is no bliss beside it;
But she that once has tried it
Will never love again. 15

The passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
But when the charm is ended,
The charmer you disdain.
Your love by ours we measure 20
Till we have lost our treasure;
But dying is a pleasure
When living is a pain.

* * *

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM

Farewell, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For sure our souls were near allied, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mold with mine.

One common note on either lyre did strike,
And knaves and fools we both abhorred alike.
To the same goal did both our studies drive;
The last set out the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
While his young friend performed and won the race. 10
O early ripe! to thy abundant store
What could advancing age have added more?
It might (what nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.
But satire needs not those, and wit will shine 15
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line:
A noble error, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betrayed.
Thy generous fruits, though gathered ere their prime,
Still showed a quickness; and maturing time 20
But mellows what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme.
Once more, hail and farewell; farewell, thou young,
But ah too short, Marcellus of our tongue;
Thy brows with ivy, and with laurels bound;
But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around. 25

• • •

[*OLD FATHER OCEAN CALLS MY TIDE*]

Old father Ocean calls my tide;
Come away, come away;
The barks upon the billows ride,
The master will not stay;
The merry bo'sun from his side 5
His whistle takes, to check and chide
The lingering lads' delay,
And all the crew aloud has cried,
"Come away, come away."

See, the god of seas attends thee,
Nymphs divine, a beauteous train;
All the calmer gales befriend thee,
In thy passage o'er the main;
Every maid her locks is binding, 10
Every Triton's horn is winding;
Welcome to the watery plain!

5

10

15

20

25

5

10

15

JOHN DRYDEN

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING

AN ODE

I

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest,
Whose palms, new plucked from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest; 5
Whether, adopted to some neighboring star,
Thou roll'st above us in thy wandering race,
Or, in procession fixed and regular,
Moved with the heaven's majestic pace,
Or, called to more superior bliss, 10
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss;
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space:
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine. 15
Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse,
But such as thy own voice did practice here,
When thy first-fruits of poesy were given,
To make thyself a welcome inmate there, 20
While yet a young probationer
And candidate of heaven.

II

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good.
Thy father was transfused into thy blood: 25
So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was formed at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll 30
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore, 35

Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return, to fill or mend the quire of thy celestial kind!

III

May we presume to say that at thy birth
New joy was sprung in heaven as well as here on earth? 40
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And even the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother-angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tuned it high, - 45
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth;
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distilled their golden dew, 50
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew;
For all the blest fraternity of love
Solemnized there thy birth, and kept thy holiday above. 55

IV

O gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy!
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordained above 60
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love!
O wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubric and adulterate age
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own),
To increase the steaming ordures of the stage? 65
What can we say to excuse our second fall?
Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoiled,
Unmixed with foreign filth, and undefiled;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child. 70

V

Art she had none, yet wanted none,
For nature did that want supply;

So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigor did her verse adorn
That it seemed borrowed where 'twas only born. 75
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear; 80
Each test and every light her Muse will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
Even love (for love sometimes her Muse expressed)
Was but a lambent flame which played about her breast,
Light as the vapors of a morning dream; 85
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth expressed,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government; 90
But what can young, ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretched her sway,
For Painture near adjoining lay,
A plenteous province and alluring prey:
A chamber of dependences was framed 95
(As conquerors will never want pretense,
When armed, to justify the offense),
And the whole fief in right of Poetry she claimed.
The country open lay without defense,
For poets frequent inroads there had made, 100
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament;
And all the large demesnes which the dumb Sister swayed,
All bowed beneath her government,
Received in triumph wheresoe'er she went. 105
Her pencil drew whate'er her soul designed,
And oft the happy draught surpassed the image in her mind:
The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks;
Of shallow brooks that flowed so clear 110
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, showed the woods;

Of lofty trees, with sacred shades
 And perspectives of pleasant glades,
 Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
 And shaggy satyrs standing near,
 Which them at once admire and fear;
 The ruins too of some majestic piece,
 Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
 Whose statues, friezes, columns, broken lie,
 And, though defaced, the wonder of the eye.
 What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst frame,
 Her forming hand gave feature to the name:
 So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before
 But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

115

120

125

VII

The scene then changed: with bold, erected look
 Our martial king the sight with reverence ~~strook~~,
 For, not content to express his outward part,
 Her hand called out the image of his heart;
 His warlike mind, his soul devoid of ~~fear~~,
 His high-designing thoughts were figured ~~there~~,
 As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear,
 Our phoenix queen was portrayed, too, so bright
 Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
 Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
 Were all observed, as well as heavenly face;
 With such a peerless majesty she stands
 As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands;
 Before, a train of heroines was seen—
 In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.
 Thus nothing to her genius was denied,
 But, like a ball of fire, the further thrown,
 Still with a greater blaze she shone,
 And her bright soul broke out on every side.
 What next she had designed, Heaven only knows;
 To such immoderate growth her conquest rose
 That fate alone its progress could oppose.

130

135

140

145

VIII

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
 The well-proportioned shape, and beauteous face,
 Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
 In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.

150

Not wit nor piety could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel destiny content
To finish all the murder at a ~~slow~~,
To sweep at once her life and beauty ~~too~~,

155

But, like a hardened felon, took a pride

To work more mischievously slow,
And plundered first, and then destroyed.

Oh, double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic and deface the shrine!

160

But thus Orinda died:

Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return with vain devotion pays.

165

Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear;

The winds too soon will waft thee here!

Slack all thy sails, and fear to ~~come~~,

170

Alas! thou know'st not thou art wrecked at home!

No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face;

Thou hast already had her last embrace.

But look aloft; and if thou ken'st from far,

Among the Pleiads, a new-kindled star,

If any sparkles than the rest more bright,

'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

175

X

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;

When in the valley of Jehoshaphat

180

The judging God shall close the book of fate,

And there the last assizes keep

For those who wake and those who sleep;

When rattling bones together fly

From the four corners of the sky;

185

When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,

Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead;

The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,

And foremost from the tomb shall bound,

For they are covered with the lightest ground,

And straight, with inborn vigor, on the wing,

Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.

190

There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shalt go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learned below.

195

* * *

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687

I

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,

5

The tuneful voice was heard from high:
"Arise, ye more than dead."
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And music's power obey.

10

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

15

II

What passion cannot music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the corded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And wondering on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.

20

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot music raise and quell!

III

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum

25

Cries: "Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat."

30

IV

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

35

V

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

40

VI

But O! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the quires above.

45

VII

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

50

GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So, when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

55

60

EPIGRAM ON MILTON

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last:
The force of nature could no farther go;
To make a third, she joined the former two.

5

SONG

How happy the lover,
How easy his chain,
How pleasing his pain,
How sweet to discover
He sighs not in vain!
For love, every creature
Is formed by his nature;
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.

5

In vain are our graces,
In vain are your eyes,
If love you despise;
When age furrows faces,
'Tis time to be wise.
Then use the short blessing
That flies in possessing:
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.

10

15

[HARVEST SONG]

Comus. Your hay it is mowed, and your corn is reaped;
Your barns will be full, and your hovels heaped:
Come, my boys, come;
Come, my boys, come;
And merrily roar out harvest-home;
Harvest-home,
Harvest-home;
And merrily roar out harvest-home.

5

JOHN DRYDEN

Chorus. Come, my boys, come, &c.

First Man. We ha' cheated the parson, we'll cheat him again, 10
For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten?

 One in ten,

 One in ten;

For why should a blockhead ha' one in ten?

Chorus. One in ten, &c. 15

Second Man. For prating so long like a book-learned sot,
Till pudding and dumplin burn to pot;

 Burn to pot,

 Burn to pot;

Till pudding and dumplin burn to pot. 20

Chorus. Burn to pot, &c.

Third Man. We'll toss off our ale till we canno' stand,
And hoigh for the honor of old England;

 Old England,

 Old England; 25

And hoigh for the honor of old England.

Chorus. Old England, &c.

* * *

[*SONG SUNG BY VENUS IN HONOR OF BRITANNIA*]

Fairest isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of pleasures and of loves;
Venus here will choose her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian groves.

Cupid from his favorite nation
Care and envy will remove,
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair, that dies for love. 5

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love,
Soft repulses, kind disdaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove. 10

Every swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful every nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renowned for love. 15

SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY

GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING

Ask not the cause why sullen spring
 So long delays her flowers to bear,
 Why warbling birds forget to sing,
 And winter storms invert the year.
 Chloris is gone, and fate provides
 To make it spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
 She cast not back a pitying eye,
 But left her lover in despair,
 To sigh, to languish, and to die.
 Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
 To give the wounds they will not cure!

Great god of love, why hast thou made
 A face that can all hearts command,
 That all religions can invade,
 And change the laws of every land?
 Where thou hadst placed such power before,
 Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
 Adoring crowds before her fall;
 She can restore the dead from tombs,
 And every life but mine recall.
 I only am by love designed
 To be the victim for mankind.

5

10

15

20

20

• • •

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY

I

"Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft, in awful state,
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne;
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
 (So should desert in arms be crowned);

5

The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

10

15

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love):
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the
world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound:
“A present deity!” they shout around;
“A present deity!” the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

20

25

30

35

40

CHORUS
With ravished ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

45

III

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.

The jolly god in triumph comes:
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!

50

Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face:

Now give the hautboys breath! he comes, he comes!

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:

55

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

60

CHORUS

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

65

IV

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride.

70

He chose a mournful Muse,

Soft pity to infuse:

He sung Darius great and good,

75

By too severe a fate

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And weltering in his blood;

Deserted at his utmost need

80

By those his former bounty fed,

On the bare earth exposed he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

85

CHORUS

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

90

V

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

95

"War," he sung, "is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:

100

Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee."

105

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

110

Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

115

CHORUS

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;

120

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI

Now strike the golden lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain;
Break his bands of sleep asunder, 125
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder!
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around. 130
“Revenge! revenge!” Timotheus cries.
“See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes! 135
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain: 140
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!” 145
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy. 150

CHORUS

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow, 155
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire. 160

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame:
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds, 165
With nature's mother-wit and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down. 170

GRAND CHORUS

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame:
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds, 175
With nature's mother-wit and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down. 180

* * *

[*HUNTING SONG*]

DIANA

With horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hie to my woodland walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskined soon,
And tie to my forehead a waxing moon.
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox, 5
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks;
With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
And Echo turns hunter and doubles the cry.

CHORUS

With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
And Echo turns hunter and doubles the cry. 10

BIOGRAPHIES, BIBLIOGRAPHIES
AND NOTES

JOHN DONNE: LIFE

JOHN DONNE'S life, like his poetry, was intense and eccentric. He was born in London in 1573, the son of prominent and well-to-do Catholics, and received his early education from a tutor at home. Then he went up to Oxford for three years of study at Hart Hall, now Hertford College. According to Izaak Walton, he studied for three years more at Cambridge, after which he returned to London, at about the age of seventeen.

We have little detailed information concerning the next ten years of his life, but we know that they included extensive travel on the Continent, study of law at Lincoln's Inn, the reading of much divinity in an effort to determine the respective merits of the Anglican and Roman churches, participation in the Cadiz and "Islands" voyages under the Earl of Essex, and the appointment as chief secretary, in 1597, to the Lord Keeper, Sir Thomas Egerton. That his life during this time included much reckless gayety is sufficiently indicated by his poetry, the best of which, according to Jonson, was written before he was twenty-five. Almost certainly his satires, modeled upon the work of Martial, Persius, and Horace, and harsh, even for Donne, in their versification, mark the beginning of his poetic career; but such lyrics as "Go and catch a falling star," "Woman's Constancy," and "The Indifferent," with their youthful cynicism and revolt against the current Petrarchism, are, one may imagine, among his earliest verses. They hint, though far less clearly than some of the others, at the passion and wildness of his early London days.

Many moods are revealed by Donne's love poems, so many that Mr. Robert Lynd is led to declare that they take us round the entire compass of love as does the work of no other English poet, not even Browning. In "The Message" and "Love's Deity," Donne gives himself to mere courtly trifling. In "The Good Morrow," the opening stanza of which catches so well the wondering mood of first love, he reveals a much more serious attitude, as also in his unconventional *aubade* entitled "The Sun Rising." Sometimes platonic love becomes his theme. In "The Ecstasy" he argues at length for sense as an aid to the perfect union of two souls. The biographer must regret indeed that the chronology of the love poems is so nearly unknown.

As secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, Donne was treated as a personal friend and was given a seat at the Lord Keeper's table. He had frequent contact with prominent persons, and won the friendship of many through his brilliant wit and the rare charm of his personality. To his position in the household he must have owed the opportunity to make the acquaintance of Anne More, the young niece of Sir Thomas's wife, who lived at her aunt's home and who seems to have assumed its management after Lady Egerton's

death in 1600. Their friendship soon developed into mutual love, and in December, 1601, they were secretly married. Sir George More was outraged at the news—his daughter was but seventeen—and at once secured the dismissal and soon after the imprisonment of Donne. Walton quotes the following laconic postscript in a letter sent by Donne at this time to his wife: "John Donne, Anne Donne, Un-done." In the absence of any real evidence, one can merely conjecture that Anne, whom he continued to love devotedly as long as he lived, was the inspiration of such celebrations of deep and unwavering love as "Lovers' Infiniteness" and "The Anniversary."

Donne soon secured his liberty, and during the next ten years lived largely on the bounty of his friends, hoping constantly for preferment, which never came. He lodged first with his wife's relative, Sir Francis Wooley, at Pyrford, near Guildford; then, apparently, with his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Grymes, at Camberwell, whence he removed with his growing family to Mitcham. Depression from restricted circumstances and the ill health of himself and his family must have been somewhat relieved by the pleasure of distinguished friendship. Among his friends he counted Thomas Morton, afterward Bishop of Durham; Lucy, Countess of Bedford; and Mrs. Magdalen Herbert, George Herbert's mother, to whom Professor Grierson thinks "The Funeral" may have been written. Morton urged Donne to take holy orders, but the fear of misconstruction owing to his early irregularities made him decide against doing so.

In 1610 Donne won the regard of Sir Robert Drury, of Hawsted, Suffolk, by writing an elegy on his daughter Elizabeth, whose death at the age of fifteen had stricken her parents with grief. It was printed the following year as part of *An Anatomy of the World*, "wherein, by occasion of the untimely death of Mistress Elizabeth Drury, the frailty and the decay of this whole world is represented." This was the first of Donne's poems to be published and one of the few whose circulation during his lifetime was not confined to manuscripts. A year later Donne celebrated the little girl in still another poem. So extreme was his adulation that Jonson called the poems blasphemous, but said they might have been appropriate if addressed to the Virgin. In 1611 Sir Robert and Lady Drury persuaded Donne, who with his wife was then living in Drury House, London, to accompany them on a journey to the Continent. Donne hesitated on account of the critical condition of his wife, and she herself demurred, saying that "her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence"; but because of his feeling of obligation to Sir Robert he finally determined to go. His departure probably occasioned the writing of his song "Sweetest love, I do not go" and, according to Walton, also the platonic "A Valediction Forbidding Mourning," by virtue of its

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conceits, one of his most characteristic poems. His wife's fears were not unfounded, for during his absence her child was born dead; Walton tells the story of how a remarkable vision of Mrs. Donne carrying in her arms a dead child informed her husband of the event.

When Donne at length became convinced that the doors to civil preferment were closed to him, he concluded to enter into holy orders, and was ordained in 1615. In 1616 he was elected preacher of Lincoln's Inn. His fame grew rapidly, until he won the repute of being the most eloquent preacher of his time. His wife lived but two years to enjoy the better days upon which he had now entered. In 1621 Donne was given a notable preferment in the deanship of St. Paul's. Though much of his religious verse seems to have been written before he took orders, his "Holy Sonnets," the noblest of his sacred poems, were apparently written after the death of his wife, and hence after he had been some years a clergyman. They reveal the almost morbid fascination that the thought of death had acquired for him. The same theme appears in his "Hymn to God the Father," which was composed during a serious illness in his fifty-fourth year. Set to music and sung by the choristers of St. Paul's with organ accompaniment, this hymn filled him again with the joy he had experienced when he composed it.

Especially absorbing did the thought of death become during his last months. Walton tells of his sending specially designed seals as memorials of himself to his closest friends. Upon each was engraved a representation of Christ affixed, as a symbol of hope, to an anchor. To George Herbert he sent one of these with a copy of verses written for the occasion. Strangely morbid and theatrical, but wholly in accord with his intense, original genius, was his designing of his own monument. That it might later be properly executed, he actually had himself painted as he stood upon an urn, wrapped in his winding-sheet, so much of which was "turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face." This picture he kept by his bed till his death, which occurred on March 31, 1631.

JOHN DONNE: BIBLIOGRAPHY

Though Donne's poems were circulated freely in manuscript, only three were printed during his lifetime. In 1633, two years after his death, a volume of his poems, together with eight letters, was published; and in 1635 a new issue containing many additional poems appeared. Subsequent editions contained further poems, some of them wrongly ascribed to Donne. Much the best modern edition is that of Professor Herbert J. C. Grierson, *The Poems of John Donne*, 2 vols. (Oxford, 1912). Though the edition of 1633 furnishes the basis of the text, the numerous manuscripts have been care-

fully collated, and their readings in some cases preferred. Volume II is mainly devoted to a valuable commentary. Those who wish a modernized text may prefer the "Muses' Library" edition, *Poems of John Donne*, ed. E. K. Chambers, with Introduction by George Saintsbury, 2 vols. (London, 1896).

Our knowledge of Donne's life is to a great extent dependent on Izaak Walton's fascinating biography, but unfortunately we are here required to observe Donne's entire life through the rosy haze of piety that surrounded his last years. Of modern lives, two deserve mention: Dr. Augustus Jessopp's *John Donne, Sometime Dean of St. Paul's* (London, 1897); and Sir Edmund Gosse's *The Life and Letters of John Donne*, 2 vols. (London, 1899). The former treats him primarily as a theologian. The latter contains much new material, gleaned from various sources, particularly from Donne's numerous letters, the biographical value of which had previously been largely neglected. The result is a compelling and coherent narrative, though certain inferences have not been sustained by subsequent criticism. The best brief sketch of Donne's life is that of Professor Grierson in his excellent chapter on Donne in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, IV, 225-56.

Donne's powerful influence upon seventeenth-century poetry, as well as the intrinsic merit of his verse and the growing sense of kinship of our time with him, is doubtless responsible for the large number of studies and essays of which he has been, and is constantly being, made the subject. Sir Edmund Gosse and Professor Grierson have naturally a peculiar title to speak with authority. In addition to criticism scattered through the former's two-volume *Life*, there is a useful chapter in his little volume *The Jacobean Poets* (London, 1894). Professor Grierson has a valuable discussion in his chapter in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, certain aspects of which he has treated much more fully in his essay "The Poetry of Donne" in Vol. II of his edition of Donne. Other important studies of Donne are: Arthur Symons, "John Donne," *Fortnightly Review*, New Series, LXVI (1899), 734-45; Leslie Stephen, "John Donne," *National Review*, XXXIV (1899), 595-613, reprinted in *Studies of a Biographer*, Second Series (London, 1902); Felix Schelling, "Donne and His Place among Lyrical Poets," *English Literature during the Lifetime of Shakespeare* (New York, 1910); Robert Lynd, "John Donne," *The Art of Letters* (New York, 1921); A. H. Nethercot, "The Reputation of John Donne as Metrist," *Sewanee Review*, XXX (1922), 463-74; L. I. Bredvold, "The Naturalism of Donne in Relation to Some Renaissance Traditions," *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, XXII (1923), 471-502, and "The Religious Thought of Donne in Relation to Medieval and Later Traditions," *Studies in Shakespeare, Milton and Donne* (New York, 1925). An elaborate interpretation of Donne, based on Donne's

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works and on Gosse's *Life* (but overlooking, for the most part, more recent investigation), is Mr. Hugh I'Anson Fausset's *John Donne, A Study in Discord* (New York, 1924).

Gifted preacher though Donne was, few modern readers have the courage to venture far into his three folio volumes of sermons. In 1919 Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith opened the door to Donne as a prose writer by his publication of carefully selected passages from the sermons (*Donne's Sermons* [Oxford]). Since then the door has been pushed more widely open by additional volumes of selections from the prose and by Mrs. Evelyn M. Simpson's *A Study of the Prose Works of John Donne* (Oxford, 1924).

The only complete bibliography of Donne's works is by Mr. Geoffrey Keynes, *Bibliography of the Works of Dr. John Donne* (Cambridge, 1914).

JOHN DONNE: NOTES

The poems of Donne included in this volume were first printed in 1633, except the Holy Sonnet "Thou hast made me," which was first printed in 1635.

SONG: GO AND CATCH A FALLING STAR (Page 1)

2. *mandrake root*. In the forked root, it was customary to see a resemblance to the human form.

5. *mermaids singing*. Mermaids were often identified with sirens, and the singing of the latter was attributed to the former.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY (Page 1)

3. *antedate*. Assign an earlier date to.

THE INDIFFERENT (Page 2)

2. *melts*. Enervates.

5. *tries*. Tests.

10. *other*. That is, other than constancy.

17. *thorough*. Through.

THE MESSAGE (Page 3)

14. *cross*. Cancel.

THE GOOD MORROW (Page 4)

4. *snorted*. Snored.

4. *Seven Sleepers' den*. The cave where seven young men of Ephesus were said to have slept for two hundred years after hiding there during the persecution of the Christians by Decius.

5. *but this*. Aside from this love of ours.

12-14. *Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone*, etc. Grant sea-discoverers their journeys to new worlds, grant others maps of worlds, but let us possess one world (love has made each lover seem all the world to the other).

15. *My face in thine eye*, etc. Each lover, gazing into the face of the other, sees what constitutes, for him, the whole world, or at least half of it, since but half a sphere can be seen at once. A similar conceit is found in Donne's "The Canonization," ll. 39-44.

18. *Without sharp north, without declining west*. That is, possessed of "neither coldness nor alteration" (Grierson).

19. *Whatever dies, was not mixed equally*. "If our two loves are *one*, dissolution is impossible; and the same is true if, though *two*, they are always alike. What is simple—as God or the soul—cannot be dissolved; nor compounds, e.g., the Heavenly bodies, between whose elements there is no contrariety" (Grierson).

THE SUN RISING (*Page 5*)

24. *alchemy*. "Glittering dross" (*New English Dictionary*).

25. *half as happy as we*. That is, very happy.

30. *sphere*. Orbit.

THE ECSTASY (*Page 5*)

The word "ecstasy" was "used by mystical writers as the technical name for the state of rapture in which the body was supposed to become incapable of sensation while the soul was engaged in the contemplation of divine things" (*New English Dictionary*).

The theory, popular in Donne's time, that true love was the union of soul with soul, not the enjoyment of sense, was the outcome, according to Professor J. S. Harrison, of the discussion of love initiated by the Platonists and Petrarchists. For an account of platonic love in the poetry of Donne and his contemporaries, see Harrison's *Platonism in English Poetry of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, pp. 140-66. Other poems of Donne that involve the platonic idea of love are: "The Relic"; "A Valediction Forbidding Mourning," p. 10; and "The Undertaking."

(*Page 6*)

21. *so by love refined*. See "A Valediction Forbidding Mourning," p. 10, ll. 17-20.

27. *concoction*. Purification.

44. *controls*. Overmasters.

47. *atomies*. Atoms, or indivisible parts, of the new, composite soul.

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(Page 7)

51. *We are The intelligences, they the sphere.* The schoolmen taught that the heavenly bodies (spheres) were moved and directed by intelligences or angels.

56. *allay.* Alloy.

57. *heaven's influence works not so,* etc. Donne thinks of the body's serving the same purpose in the contact of two souls as the air serves in providing a medium through which the influence of the stars passes to man. For "influence," see "On Lucy, Countess of Bedford," p. 24, l. 8, and note.

61. *As our blood labors to beget Spirits,* etc. Professor Grierson cites an illuminating passage from one of Donne's sermons: "The spirits in a man which are the thin and active part of the blood, and so are of a kind of middle nature, between soul and body, those spirits are able to do, and they do the office, to unite and apply the faculties of the soul to the organs of the body, and so there is a man" (*XXVI Sermons [1661]*, p. 291).

74. *this dialogue of one.* See ll. 25, 26.

LOVERS' INFINITENESS (Page 7)

(Page 8)

30. *with losing savest it.* Luke 17:33.

THE ANNIVERSARY (Page 8)

18. *inmates.* Lodgers, or strangers.

(Page 9)

21. *throughly.* Thoroughly.

22. *But we no more than all the rest,* etc. All will be equally happy in heaven, but on earth no one else can equal our joy.

SONG: SWEETEST LOVE, I DO NOT GO (Page 9)

Compare Anne Donne's reference to her "divining soul" (biographical sketch of Donne, p. 244) with the opening lines of the last stanza.

7. *use.* Practice.

A VALEDICTION FORBIDDING MOURNING (Page 10)

For the date and circumstances of composition, see the biographical sketch of Donne, p. 244.

9. *Moving of the earth.* An earthquake.

11. *trepidation of the spheres.* "Trepidation" is a term used to describe a motion of the crystalline sphere that was thought to cause precession, or the earlier occurrence of the equinoxes in successive years (cf. *Paradise Lost*,

III, 482). For the "spheres," see note on Milton's ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," p. 328, l. 125.

12. *innocent*. Productive of no injury.
13. *sublunary*. Gross.
16. *elemented*. Constituted its very essence.
17. *a love so much refined*. See introductory note on "The Ecstasy," p. 248.
19. *Inter-assured*. Mutually assured.

(*Page II*)

26. *twin compasses*. We should say "a pair of compasses."

35. *just*. Perfect.

THE FUNERAL (*Page II*)

Written, one imagines, to a lady who had presented him with a bracelet of her hair. Cf. the opening lines of Donne's "The Relic":

"When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
And he that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone."

Later in "The Relic" occur the lines:

"If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mass-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up will bring
Us to the bishop or the king,
To make us relics; then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby."

Professor Grierson suggests that "The Funeral," "The Blossom," "The Primrose," and "The Relic" may have been addressed to Mrs. Magdalen Herbert "in the earlier days of Donne's intimacy with her in Oxford or London" (*Poems of John Donne*, II, 47).

23. *bravery*. Boldness.

HOLY SONNETS: I (*Page 12*)

14. *adamant*. Adamant was at this time confused with the loadstone or magnet.

HOLY SONNETS: VII (*Page 12*)

1. *imagined corners*. Cf. Rev. 7:1, on which Henry B. Swete thus comments: "The earth is regarded as rectangular, in view of the four quarters

JOHN DONNE

from which the winds blow. . . . At each of the quarters one of the four winds is held prisoner by an angel appointed to the task. . . . The angels of the winds control their movements; it is their mission to prevent outbreaks of elemental fury. According to Jewish belief a terrific storm was to usher in the end" (*Apocalypse of St. John*, pp. 93, 94).

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER (*Page 13*)

For the date and circumstances of composition, see the biographical sketch, p. 245. Since "Donne" was pronounced like "done," a pun was no doubt intended in lines 5, 11, and 17.

BEN JONSON: LIFE

NORTHERN BLOOD flowed in the veins of Benjamin Jonson. His grandfather was a gentleman of Carlisle, having, Jonson himself believed, come from Annandale, a district just north of the Scotch border. Jonson's father was a clergyman; he died a month before the birth of his son, which was probably in 1572,¹ so that the only father Jonson knew was his stepfather, a mason, who lived in Westminster, near Charing Cross. Naturally Jonson was brought up without luxuries. He received a good education, however, first, presumably, in a school conducted in the church of St. Martin's in the Fields, and later in Westminster School, which he was enabled to attend by the generosity of a friend. This may have been the antiquary Camden, then second master at Westminster, and Jonson's teacher; long afterward in an epigram "To William Camden," Jonson declared that he was indebted to him for all his learning. In the course of time Jonson left Westminster, and began to work at his father's trade, which, however, proved so distasteful to him that he enlisted for military service in the Low Countries, where English troops were aiding Holland in her war for independence against Spain. There he was challenged to single combat by a member of the opposing army and slew his man in view of both camps.

Before long he returned to London and resumed the studies which his departure from Westminster School could not have altogether suspended. Perhaps as early as 1592 he married a woman whom he described as "a shrew, yet honest." One of his earliest poems is a tender epitaph upon Mary, their first daughter, who died at the age of six months. Their first son, whom he calls "his best piece of poetry," also died as a child, from the plague, in 1603.

By 1597 Jonson had acquired his connection with the drama, having, as the records of the theatrical manager Philip Henslowe show, become actor as well as playwright. In September, 1598, the first of his plays that he later cared to father, *Every Man in His Humor*, was presented, not however by one of Henslowe's companies, but by the rival company of the Lord Chamberlain. From the acting of this play till the death of Elizabeth in 1603 was a stormy period for Jonson, and yet a time of rapid maturing. Two days after the presentation of *Every Man in His Humor*, he killed in a duel one of his former fellow-actors, Gabriel Spencer, though his own sword was the shorter by ten inches; and he escaped hanging only by claiming benefit of clergy—that is, immunity granted sometimes, in the case of a first offense, to those

¹ See W. D. Briggs, "The Birth-Date of Ben Jonson," *Modern Language Notes*, XXXIII, 137.

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who could read. In 1600 *Cynthia's Revels* was written and first acted. Though a dull and almost interminable play, it contains several of Jonson's most delicate lyrics, among them "The Glove of the Dead Lady" and the fine "Queen and huntress," instinct with such flattery as everyone still meted out to the rapidly aging Elizabeth. The next year his comedy *Poetaster* was written and acted. This play is really a satire, in which he employs "his flowing measure, filled with flame and sprite," chiefly against his fellow-playwrights Marston and Dekker, but also against lawyers, soldiers, and actors. The ill reception given to his generously administered reproof seems temporarily to have chilled his enthusiasm for satire. In "An Ode to Himself," written, it may be, at this time, he argues that satire after all is not his "proper strain." After a short period of inactivity, he turned to tragedy, producing in 1603 his Roman play *Sejanus*. The death of Salathiel Pavy, one of the child-actors who had taken a prominent part in both *Cynthia's Revels* and *Poetaster*, moved him to write one of the best of his epitaphs.

The most brilliant period of Jonson's career began with the accession of James I to the English throne. At once Jonson was engaged to write an entertainment for the reception of the queen and prince at Althorp, the handsome country seat of Sir Robert Spencer in Northamptonshire, where a stop was to be made on the journey south from Edinburgh. This was the first of a series of entertainments and masques that were destined to bring the poet, as long as James lived, into close contact with the court. Unfortunately, at the very time Jonson had begun to employ his pen in honoring a Scotch king, he was collaborating with Marston and Chapman on a play called *Eastward Ho* that included uncomplimentary references to the Scotch. Powerful friends saved the poets from having their ears cut off and noses slit. From Drummond we learn that Jonson's sturdy old mother had provided "lusty, strong poison" for her son in case he should be subjected to such indignities, and had also reserved a portion for herself.

Between 1605 and 1614 Jonson's greatest dramas were produced—*Volpone*, *Epicene*, *The Alchemist*, and *Bartholomew Fair*. In *Volpone* occurs the familiar "Song to Celia" from Catullus. Some assign also to this period his other songs to Celia, including "Drink to me only with thine eyes" and the ode "Helen, did Homer never see," under the impression that Jonson's heart may for a time have been touched by some woman whom he addressed as Celia. *Epicene* contains the little song "Simplex Munditiis," which so fascinated his disciple Herrick. In 1608 his *Hue and Cry after Cupid* was performed at court in honor of Lord Haddington's marriage; and in 1609, *The Masque of Queens*, beginning with the *Macbeth*-like "Witches' Charms." To the lady who took the part of Venus in the former masque Jonson may have

written the poem entitled "Her Triumph." During these years our democratic scholar-dramatist discovered that contact with the court meant increased patronage from the nobles. It is pleasant to think that he occasionally abandoned his beloved Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street for the "curlèd wood and painted meads" of Sir Robert Wroth's estate at Enfield or for the orchards and gardens of Penshurst.

In 1616 occurred one of the most important events in Jonson's life—the publication of the first folio volume of his works. After the plays and masques, there was printed a collection of short poems which he rather loosely calls "epigrams," and which he seems to have had ready for the press in 1612. "To My Bookseller" reveals Jonson's pride at a time when literature unfortunately was not yet able to bring writers independence. "To Benjamin Rudyerd," "On Lucy, Countess of Bedford," and "To Mary, Lady Wroth" all exhibit Jonson's extraordinary skill at gracious compliment. "On Giles and Joan" is characterized by a quality of wit that would certainly have won applause from the Mermaid revelers, as would also, for different reasons, the poem "Inviting a Friend to Supper." The "Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H." shows us Herrick's master of epitaph-writing at his best. At the end of the volume appears a group of fifteen miscellaneous poems, called, in imitation of the Roman poets, "The Forest." It includes the two songs to Celia; his poem lauding Penshurst, the beautiful estate of Sir Robert Sidney; and his most appealing religious poem, "To Heaven," which sounds a note rarely heard in his poetry.

After the publication of his works, Jonson composed no more dramas for a period of nine years, though he continued to write masques for the court. Perhaps pensions from the king and from patrons enabled him to turn from a literary form toward which financial profit had doubtless given him the chief impulse. In 1618 he journeyed on foot to Scotland, drawn thither, it may well be, by the call of his own Scotch blood. He was well received by prominent families in Edinburgh and elsewhere, but his visit to William Drummond of Hawthornden will always for posterity remain the one great event of his journey. In Drummond's country house, which stands at the edge of a romantic wooded glen seven miles from Edinburgh, Jonson chatted absolutely without constraint about himself and about the famous persons of his acquaintance; and Drummond, perhaps from night to night, after his distinguished visitor had retired, faithfully recorded his words. Those who are surprised at Drummond's lack of enthusiasm for his guest need merely compare the pictures of the two men, where they hang near one another in the National Portrait Gallery in London—Jonson, broad-shouldered, rugged, and shrewd; Drummond, sensitive and effeminate. Of course Jonson was fully

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aware of the contrast, and it probably gave him a whimsical satisfaction to allude to his "mountain belly" and "rocky face" in the poem descriptive of himself that he sent to his fastidious host soon after leaving him.

In 1619, shortly after his return to England, Jonson visited his friend Richard Corbet at Oxford, and there formally received the honorary degree of Master of Arts, which had previously been granted him. Though conferred partly, no doubt, in gratitude for his dedication of *Volpone*, it would have been abundantly justified as a mark of respect to the most learned classical scholar of the day.

In the course of the next few years several of his more important lyrics were written. When he was fifty, probably in 1622, he seems to have composed at least the proem of the group entitled "A Celebration of Charis," constituting his most ambitious lyric treatment of love. In 1623 he contributed two poems to the first edition of Shakespeare's plays. To the longer of these poems we are indebted for several immortal lines descriptive of the greater dramatist; and in general the characterization is so like the verdict of the centuries that it seems as though Jonson must have written under some extraordinary inspiration.

The year 1623 may, perhaps, be taken as the point where Jonson, after much good fortune, at length began his long journey down "life's sunless hill." Then it was that his precious library burned, and with it much of the literary product of the preceding years. In 1625 James died; and his place, so far as Jonson was concerned, was not filled by Charles. In 1628 he suffered a stroke of paralysis, a heavy blow for one so active physically and so fond of conviviality such as the Devil Tavern had afforded him in company with Herrick, Cartwright, Brome, Falkland, and others who were "sealed of the tribe of Ben." That inspiration did not entirely forsake his pen is shown by his exquisite "It is not growing like a tree," written, probably, in 1628 or 1629; yet it may be significant that the other stanzas of the ode leave one unmoved. Certain it is that his renewed efforts to write for the stage—the result, no doubt, of actual want—met with little success. When *The New Inn* was damned, Jonson promptly wrote another "Ode to Himself" full of the old insolence and the old passion, in which he characterized as swinish those who were not amused by this comedy of "the light heart." He attained, however, a measure of success in several masques and entertainments written during his later years, among them *Chloridia*, in which occurs his "Song of Zephyrus and the Spring." His incomplete pastoral drama, *The Sad Shepherd*, notable for its graceful allusions to nature and for its lyric sweetness, may be one of his last works; but unfortunately we do not know when this beautiful fragment was composed.

Jonson died on August 6, 1637. Sir Edward Walker, a contemporary, wrote of his "being accompanied to his grave with all or the greatest part of the nobility and gentry then in the town." He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the north aisle of the nave, the spot being indicated only by the words "O Rare Ben Jonson" cut on one of the paving stones; but his bust has since been placed in the Poets' Corner.

The simple stone would have satisfied him, for he expected his memory to be perpetuated by his works. A second folio volume, partly prepared for the press before his death, and printed in installments, was completed in 1641. The lyrics are grouped in a section entitled "Underwoods"; to use his own words, these are "lesser poems of later growth" than those in the first folio called "The Forest." His works we shall certainly remember, but equally his character. Self-assured, virile, often insolent, "passionately kind and angry" (as Drummond quaintly put it), extraordinarily conversant with both life and books—no wonder he seemed to his literary companions the outstanding personality of their age.

BEN JONSON: BIBLIOGRAPHY

About half of Jonson's lyrics, grouped under the titles of "Epigrams" and "The Forest," were published during his lifetime in the first volume of his *Works* (London, 1616). A third group, called "Underwoods," was printed in 1640 for the second volume of the *Works*. In addition to these three groups, there are many lyrics scattered through the plays and masques, and some, like the commendatory verses to Shakespeare, which were not included in either volume of his *Works*. The lyrics are most conveniently available in William Gifford's edition of *The Works of Ben Jonson*, revised by Francis Cunningham, 3 vols. (London, 1871). Volume III contains the masques and the lyrics, including many not originally printed in the *Works*. The notes are useful but inadequate. "Epigrams," "The Forest," and "Underwoods" may be had in *The Poems of Robert Greene, Christopher Marlowe, and Ben Jonson*, ed. R. Bell (London, 1876). The whole body of Jonson's lyric poetry has never been printed by itself and has never been satisfactorily annotated. A fair selection is available in *Poems by Ben Jonson*, ed. H. Bennett, "Long's Carlton Classics" (London, 1907), and in the attractive thin-paper edition issued by Newnes and Scribner in 1905, which contains seven plays and about a hundred poems (*Plays and Poems of Ben Jonson* [London and New York]). Neither of these editions is annotated. A new edition of Jonson's works, edited by Professor C. H. Herford and Mr. Percy Simpson, is now in process of publication. Thus far, two volumes of introductory matter and a third

containing text and commentary have appeared (*Ben Jonson* [Oxford, 1925-27]). Seven more volumes are promised.

The basis of all biographies of Jonson is his own racy, fragmentary account of his life preserved in his conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden. Very little dependence can be placed on the brief seventeenth-century lives by Thomas Fuller, John Aubrey, Anthony à Wood, and Gerard Langbaine. The *Conversations*, however, have been gradually supplemented from contemporary allusions to Jonson¹ and from facts derived from his works and his letters, until we possess to-day a remarkably adequate knowledge of his career. The best recent biographies are by Maurice Castelain (*La Vie et l'Œuvre de Ben Jonson* [Paris, 1907]), by G. Gregory Smith (*Ben Jonson*, "English Men of Letters" [London, 1919]), and by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson. The Herford-Simpson biography, based on considerable fresh investigation, is both readable and authoritative. In an appendix are printed Jonson's letters, the Drummond conversations, and other important documents bearing on the life.

Since Jonson distinguished himself much more as a writer of dramas than of lyrics, most essays and brief criticisms are concerned chiefly with his significance as a dramatist. The most adequate treatment has been accorded the lyrics by Herford and Simpson; Castelain also treats them at length; and the following less ambitious studies of Jonson each contain a chapter on the lyrics: J. A. Symonds, *Ben Jonson*, "English Worthies" (London, 1886); A. C. Swinburne, *A Study of Ben Jonson* (London, 1889); Philipp Aronstein, *Ben Jonson* (Berlin, 1906); and Smith, *Ben Jonson* (mentioned above). Symonds succeeds in discovering but five "songs and lyrical pieces which deserve perpetual recollection." Swinburne praises and blames with characteristic heat. Castelain considers that Jonson possessed neither the soul of a poet nor the ear of a musician, but that he might have become a great formal satirist, second only to Horace. Herford and Simpson, while recognizing his limitations, value his lyric gifts more highly. They feel, however, that his immense prestige as a poet can be explained only when one consents to descend from "the high ground of absolute poetry . . . to the table-land of qualities compatible with poetry and prose alike." Aronstein, Castelain, and Smith all treat his influence in an illuminating manner.

Several investigations of particular aspects of Jonson's lyrics deserve mention. F. G. Fleay, in his *Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*, 2 vols. (London, 1891), attempts to date the individual poems; unfortunately a number of his conclusions must be placed in the category of wild conjecture.

¹ See F. J. Bradley and J. Q. Adams, *The Jonson Allusion-Book* (New Haven, 1922).

The extent of Jonson's indebtedness to the classics is naturally of much importance. Gifford, in his notes, calls attention to many of Jonson's classical sources. Andrew Amos, *Martial and the Moderns* (Cambridge, 1858), notices others. By far the most valuable recent contribution to the subject is that of Professor W. D. Briggs in the following articles: "Source-Material for Jonson's *Epigrams and Forest*," *Classical Philology*, XI (1916), 169-90; "Source-Material for Jonson's *Underwoods* and Miscellaneous Poems," *Modern Philology*, XV (September, 1917), 85-120. The most important general discussion of Jonson's classicism is Professor F. E. Schelling's "Ben Jonson and the Classical School," *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, XIII (1898), 221-49.

BEN JONSON: NOTES

ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER (*Page 14*)

First printed in 1616. If an entry in the parish register of St. Martin's in the Fields has been correctly assigned to Jonson's daughter Mary, she died from the plague, and was buried November 17, 1593.

[THE GLOVE OF THE DEAD LADY] (*Page 14*)

From *Cynthia's Revels*, Act IV, scene iii, first acted in 1600 (or 1601). This is a song composed and sung by the courtier Amorphus, to whom the King of Aragon's sister had bequeathed a glove. She, Amorphus declared, had no sooner laid eyes on him than she fell into such an extremity of passion that she languished for a few days and then died with his name on her lips.

HYMN (*Page 14*)

A hymn of welcome to Cynthia (Diana), who represents Queen Elizabeth in two short masques that conclude *Cynthia's Revels*.

3. *chair*. Throne.

5. *Hesperus*. The evening star.

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10. *clear*. Illumine.

[SWELL ME A BOWL] (*Page 15*)

These lines are put into the mouth of Horace, who represents Jonson himself, in *Poetaster* (first acted in 1601). Professor H. S. Mallory (*Poetaster*, p. 167) points out that they seem to be reminiscent of similar lines in the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, Act V, scene ii (1599).

"Fill red-cheeked Bacchus, let Lyaeus float

In burnished goblets! Force the plump-lipped god

Skip light lavoltas in your full-sapped veins!
'Tis well, brim full."

2. *Lyaeus.* Bacchus.

AN ODE TO HIMSELF (*Page 15*)

First printed in 1640. This ode, both in matter and in tone, is so like Jonson's "Apologetical Dialogue," written for the quarto edition of *Poetaster* (1602) but not printed till 1616, that it is natural to assign its composition to about the same time. Cf. the following lines from the "Apologetical Dialogue":

"This 'tis that strikes me silent, seals my lips,
And apts me rather to sleep out my time,
Than I would waste it in contemned strifes
With these vile Ibides, these unclean birds,

But I leave the monsters
To their own fate. And, since the comic Muse
Hath proved so ominous to me, I will try
If Tragedy have a more kind aspect;
Her favors in my next I will pursue,
Where, if I prove the pleasure but of one,
So he judicious be, he shall be alone
A theatre unto me.
Leave me! There's something come into my thought,
That must and shall be sung high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof."

Herford and Simpson, who are deeply impressed by the masterly style and structure of the "Ode," suppose it to have been written "not earlier than 1612" (*Ben Jonson*, II, 400).

4. *security.* Carelessness.

7. *Aonian springs.* Springs on Mount Helicon, in Aonia, sacred to the Muses.

8. *Thespia.* A city in Boeotia, near Mount Helicon, associated with the worship of the Muses. The name more often appears as "Thespiae."

9. *Clarius' harp.* Apollo's harp. Apollo (called "Clarius" from his oracle at Claros), whose favorite instrument was the harp-like lyre, was friend and leader of the Muses.

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16. *Minds that are great and free,* etc. Briggs cites Seneca *De Vita Beata* 9: "Do you ask what I seek from virtue? I answer, Herself: for she has

nothing better; she is her own reward" (tr. Stewart: Bohn's Classical Library).

27. *With Japhet's line*, etc. Cf. Servius *Comm. in Verg. Buc.* 6. 42: "Prometheus, the son of Japetus and Clymene, after he created man, is said to have mounted the heavens with the aid of Minerva [“issue of Jove’s brain”], and, by holding a torch to the chariot of the sun, to have stolen fire, which he introduced among men." See also Fulgentius *Mitolog. Libri Tres* ii. 6.

27. *aspire Sol's chariot*. Soat up to the sun.

EPITAPH ON S[ALATHIEL] P[AVY] (Page 16)

First printed in 1616. Salathiel Pavy belonged to one of the popular companies of child-actors, in this case recruited from the choristers of the Chapel Royal. As there seems to have been a revival of public performances by the children's companies about 1600, and as he had been the “stage's jewel” for three years, he probably died in 1603. Professor F. E. Schelling has an entertaining essay on the child-actors in *The Queen's Progress and Other Elizabethan Sketches*.

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15. *Parcae*. Fates. Amos cites Martial's epitaph on the young charioteer Scorpous (x. 53), which relates that one of the Fates snatched him away because he had won so many successes in the circus that she took him for an old man.

22. *In baths to steep him*. A method of rejuvenation used successfully by Medea in the case of Aeson and unsuccessfully by the daughters of Pelias in the case of their father (Ovid *Met.* vii. 297).

ON MY FIRST SON (Page 17)

First printed in 1616. Written, presumably, soon after the boy's death in 1603. Cf. *Conversations*, ed. Patterson, p. 25: "Being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Camden, he [Jonson] saw in a vision his eldest son, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloody cross on his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a sword, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Master Camden's chamber to tell him; who persuaded him it was but an apprehension of his fancy, at which he should not be dejected; in the meantime comes there letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague." The ideas that children are merely lent to their parents and that death may be considered a welcome release from the turmoil of this world are, as Briggs points out, Senecan. See *Cons. ad Marc.* 10 and *De Tranq.* 11.

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7. flesh's rage. Gal. 5:17.

11. all his vows be such As what he loves may never like too much. Amos cites Martial vi. 29: "Whate'er thou lovest, pray that it may not please thee too much" (tr. Ker: The Loeb Classical Library).

SONG, TO CELIA (*Page 17*)

From *Volpone*, Act III, scene v, first acted in 1605 (or 1606). This song is based on Catullus *Od.* 5. 1-6: "Let us live, my Lesbia, and love, and value at one farthing all the talk of crabbed old men. Suns may set and rise again. For us, when the short light has once set, remains to be slept the sleep of one unbroken night" (tr. Cornish: Loeb). Jonson addresses two other songs to Celia, one of them also based on Catullus' fifth ode, the other the familiar "Drink to me only with thine eyes," p. 18; and he praises her in "An Ode," p. 18. Castelain (*Ben Jonson*, p. 44) is inclined to the opinion that all the "Celia poems" were written at about the same time.

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10. toys. Fantastic notions.

13. his. Your husband's.

SONG, TO CELIA (*Page 18*)

First printed in the folio of 1616. See introductory note on the preceding poem. Jonson gathered the matter for this, his best-known poem, from four letters of Philostratus the Athenian (*ca. 170-245 A.D.*), of whom little is known except that he was a sophist and the author of several works, including the *Life of Apollonius of Tyana* and the *Lives of the Sophists*. Richard Cumberland, who, in an essay in his *Observer*, No. 74, first called attention to Jonson's indebtedness to Philostratus, thus translated the several passages used by Jonson: "Drink to me with thine eyes only. Or if thou wilt, putting the cup to thy lips, fill it with kisses, and so bestow it upon me" (Letter 24). "I, as soon as I behold thee, thirst, and taking hold of the cup, do not, indeed, apply that to my lips for drink, but thee" (Letter 25). "I send thee a rosy wreath, not so much honoring thee, though this also is in my thoughts, as bestowing favor upon the roses, that so they might not be withered" (Letter 30). "If thou wouldest do a kindness to thy lover, send back the relics of the roses [I gave thee], for they will smell no longer of themselves only, but of thee" (Letter 31).

9. rosy wreath. Wreath of roses.

AN ODE (*Page 18*)

First printed in 1640. Written perhaps about 1605. See introductory note on the first of the two songs to Celia, above.

3. *Did Sappho*, etc. The story of Sappho's unrequited love for the beautiful youth Phaon, which resulted in her leap from the Leucadian promontory into the sea, is now considered legendary.

5. *the boy In whom Anacreon once did joy*. Cupid figures prominently in that group of graceful lyrics now known as "Anacreontea."

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8. *he whom Maro did rehearse*. He of whom Virgil wrote; that is, Aeneas.

12. *she the stars among*. A reference, of course, to Cynthia, the moon goddess.

13. *Horace his each love*. Horace's love poems do not indicate that he ever lost his heart completely to any one woman.

15. *bright Lycoris, Gallus' choice*. Cornelius Gallus, a friend of Virgil's and, in Ovid's opinion, the foremost elegiac poet of Rome, made his mistress, the notorious actress Cytheris, whom he addressed as "Lycoris," the subject of four books of elegies, none of which, however, has come down to us.

17. *hath Corinna, by the name Her Ovid gave her, dimmed the fame Of Caesar's daughter*. While Ovid was celebrating his mistress, Corinna, whose identity is unknown, in his *Amores*, the witty and beautiful daughter of Augustus was playing a notorious rôle in Roman society.

20. *styled divine*. Augustus was deified even before his death.

22. *Ronsard praised His new Cassandra 'bove the old*. Pierre de Ronsard was the most important member of the Pléiade; his *Amours de Cassandre* seem to be no more than Petrarchan imitations, devoid of genuine passion. Cassandra, the daughter of Priam, king of Troy, was granted the power of prophecy by Apollo.

27. *Constable's*. Henry Constable was the author of *Diana, the Praises of His Mistress in Certain Sweet Sonnets*, published in 1592. It has been conjectured that Diana was Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury, a distant cousin of the poet's.

29. *yet I miss The swan that so relished Pancharis*. That is, I have omitted the French poet Jean Bonnefons, the author of *Pancharis* (1587), a collection of love poems to a lady addressed as "Pancharis."

[WITCHES' CHARMS] (*Page 19*)

From *The Masque of Queens*, first acted in 1609. Jonson thus describes the setting and the properties of the witches: "The part of the scene which first presented itself was an ugly Hell; which, flaming beneath, smoked unto the top of the roof." From this, eleven witches issued "with a kind of hollow and infernal music . . . ; some with rats on their heads, some on their shoulders; others with ointment-pots at their girdles; all with spindles,

timbrels, rattles, or other venefical [sorcerous] instruments, making a confused noise, with strange gestures."

Most of the notes that follow are from those prepared by Jonson for the quarto edition, 1609.

1. *want*. Lack.

1. *dame*. "The honor of dame . . . is given with a kind of preeminence to some special one at their meetings."

4. *anoint*. "When they are to be transported from place to place, they use to anoint themselves, and sometimes the things they ride on."

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16. *horse of wood*. "Delrio . . . has a story out of Triezius of this horse of wood: but that which our witches call so, is sometimes a broom-staff, sometimes a reed, sometimes a distaff."

18. *goat*. "The Devil himself."

18. *green cock*. "Of the green cock we have no other ground (to confess ingenuously) than a vulgar fable of a witch, that with a cock of that color, and a bottom of blue thread, would transport herself through the air; and so escaped . . . from the hand of justice. It was a tale when I went to school."

19. *bottom of thrid*. Ball of thread.

25-29. "All this is but a periphrasis of the night [a roundabout way of saying it is night], in their charm."

30. *The spindle is now a-turning*. "The spindle in antiquity . . . was of special act to the troubling of the moon."

33-36. *The ditch is made*, etc. For the details in this passage, Jonson cites Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Jean Bodin. Cf. Horace *Serm. i. 8*: "Then they began with their own nails to dig a hollow in the earth, and with their teeth to tear in bits a black ewe-lamb. The blood was poured by both of them into the trench that thence they might evoke the Manes, spirits that would answer give. An image, too, there was of wool, and a second made of wax: the one of wool was larger, that it might by punishment control the small; the waxen one as suppliant stood, soon like a slave to die. One Hecate invokes, the other dread Tisiphone: then serpents you could see and hell-hounds roving near, and the blushing moon hiding behind huge tombs, that to such horrid rites she might not witness be" (tr. Bryce: Bohn). In the passage just quoted, the woollen figure represented one of the witches; the waxen, her faithless lover, on whom the witch could inflict torture by melting the figure or piercing it with needles.

38. *little Martin*. "Their little Martin is he that calls them to their conventicles, which is done in a human voice, but coming forth, they find

him in the shape of a great buck goat, upon whom they ride to their meetings."

[SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS] (*Page 21*)

From *Epicoene*, first acted in 1609. The earliest extant printed text of the play is that in the 1616 folio. The title that we now associate with the lyric is from Horace (*Od.* i. 5. 5), and means "in simple elegance." Jonson's poem is based on an anonymous late Latin poem beginning "Semper munditias, semper, Basilissa, decores" (see K. F. Smith, *American Journal of Philology*, XXIX, 133), which may be translated as follows: "I don't like invariably to see neatness and adornment, Basilissa, your hair always freshly arranged, your clothing always adjusted, yourself always perfumed, everything put in order by your careful hand. Let my mistress come to me carelessly attired. It is the simple dress that takes. Have no concern about bands for your flowing hair or paint for your face, which has its own charm. To be forever adorning yourself is to betray lack of faith in love. How is it that beauty is often present when there is no attempt at beauty?" Cf. Propertius' fine elegy (i. 2) on the same subject.

i. *Still to be neat.* Always to be elegantly dressed.

ii. *adulteries.* Debasements.

TO PENSHURST (*Page 21*)

First printed in 1616; written by 1612, since Prince Henry, alluded to in line 77, died in that year. Penshurst Place, the home of the Sidney family, is situated on the Medway near the village of Penshurst, in Kent. The castle, possessing what has been described as the finest baronial hall in England, still stands in its handsome park. Sidney and Waller, as well as Jonson, praised the estate in their poetry. It is of interest that Jonson addresses Penshurst Place rather than its master, Sir Robert Sidney.

The poem is a striking example of Jonson's ability to blend classical learning with realistic observation. Jonson's picture, even for the Penshurst of to-day, is notably accurate. The oldest trees are beeches and chestnuts; the ponds still abound in fish; there are still coppices called by the names of Gamage and Sidney, the latter a part of Ashour Wood; rich pastures near the castle are still subject to inundations by the swollen Medway. Much as the dignity and austere beauty of the castle arouse one's admiration, one agrees with Jonson in his stressing of its supremely lovely natural surroundings.

2. *touch.* Touchstone, or similar black marble.

4. *lantern,* whereof tales are told. A cupola, or the like, which excites envious talk because of its magnificence.

5. *an ancient pile.* The oldest part of the castle, including the Great Hall, was erected by Sir John de Pulteney, a wealthy citizen of London, in 1341 (Mary Sidney, *Historical Guide to Penshurst Place*, p. 1).

6. *And, these grudged at.* Lantern, stairs, and courts, in more splendid houses the cause of ill will.

7. *marks.* Characteristics.

13. *That taller tree.* "Sir Philip Sidney's Oak," which survived till 1768 (M. W. Wallace, *The Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, p. 19).

16. *sylvan.* A fabulous being, akin to the satyr and faun, that was supposed to inhabit the woods.

18. *Lady's Oak.* Probably a tree named, for some reason, in honor of the Virgin; cf. Edward Topsell, *History of Serpents*, p. 15: "In ancient time, the ignorant multitude, seeing a birch tree with green leaves in the winter, did call it our Lady's Tree, or a holy tree, attributing that greenness to miracle."

25. *conies.* Rabbits.

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31-38. *And if the high-swollen Medway, etc.* Amos cites Martial's epigram (x. 30) that sets forth the charms of Formiae: "If ever Nereus feel the power of Aeolus, the table, self-supplied from its own store, laughs at the storm; the fishpond feeds turbot and home-reared bass; to its master's call swims the dainty lamprey; the usher summons a favourite gurnard, and, bidden to appear, aged mullets put forth their heads" (tr. Ker: Loeb).

48-71. Amos calls attention to Martial iii. 58: "Nor does the country visitor come empty handed: that one brings pale honey in its comb, and a pyramid of cheese from Sassina's woodland; that one offers sleepy doormice; this one the bleating offspring of a shaggy mother; another capons debarred from love. And the strapping daughters of honest farmers offer in a wicker basket their mothers' gifts. When work is done a cheerful neighbour is asked to dine; no niggard table reserves a feast for the morrow; all take the meal, and the full-fed attendant need not envy the well-drunken guest" (tr. Ker: Loeb).

63, 64. *Where the same beer and bread, etc.* Briggs cites Lucian *Saturnalalian Letters* i. 22: "And pray charge the butlers not to make us call unto seven times, but bring us our wine when we ask for it first; and let it be a full-sized cup and a bumper, as it is for their masters. And the same wine, please, for every one at table; where is the legal authority for my host's growing mellow on the choicest bouquet while my stomach is turned with mere must?" (tr. Fowler).

65. *And I not fain to sit, etc.* Cf. Martial iii. 60: "Why do I dine without you although, Ponticus, I am dining with you?" (tr. Ker: Loeb).

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73. *livery*. Attendants.

76. *That found King James*. In the gatehouse over the Porch is a chamber that still goes by the name of King James's Room (*Mary Sidney, op. cit.*, p. 49).

80. *or*. Ere.

100. *when they see Those proud, ambitious heaps*, etc. Amos cites Martial xii. 50: "Your lofty portico stands on a hundred columns, and the onyx shines under your feet as you walk. . . . Your atria are long and expensive; but there are no supper-rooms, no bed-rooms; how admirably you do not dwell" (tr. Amos).

To My Bookseller (Page 23)

This is one of three poems introducing the epigrams in the folio of 1616. It was probably written by May 15, 1612, since the records of the Stationers' Company show that Jonson licensed the epigrams on that date.

5. *stall*. A bench in front of a shop on which wares were exposed for sale.8. *advanced to make calls For*. Put up to attract.

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9. *termers*. Those who resorted to London when the law courts were in session either for business at the courts, for pleasure, or for dishonest practices.

9. *clerk-like serving-man*. A servant with a smattering of learning.

12. *Bucklers-bury*. A street leading from Cheapside, which in Jonson's day was wholly monopolized by grocers and apothecaries. Cf. Herrick's "To His Book," p. 82.

To WILLIAM CAMDEN (Page 24)

First printed in 1616. William Camden was second master at Westminster School from 1575 to 1593, when he was appointed head master. In 1597 he resigned upon being given an important office in the Heralds' College, in recognition of the excellence of his *Britannia*, a survey of England, written in Latin. His publications include a history of Elizabeth's reign and a Greek grammar. Camden was Jonson's master at Westminster School; and there is plenty of evidence that Jonson, long after his school days, esteemed him as a friend. See the introductory note to "On My First Son," p. 260. Briggs has noticed that several lines of Jonson's poem are almost literally translated from one of Pliny's letters (i. 22).

8. *springs*. Origins.

10. *make that doubt but thou canst teach*. Raise a point that you cannot settle.

BEN JONSON

[To BENJAMIN RUDYERD] (Page 24)

First printed in 1616. Rudyerd (1572-1658), according to Wood, adorned his youthful years "with all kinds of polite learning." In 1600 he was called to the bar; in 1620 he entered parliament, thus beginning a long political career which was distinguished by sanity and moderation. He wrote a few poems, which were published after his death. Jonson addresses two other epigrams to him, in which he refers to his candor, wit, and learning. This poem, as Briggs points out, appears to be modeled on Martial i. 39.

2. *Saturn's age*. Saturn, an early Italian deity, ruled during the golden age.

ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD (Page 24)

First printed in 1616. The Countess of Bedford was the wife of Edward Russell, third earl of Bedford. She is chiefly famous as a patroness of poets. Donne, Chapman, Davies, and Drayton, as well as Jonson, wrote poems in her honor. She acted in Jonson's *Masque of Blackness* (Twelfth-night, 1605), the first of his long series of masques written for the court.

1. *timely rapt with holy fire*. Early enraptured with poetic inspiration.

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5. *free*. Noble. "Fair and free" was a stock phrase of compliment; cf. "L'Allegro," p. 127, l. 11.

7. *the day-star*. The sun.

8. *influence*. Faith in astrology, which held that the sun, moon, and planets exerted an influence upon human destiny, did not begin to decline till the sixteenth century; and seventeenth-century poetry is full of references to the influence of the stars.

9. *facile*. Affable.

15. *rock*. Distaff. With the distaff, spindle, and shears, the three Fates spun and then cut the thread of man's life.

TO MARY, LADY WROTH (Page 25)

First printed in 1616. Lady Mary, a niece of Sir Philip Sidney, married Sir Robert Wroth in 1604. Jonson, in a poem "To Sir Robert Wroth," compliments her upon her democratic hospitality. On Twelfth-night, 1605, she acted at Whitehall in Jonson's *Masque of Blackness*. After her husband's death in 1614, she lived mainly at Loughton, where she wrote her *Urania*, an imitation of the *Arcadia*. Jonson, besides honoring her with two other poems, dedicated *The Alchemist* to her; and Chapman and Wither both addressed her in poems.

2. *crossed*. Erased.

10. *Oenone*. The nymph dwelling on Mount Ida whom Paris loved.
10. *May*. Maia, a mountain nymph who became the mother of Hermes; by the Romans she was identified with an early Italian goddess of the spring.
11. *Idalian queen*. Venus, so called from the town of Idalia, in Cypress.
17. *keeping your due state*. Observing an appropriate pomp.

ON GILES AND JOAN (*Page 25*)

First printed in 1616. Perhaps an expansion, as Briggs suggests, of Martial viii. 35: "Seeing that you are like one another, and a pair in your habits, vilest of wives, vilest of husbands, I wonder you don't agree!" (tr. Ker: Loeb).

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15. *affections*. Emotions.
16. *nill*. Reject.
16. *to will and nill The selfsame things*, etc. Gifford quotes Sallust's "Idem velle atque idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia est" (*Bell. Cat.* 20).

INVITING A FRIEND TO SUPPER (*Page 26*)

First printed in 1616. This epigram, little more than a poetical bill-of-fare, was suggested, as Gifford and Amos have pointed out, by the delectable catalogues of viands in two of Martial's epigrams (x. 48; xi. 52).

13. *coney*. Rabbit.
15. *clerks*. Scholars.
15. *there are clerks, The sky not falling*, etc. An allusion to the proverb "When the sky falth we shall have Larkes" (Heywood).
19. *godwit*. A bird resembling the curlew.
20. *Knat, . . . ruff*. Birds of the sandpiper family.
24. *And I'll profess no verses to repeat*. Cf. Martial xi. 52: "More I promise you: I will recite nothing to you" (tr. Ker: Loeb).

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27-42. Cf. Martial x. 48: "When you have had your fill I will give you ripe apples, wine without lees from a Nomentan flagon, which was three years old in Frontinus' second consulship. To crown these shall be jests without gall, and a freedom not to be dreaded the next morning, and no word you would wish unsaid" (tr. Ker: Loeb).

30. *Mermaid's*. The Mermaid was a famous inn in Bread Street. Cf. Keats' "Lines on the Mermaid Tavern":

"Have ye tipped drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?"

33. *Thespian spring.* Either Aganippe or Hippocrene, springs sacred to the Muses on Mount Helicon, near the city of Thespiae.

EPIGRAPH ON ELIZABETH, L. H. (*Page 27*)

First printed in 1616.

TO HEAVEN (*Page 27*)

First printed in 1616. Jonson wrote several other religious lyrics: "The Sinner's Sacrifice," "A Hymn to God the Father," and "A Hymn on the Nativity of My Savior." From the *Conversations* we learn that Jonson became a Catholic through the influence of a priest who visited him during his imprisonment after the killing of Spencer in 1598, and that he remained a Catholic for twelve years. Cf. Herford and Simpson, *Ben Jonson*, II, 391: "Jonson's religion rarely appears in his writing, and its inner history is a sealed book to us; but it is plain that he had, together with a permanent and deep-seated interest, half devotional and half scholarly, in theology, moods of rapt absorption in divine things, or of shuddering self-abasement."

1. *can I not think of Thee*, etc. "Can I not think of God without its being imputed or set down by others to a fit of dejection?" (Swinburne, *A Study of Ben Jonson*, p. 103.)

5. *reins*. By the Hebrews, the reins, or kidneys, were thought of as the seat of knowledge, joy, etc., and were often mentioned along with the heart, as in Jer. 20:12.

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23. *or wish for death, With holy Paul.* Phil. 1:23.

[TO A FAIR FRIEND] (*Page 28*)

First printed in 1640. This poem belongs to "a group of quasi love-lyrics," all probably, in the opinion of Herford and Simpson, composed during the years between the completion of the 1616 folio and the Scottish journey (*Ben Jonson*, II, 389). Gifford considered this "the most beautiful song in the language."

A SONG: O DO NOT WANTON WITH THOSE EYES (*Page 29*)

First printed in 1640.

MY PICTURE, LEFT IN SCOTLAND (*Page 29*)

First printed in 1640. Jonson, soon after he left Hawthornden, sent a copy of this poem, with the title "A Picture of Myself," to Drummond. See biographical sketch of Jonson, pp. 254-55. A copy of the poem made by Drummond bears the date January 19, 1619.

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7. *every close did meet*. Did meet, or conform to, every cadence.
10. *Apollo's tree*. The palm, under which Apollo was born, on the island of Delos; Apollo was patron of poetry.
15. *Told*. Counted.
16. *as*. That.

[THE GIPSY'S BENEDICTION] (Page 30)

This song is from the masque *The Gipsies Metamorphosed*, acted in 1621. The patricio, or hedge-priest, of the band of gypsies addresses the king and the lords and ladies whose fortunes are about to be told.

6. *witty*. Wise.

A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS (Page 30)

This is the title given to ten loosely connected lyrics printed together in the second folio (1640). Jonson's allusion to his age at the beginning of "His Excuse for Loving" fixes the date of this lyric at about 1622, and the similarity in meter and tone of the others that I include, "Her Triumph" excepted, suggests that they, too, were printed about the same time (see W. S. Johnson, *The Devil Is an Ass*, pp. lxvi-lxx). Stanzas 2 and 3 of "Her Triumph" had already appeared in *The Devil Is an Ass*, first acted in 1616. Very likely, as Fleay suggests, Jonson is here describing the triumph, or the triumphal entry, of Venus in the opening scene of his own masque *The Hue and Cry after Cupid*, magnificently acted at court in 1608. Cf. this passage from Jonson's notes accompanying that masque: "Beyond the cliff was seen nothing but clouds, thick and obscure; till on the sudden, with a solemn music, a bright sky breaking forth, there were discovered first two doves, then two swans with silver geers [harness] drawing forth a triumphant chariot; in which Venus sat, crowned with her star, and beneath her the three Graces, or Charities, Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, all attired according to their antique figures." (See also Ovid *Met.* x. 718; xiv. 597.)

I. HIS EXCUSE FOR LOVING (Page 30)

5. *Poets, though divine*. A fairly common idea. Cf. Plato *Ion* 534: "The poet is a light and winged and holy thing . . . : for not by art does the poet sing, but by power divine" (tr. Jowett).

9. *feature*. Comeliness.

4. HER TRIUMPH (Page 31)

20. *All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife*. When the antagonistic elements, earth, air, fire, and water, were brought into harmonious combination, perfection resulted. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, Act V, scene v, l. 73:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'"

21-30. Amos points out that Jonson derived suggestions for these lines from Martial's description of his six-year-old slave girl Eroton (v. 37): "Damsel, sweeter to me than swans grown to their full whiteness, softer than a Calesian lamb, . . . one to whom you would not prefer . . . the just fallen snow, nor the lily yet untouched. . . . Her breath was of the rose-gardens of Paestum, of the newly-made honey of Attic hives, of amber become odoriferous by friction" (tr. Amos).

25. *wool*. A name sometimes applied to the soft fur of the beaver.

8. URGING HER OF A PROMISE (*Page 32*)

7. *expected*. Awaited.

17. *emissary*. Spying.

19. *band*. Collar or ruff.

23. *purl*. Frill.

25. *with Secretary Sis*. With her confidante, Cicely, presumably her maid.

26. *fucus this*. This kind of paint for the face.

9. HER MAN DESCRIBED BY HER OWN DICTAMEN (*Page 32*)

Dictamen. Pronouncement.

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40. *brake*. A framework for holding something steady.

44. *honést*. Honorable.

[ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE] (*Page 34*)

Written for the 1623 folio of Shakespeare. Professor John D. Rea finds the source of this poem in verses by Gilbertus Cognatus, one of Erasmus' secretaries, written to accompany a portrait of Erasmus by Holbein, in an edition of the *Adagia*. Professor Rea shows how, ultimately, the thought may be traced to the words of Erasmus himself (*Modern Philology*, XXII, 417).

3. *the graver*. Martin Droeshout, a London engraver of Flemish descent, who never attained much reputation in his profession.

4. *to outdo the life*. "Jonson's testimony does no credit to his artistic discernment; the expression of countenance is neither distinctive nor life-like" (Sir Sidney Lee, *A Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 526). Yet Shakespearean scholars are not certain that we possess a more authentic likeness.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED . . . MR.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (*Page 34*)

Written for the 1623 folio of Shakespeare.

Mr. Master.

5. *these ways.* That is, of extravagant commendation.

7. *seeliest.* Most foolish.

9. *affection.* Feeling.

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19. *I will not lodge thee by Chaucer or Spenser, etc.* Chaucer, Spenser, and Beaumont were the first three English poets to be honored with burial in Westminster Abbey. Many thought that Shakespeare, who was buried at Stratford, should have been the fourth. Jonson, as Whalley points out, is evidently referring to the following lines of William Basse's elegy:

"Renowned Spencer lye a thought more nyne
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumond lye
A little neerer Spenser, to make roome
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fowerfold Tombe."

26. *disproportioned Muses.* Inferior poets.

27. *if I thought my judgment were of years.* "Of years" has been variously interpreted. Perhaps the meaning is: If I thought it were my business to cover all time in making a comparison.

28. *commit.* Join.

29. *Lylly.* John Lylly (1553-1606), the author of eight graceful, highly artificial court comedies, but better known as the author of *Euphues*.

30. *sporting Kyd.* Thomas Kyd (1558-94), about whom, so far as we know, there was nothing sportive except his name, is chiefly famous as the author of *The Spanish Tragedy*, one of the most popular and historically important of Elizabethan plays.

31. *small Latin and less Greek.* "Boys of the period, at schools of the type of that at Stratford, were led . . . to the perusal of such authors as Seneca, Terence, Cicero, Virgil, Plautus, Ovid, and Horace. . . . The rudiments of Greek were occasionally taught in Elizabethan grammar schools to very promising pupils" (Sir Sidney Lee, *A Life of William Shakespeare*, pp. 16, 17).

32. *I would not seek For names.* I should not have to search among Latin and Greek writers, since the greatest would answer.

35. *Pacuvius, Accius.* Marcus Pacuvius and Lucius Accius were early Roman tragic poets, of whose dramas we possess only fragments.

35. *him of Cordova dead.* Seneca, the philosopher and tragic poet, was born at Cordova.

36. *thy buskin tread.* The buskin, or thick-soled boot, worn by Athenian tragic actors, had become a symbol for tragedy, as had the sock, or light shoe, worn by comic actors, for comedy.

37. *shake a stage.* See line 69. Men of Jonson's day decidedly did not consider a pun "the lowest form of wit."

42. *scenes.* Stages.

46. *Mercury.* He was patron of music and inventor of the lyre-like cithara.

50. *vouchsafe.* Deign to accept.

51. *The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes.* His plays are light-hearted and at the same time keenly satirical.

55. *Yet must I not give nature all; thy art, My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.* Jonson is thinking of a famous passage in Horace *Ars Poet.* 408-10: "It has been asked whether good poetry is the product of art or of nature. I do not see either that effort without a rich natural vein or that untutored genius avails. Each requires the other's assistance, and both must conspire as friends."

58. *that he.* That man.

59. *Who casts to write a living line must sweat, etc.* Cf. Horace *Ars Poet.* 438-41: "Suppose that to Quintilius you read a piece, he'd say, 'Correct this, I beseech you, and this'; should you declare you could not do it better, though you had tried again and yet again with no effect, he would bid you cancel it, and on the anvil place again the verses badly formed" (tr. Bryce: Bohn).

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74. *That so did take Eliza and our James!* In his *Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 89, Sir Sidney Lee gives a list of twelve of Shakespeare's plays that were acted at court.

77. *rage.* Ardor, or perhaps a poet's prophetic enthusiasm.

78. *influence.* See note on "On Lucy, Countess of Bedford," p. 267, l. 8.

[HYMN TO PAN] (Page 36)

From *Pan's Anniversary; or, The Shepherd's Holiday*, first acted in 1625, or earlier (see Herford and Simpson, *Ben Jonson*, II, 324).

3. *can.* Knows.

7. *Hermes.* He was a pastoral deity as well as the messenger of the gods.

11. *Sylvanus.* A deity of the woodland.

15. *Pales.* An old Italian deity of shepherds and of their flocks.

FROM [A PINDARIC ODE] (*Page 37*)

First printed in 1640. Lucius Cary (Viscount Falkland), a gifted and prominent royalist, was Charles' secretary of state during 1642-43. Jonson's ode was probably written soon after the premature death of Henry Morison, which occurred in 1628 or 1629. The ode contains twelve stanzas; but, except for the famous seventh stanza, it is notable only for the fidelity with which it imitates the form of Pindar's odes.

ODE TO HIMSELF (*Page 37*)

Jonson's *The New Inn*, a romantic comedy, yet seriously lacking in that action which is the blood and bone of romance, failed on its first production, January 19, 1629. Probably at once, in the bitterness of his disappointment, Jonson penned this "Ode to Himself." It was first printed, at the end of the play, in the original octavo edition of 1631, and called forth a number of replies, some in support, others in condemnation of his position. The fairest of them all is by his "son," Thomas Carew, beginning thus:

"Tis true, dear Ben, thy just chastizing hand
Hath fixed upon the sotted age a brand
To their swollen pride and empty scribbling due:
It can nor judge nor write; and yet 'tis true
Thy comic Muse from the exalted line
Touched by thy *Alchemist* doth since decline
From that her zenith, and foretells a red
And blushing evening, when she goes to bed."

8. *Commission of the brain*. Probably a court set up by the brain.

13. *fury*. Madness.

13. *still*. Constantly.

17. *grains*. Refuse malt left from brewing.

18. *draff*. Swill.

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21. *some moldy tale*, *Like Pericles*. The story of Pericles, which was originated by a Greek living near the beginning of the Christian era, was extremely popular during the Middle Ages. Jonson's reference is to the Shakespearean play based on this old story, *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, now thought by some to be largely the work of George Wilkins. It was acted at court in 1619, and, in spite of its many defects, was still popular at this time.

23. *shrieve's crusts*. Sheriffs proverbially dined well, and the crumbs falling from their tables would be numerous if not appetizing.

26. *Play-club*. A very early use of "club" in the sense of "a group of individuals."

33. *Can.* You can. See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 451

33. *orts.* Refuse scraps.

33. *stage clothes.* Many gallants attended the Elizabethan drama in gay-colored attire, with the object of being seen no less than of seeing the play, some of them even occupying seats on the stage.

34. *quit.* Acquit.

35. *stagers.* Players.

36. *larding.* "To lard" means literally to enrich with fat, or to fatten; the figure is curiously mixed.

37. *comic socks.* See note on "To the Memory of William Shakespeare," p. 273, l. 36.

40. *The gamesters share your gilt.* The players share your money (probably a pun is intended).

42. *Aleacis lute.* Alcaeus, a Greek lyric poet, living about 600 B.C., is known to us by fragments of his hymns, martial songs, and love lyrics. He was greatly admired by Horace.

49. *As.* That.

49. *curious fools.* Attentive, or perhaps fastidious, fools.

50. *no palsy's in thy brain.* The emphasis is on "brain." Jonson had been attacked by palsy not long before.

55. *flesh-quake.* Palsy.

56. *hit the stars.* A favorite figure with Roman poets, meaning, of course, to win an exalted success.

60. *Charles . . . his wain.* Charlemagne's Wain, or Wagon, the seven stars forming the Great Dipper, was associated in the seventeenth century with the name of Charles I.

[SONG OF ZEPHYRUS AND THE SPRING] (Page 39)

From the masque *Chloridia*, acted in 1631. Jonson tells us how Chloris has, at a general council of the gods, been proclaimed goddess of the flowers, and how Jove "would have the earth to be adorned with stars as well as the heaven" (see Ovid *Fasti* v. 123 ff.). Chloris and Zephyr, her husband, make their appearance seated on lustrous clouds which float above a gay spring scene.

19. *him.* Jove.

20. *humor.* Moisture.

ROBERT HERRICK: LIFE

ROBERT HERRICK was descended from an old Leicestershire family. Nicholas Herrick, the poet's father, left Leicestershire during or before 1556 and came to London, where he was apprenticed to a goldsmith in Cheapside. In the course of time he married well and set up in business for himself; and it was in Goldsmith's Row, Cheapside, that Robert Herrick was born, in August, 1591. When Robert was little more than a year old, his father was killed by a fall from the window of his home. The charge of suicide was made; and it seemed for a time possible that Nicholas Herrick's property of more than £5,000 might revert to the crown, as was the custom in the case of suicides; but forfeiture was prevented by influential friends and relatives. Where Nicholas' widow and children lived after his death we do not know, nor have any details of Robert's boyhood been preserved.

On September 25, 1607, Robert was apprenticed to his uncle, Sir William Herrick, who was prospering greatly as a goldsmith in London. For six years Robert lived the life of a London apprentice. One might suppose that an occupation which involved precious stones and dainty ornaments and which gave time for the careless gayety of life so dear to the London apprentices would have pleased Herrick; but such seems not to have been the case, for at twenty-two, with four years of his apprenticeship still to serve, he became a fellow-commoner at St. John's College, Cambridge. Letters written from Cambridge to his uncle reveal scarcely anything except the difficulty of meeting his expenses on the £10 a quarter allowed him, but we know from the curriculum of St. John's at the time that he was chiefly occupied with grammar, logic, and rhetoric, which were acquired by means of various Latin and Greek authors. At the end of his third year he left St. John's for Trinity Hall, in order to enter upon the study of law; and in January, 1617, he was graduated, as he says, "with many a throe and pinches of the purse." Three years later he was granted the degree of Master of Arts.

The nature of the next ten years of his life we must infer solely from the content of his poems. That he spent a part of his time in London cultivating the friendship of the numerous and often prominent men whose names appear on the pages of his book—patrons like Endymion Porter and musicians like William and Henry Lawes—seems certain. Of his friends, assuredly none was dearer to him than Ben Jonson. In "His Prayer to Ben Jonson" he testifies to the positive veneration he feels for his "father"; no wonder Herrick echoes the poems of "Saint Ben" in such verses as "Delight in Disorder," "To the Water Nymphs Drinking at the Fountain," and "The Night Piece, to Julia." "An Ode for Him," indicates clearly the keen joy occasioned by the "lyric

feasts" at the Sun, the Dog, and the Triple Tun, where the tribe of Ben was wont to gather. These presumably were the days when he lived merrily and trusted to good verses. To this period may belong some—probably a majority—of the poems to his "many dainty mistresses," charming, fugitive beings, who have given the critics much opportunity for conjecture. Many of his poems are to Julia, though some of the most attractive are to other classically named maidens, Perilla, Dianeme, Phillis, Anthea, and occasionally to some woman whom we can identify, as Mistress Elizabeth Wheeler.

Not until 1627, when Herrick accompanied the Duke of Buckingham as chaplain on the unsuccessful expedition against the French on the Isle of Rhé, do we have any intimation that he was looking toward the church as a calling. In 1629, however, he turned his back upon the cheerful life of London, and took up his residence as minister in the parish of Dean Prior, Devonshire. Though Herrick must have left London with real regret, he certainly found much to enjoy in Devonshire. From such poems as "His Content in the Country," "His Grange, or Private Wealth," and "A Thanksgiving to God for His House" we gain a vivid picture of his peaceful life in the country parsonage, which was presided over by his faithful servant, Prudence Baldwin. In these poems he expresses his satisfaction in Tracy his dog and in his other pets, as well as in his snug home. The country festivals and ceremonies, judging by their frequent treatment in his poems, must have been an unfailing source of pleasure to him; and one can easily imagine his interest in the quaint folklore and superstitions of the countryside, which may have suggested such poems of popular flavor as "The Hag." Herrick loved flowers, and here amid the apple orchards and meadows of Dean Prior he doubtless feasted his eyes on carpets of the daffodils and primroses which in his poems so often appear as symbols of our hurrying years. At times, to be sure, a mood of despondency may have overtaken him; in "His Lachrimae; or, Mirth Turned to Mourning" he regrets his "banishment into the loathed West," but this was probably only a passing mood.

With the growing tension preceding the civil wars, there came, however, a day when his dislike for Devonshire was more than a passing mood. All his life an ardent Royalist, he hoped that Charles would triumph; and indeed in the summer of 1644 he wrote a gracious poem of welcome, "To the King, upon His Coming with His Army into the West." But it was only for a time that the king rode on "with all white omens"; and naturally the waning of Charles' power called forth more than one poem expressing his deep regret, such as "The Bad Season Makes the Poet Sad." It is probable that to the later years at Dean Prior should be assigned a majority of the epigrams and

also the poems in which he sought to immortalize his friends. When he had heart for lyrics, it may have been chiefly for those that are delicately tinged with sadness. There is no keen relish for life in such poems as "To Perilla" and "To Anthea," but rather a tender melancholy, with many references to his gray hairs and to the grave. When in 1647 he was required to give up his living to the Puritan John Syms, it was doubtless with mingled feelings that he took his departure, with regret that he should hear no more the merry crickets by his country fire, yet with satisfaction at the thought of leaving behind him a "currish" people and of residing once more in the blest place of his nativity. His return to London gave him the opportunity to publish his poems, very few of which had previously appeared. His volume, dedicated to Charles, Prince of Wales, was issued in 1648, with the title *Hesperides*. His religious poems were grouped at the end of the volume under the title "Noble Numbers," with a separate title-page bearing the date 1647. Apparently the publication of his religious poetry had been undertaken before he left Dean Prior, and the secular poems were included as a result of his unexpected return to London. Herrick's mode of life during the next fifteen years is unknown to us; even such revelations as his poems might contain are lacking, for we possess but one poem written after the appearance of his book. In the autumn of 1662, a year and a half after the coronation of Charles II, Herrick returned to his living at Dean Prior, where he resumed his duties as clergyman and where he remained till his death in October, 1674. Herrick was buried at Dean Prior, but whether under the pavement of the church or in the churchyard is unknown. Though the stone that marked his grave has not been found, he has, as he hoped, in his *Hesperides*, a pillar "outduring marble, brass, or jet."

ROBERT HERRICK: BIBLIOGRAPHY

The only edition of Herrick's poems published during his lifetime appeared in 1648, with the title *Hesperides: or the Works Both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.* The *Hesperides* has been many times reprinted, especially within recent years. *The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick*, edited by F. W. Moorman (Oxford, 1915), is by far the most scholarly edition of Herrick's works. Criticism beyond that of the text is not included; but every effort has been made to furnish a definitive text, divergencies between different copies of the 1648 edition and variant readings of all known MSS being given. In 1921 the same text, expurgated, was issued as one of the inexpensive "Oxford Poets." A number of annotated editions with critical introductions have appeared, the most important of which are *The Complete Poems of Robert Herrick*, in three volumes, edited by A. B. Grosart (Lon-

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don, 1876), and *Robert Herrick: The Hesperides and Noble Numbers*, edited by Alfred Pollard, with Preface by A. C. Swinburne, 2 vols., "Muses' Library" (London, 1891). Dr. Grosart's edition contains a mass of valuable material, some of which is not elsewhere conveniently accessible; but Professor Pollard's edition is, on the whole, a more discriminating and scholarly piece of work, and indeed represents the most satisfactory annotated edition of the poems. The 1921 reprint of this edition is expurgated. Complete editions with short introductions and but few notes are *The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick*, edited by George Saintsbury, 2 vols., "Aldine Poets" (London, 1893), and *Herrick's Hesperides and Noble Numbers*, with Introduction by Ernest Rhys, "Everyman's Library" (1908), expurgated.

Herrick's poems are so numerous—we possess fourteen hundred and ten—and so uneven in quality that the average reader will prefer a volume of selections. *Chrysomela, a Selection from the Lyrical Poems of Robert Herrick*, arranged, with notes, by Francis T. Palgrave, "Golden Treasury Series" (London, 1877), is among the best. The poems are gathered into six groups according to subject matter, and are preceded by an excellent critical essay. A selection which is more representative, and which is provided with a more elaborate critical apparatus, is Professor E. E. Hale, Jr.'s *Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick*, "Athenaeum Press Series" (Boston, 1895). One of the most attractive volumes of selections is Rev. H. C. Beeching's *Poems of Herrick*, "The Golden Poets" (Edinburgh, 1907), with colored illustrations by Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes. The following selections acquire a special interest from the fact that the editors are themselves poets: *Poems of Robert Herrick: A Selection from Hesperides and Noble Numbers*, with Introduction by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, "Century Classics" (New York, 1900); *R. Herrick, Poems*, selected and edited with Introduction by Alice Meynell (London, 1904); *The Poems of Robert Herrick*, edited with a biographical introduction by John Masefield, "The Chapbooks" (London, 1906).

Our knowledge of Herrick's life depends mainly on such documents and letters as Dr. Grosart has gathered in his introduction to Herrick's works and on the revelations made by Herrick in his own poems. An elaborate treatment is that of F. W. Moorman in his *Robert Herrick: A Biographical and Critical Study* (London, 1910). Professor Moorman has given us a captivating narrative, though somewhat discursive and at certain points too largely based on conjecture. The pith of this large work may be had in Professor Moorman's article on Herrick in *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, VII, 5-18. Professor Floris Delattre's *Robert Herrick. Contribution à l'Étude de la Poésie Lyrique en Angleterre au Dix-septième Siècle* (Paris, 1912), an exhaustive study of Herrick completed simultaneously with Pro-

fessor Moorman's but published late enough to include some comment on the latter's work, contains the best account of Herrick's life.

Criticism of Herrick's poetry is extensive. The most thorough treatments are those of Professor Moorman and Professor Delattre in their critical studies of Herrick. Among briefer criticisms, one of the most entertaining and informing, though now somewhat obsolete because written in 1875 before much intensive study had been devoted to Herrick, is that of Sir Edmund Gosse (included in his *Seventeenth Century Studies* [London, 1883]). Thomas Bailey Aldrich's Introduction to his collection of Herrick's poems, which was reprinted as one of the *Ponkapog Papers* (Boston, 1903), furnishes a characteristic, sparkling account of Herrick's life and work. In his *Views and Reviews* (London, 1890), W. E. Henley comments briefly but charmingly on the poet whom he was peculiarly fitted to understand. Certain aspects of Herrick's poetic art are treated well in an unsigned article in the *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1904. Herrick's indebtedness to other poets, especially to Ben Jonson and to the classics, is considered in detail by Professor Pollard in his edition and in a supplementary article entitled "Herrick. Sources and Illustrations," *Modern Quarterly of Language and Literature*, I (1898), 175-84. Other important articles on Herrick's indebtedness are by Elizabeth H. Haight, "Robert Herrick: The English Horace," *Classical Weekly*, IV (1911), 178-81, 186-89; Paul Nixon, "Herrick and Martial," *Classical Philology*, V (1910), 189-202; and Edward B. Reed, "Herrick's Indebtedness to Ben Jonson," *Modern Language Notes*, XVII (1902), 478-84. The difficult problem of the chronological sequence of the poems has been dealt with by Professor E. E. Hale, Jr., in his dissertation, *Die Chronologische Anordnung der Dichtungen Robert Herricks* (Halle, 1892), and by Professor Delattre in Book III, chap. iv, of his *Robert Herrick*. The latter volume contains the fullest Herrick bibliography.

Good photogravures of Dean Prior and its surroundings appear in both the Moorman and the Delattre volumes. In *Scribner's Magazine*, XLV (1909), 257-64, will be found a number of drawings, together with an account of a visit paid to Dean Prior by Louis A. and Edna B. Holman. The poems themselves have been many times illustrated, but never with more sympathetic understanding than by E. A. Abbey in *Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick* (New York, 1882).

ROBERT HERRICK: NOTES

All but four¹ of the poems of Herrick included in this volume were first published in 1648. Few can with certainty be dated; accordingly, subject matter, as well as chronology, has been permitted to determine their arrangement. As in Herrick's own volume, the "Noble Numbers" are printed after the secular lyrics. For facility of reference, poems alluded to but not found in this text are numbered (in brackets) as in the "Muses' Library" edition.

THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK (*Page 40*)

3. *hock-carts*. See introductory note on "The Hock-Cart, or Harvest Home," p. 293.

3. *wassails*. See "The Wassail," p. 63.

3. *wakes*. See "The Wake," p. 62.

8. *ambergris*. A wax-like substance secreted in the intestines of the sperm whale and used in making perfumery.

10. *How roses first came red*. See "How Roses Came Red," p. 75.

12. *Mab*. See "The Fairies," p. 69.

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON (*Page 40*)

In five other poems Herrick gives explicit evidence of his admiration for Jonson: "Upon M. Ben. Jonson. Epig." [382]; "The Apparition of His Mistress Calling Him to Elysium," p. 54; "A Bacchanalian Verse" [653]; "Upon Ben Jonson" [910]; and "An Ode for Him," p. 40.

AN ODE FOR HIM (*Page 40*)

Evidently written after Jonson's death in 1637, but here printed out of its chronological order because of its picture of Herrick's London days.

Cf. Moorman, *Robert Herrick*, p. 324: "Here a swelling effect is produced by the gradual lengthening of the line as the stanza advances, the rhythmic waves increasing in volume like the breakers of an incoming tide."

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5, 6. *the Sun, The Dog, the Triple Tun*. London taverns: the Sun was in Fish Street Hill, a main thoroughfare to London Bridge, and the Three Tuns in Guildhall Yard; there were three Dog Taverns, the one frequented by Jonson being probably in the neighborhood of Whitehall (H. B. Wheatley and P. Cunningham, *London Past and Present*).

¹ "Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler, under the Name of the Lost Shepherdess," p. 49; "Oberon's Feast," p. 51; "The Apparition of His Mistress Calling Him to Elysium," p. 54; "To a Gentlewoman, Objecting to Him His Gray Hairs," p. 72.

To LIVE MERRILY AND TO TRUST TO GOOD VERSES (Page 41)

Pollard calls attention to several echoes of Ovid and Martial.

4. *The golden pomp is come.* A literal translation of Ovid *Amores* iii. 2. 44.

7. *pap.* Sap.

9. *Now reigns the rose.* A phrase used by Martial and others.

10. *Arabian dew.* Myrrh or nard; cf. Ovid *Sappho Phaoni* 98: "Arabo noster rore capillus olet" (formerly the current reading).

12. *retorted.* Bound back.

14. *sack.* In "His Farewell to Sack" [128], Herrick calls sack "the drink of gods and angels."

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24. *all one nose.* A reference to Ovid's name, "Publius Ovidius Naso."

32. *thyrsē.* The cone-tipped staff, a symbol of Bacchus.

32. *bite the bays.* By eating bay leaves, which were sacred to Apollo, a priest of Apollo might attain divine inspiration. Hale points out that "the notion is carried over to the poets, as in Juvenal 7. 19."

45. *Trust to good verses, then.* Cf. Ovid *Amores* iii. 9. 39, 40: "Put your trust in beautiful song—behold, Tibullus lies dead: from his whole self there scarce remains what the slight urn received" (tr. Showerman: Loeb). See also "His Poetry His Pillar," p. 81, and "The Pillar of Fame," p. 83.

49–52. Cf. Martial x. 2: "By him [the reader] will you escape unthankful Lethe's sluggish stream, and will in your better part survive. . . . Writings thefts do not injure, and time befriends them, and alone these monuments know not death" (tr. Ker: Loeb).

ON HIMSELF (Page 42)

To the "Anacreontea"—short poems chiefly on love and wine written in imitation of the Greek poet Anacreon (born at Teos about 560 B.C.)—Herrick is indebted for the spirit that infuses many of his lyrics. With this poem compare, for example, Cowley's version of the fifteenth ode of Anacreon, "The Epicure," p. 202. A good brief discussion of the so-called "Odes of Anacreon" will be found in J. F. Davidson's *The Anacreontea* (London, 1915), pp. 46–48.

DELIGHT IN DISORDER (Page 43)

Cf. Jonson's "Simplex Munditiis," p. 21.

2. *wantonness.* Sportiveness.

3. *A lawn.* Probably a scarf made of lawn.

4. *distraction.* Confusion.

5. *erring.* Straying.

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6. *stomacher*. A part of the dress forming the lower portion of the bodice in front, and lapping over the skirt.

12. *civility*. Order. Cf. the following lines from "What Kind of Mistress He Would Have" [665]:

"Be she showing in her dress
Like a civil wilderness;
That the curious may detect
Order in a sweet neglect."

TO THE WATER NYMPHS DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN (*Page 43*)

Cf. Jonson's "Song to Celia," p. 18.

1. *whiter*. Very white. Cf. the Latin use of the comparative to denote "a higher degree of the quality or condition than is usual" (Hale and Buck, *A Latin Grammar*, p. 139).

THE NIGHT PIECE, TO JULIA (*Page 43*)

Professor E. B. Reed calls attention to the similarity of the opening lines of the patricio's second song in Jonson's *The Gipsies Metamorphosed*, beginning, "The faery beam upon you" (*Modern Language Notes*, XVII, 478).

Though Herrick addressed more poems to Julia than to any other of his classically named mistresses, there seems no adequate ground to conclude, as does Sir Edmund Gosse (*Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 123), that she had any more reality than the rest.

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7. *slowworm*. A small limbless lizard, much resembling a snake.

11. *cumber*. Trouble.

THE BRIDE-CAKE (*Page 44*)

4. *paste of almonds*. A confection made of cream, white of eggs, almonds, etc.

ANOTHER, UPON HER WEEPING (*Page 44*)

Though Herrick has scattered through the *Hesperides* many coarse and bitterly satirical epigrams, conceived in Martial's manner, he has included a still greater number of delicate, pithy, non-satiric poems, much in the spirit of the Greek epigram. For a discussion of Herrick's epigrams, see Moorman, *Robert Herrick*, pp. 275-90.

CHERRY-RIPE (*Page 45*)

Cf. Campion's "There is a garden in her face":

"There cherries grow, which none may buy
Till 'Cherry ripe' themselves do cry."

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES (*Page 45*)

1. *Whenas.* When.

THE BRACELET TO JULIA (*Page 45*)

8. *Knap.* Snap.

TO THE ROSE (*Page 46*)

Herrick's version of a theme very popular during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Cf. Waller's "Go, Lovely Rose!" Pollard cites Martial vii. 89: "Go, happy rose, and with thy soft chaplet gird the locks of my Apollinaris" (tr. Ker: Loeb).

15. *And burn thee up.* For Herrick, a rare example of the conceit.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG (*Page 46*)

Moorman (*Robert Herrick*, p. 244) calls this "the finest example of the impersonal lyric in the *Hesperides*." In spite of the different content of her song, one is inevitably reminded of Ophelia.

TO ANTHEA (*Page 47*)

Herrick here attains a passion lacking from most of his love lyrics.

2. *protestant.* One who protests devotion.

[MISTRESS SUSANNA SOUTHWELL], UPON HER FEET (*Page 48*)

This is the third of three short poems that praise, respectively, the cheeks, the eyes, and the feet of Mistress Southwell. Sir Thomas Southwell, of Hangleton, Sussex, for whom Herrick wrote an epithalamium [149], was perhaps, as Pollard suggests, her father. Cf. the more striking simile used by Suckling in "A Ballad upon a Wedding," p. 113, l. 44.

4. *bo-peep.* Peek-a-boo.

TO DIANEME (*Page 48*)

7. *Whenas.* When.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME (*Page 48*)

Pollard cites several passages from the classics that Herrick may be echoing in this song. Cf. especially Seneca *Hippolytus* 761-76: "O beauty, doubtful boon to mortals, brief gift for but a little time, how swiftly on quick foot thou dost slip away! . . . As lilies wither and their leaves grow pale, so do our pleasing locks fall from the head, and the bright glow which shines on youthful cheeks is ravished in a moment. . . . Beauty is a fleeting thing. Who that is wise would trust so frail a blessing? Enjoy it while thou mayest. Time is silently undermining thee, and an hour, worse than the last, is ever creeping on" (tr. Miller: Loeb).

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1-4. *Gather ye rosebuds while ye may*, etc. Cf. the anonymous *De Rosis Nascentibus* (formerly attributed to Ausonius), ll. 49, 50: "Then, maidens, gather roses, while blooms are fresh and youth is fresh, and be mindful that so your life-time hastes away" (tr. White: Loeb.)

THE BELLMAN (*Page 49*)

In his "Noble Numbers" Herrick has another poem entitled "The Bellman" [121], in which the tinkling of the watchman's bell, instead of suggesting peace and protection, becomes an ominous reminder that—

"Scores of sins we've made here many,
Wiped out few, God knows, if any."

1. *scare-fires*. Sudden conflagrations.

2. *From murders benedicite*. Bless you from murders. Cf. "Il Pensero," p. 133, l. 83, where mention is made of "the bellman's drowsy charm To bless the doors from nightly harm."

MRS. ELIZABETH WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF THE LOST SHEPHERDESS (*Page 49*)

First printed in 1640, in *Poems by Thomas Carew, Esquire*. Elizabeth Wheeler figures in two other poems: "Upon Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler, under the Name of Amarillis" [130] and "A Dialogue betwixt Himself and Mistress Elizabeth Wheeler, under the Name of Amarillis" [1068]. Moorman (*Robert Herrick*, p. 61) thinks that she may have been Herrick's kinswoman, daughter of Edmund Wheeler, and that he felt toward her "something deeper than kinship."

10. *curious*. Nice in observation.

A BUCOLIC BETWIXT TWO: LACON AND THYRSIS (*Page 50*)

19. *pie*. Magpie.

26. *Enterplaced*. Alternated.

OBERON'S FEAST (*Page 51*)

A briefer version of this poem was published in 1635, so far as we know the first of Herrick's poems to appear in print. Professor Floris Delattre remarks that "the fairy themes reached the height of elaborateness" with Herrick, who "was well conversant with the preceding literature on the subject, and availed himself of all the features which Shakespeare in the [*Midsummer Night's Dream*], Jonson in his masques, Drayton in his mock-heroic poem had severally dwelt upon" (*English Fairy Poetry*, p. 172).

1. *Shapcot*. With a poem entitled "To His Peculiar Friend, Master Thomas Shapcott, Lawyer" [444], Herrick adds Shapcot (of whom we know nothing further) to the circle of friends immortalized in his verses.

6. *We'll see the fairy court anon*. A reference to "Oberon's Palace" [443], the third of Herrick's long fairy poems.

10. *grit*. A particle of stone to serve as knife or spoon.

14. *sterved*. Starved.

15. *in place to stir His spleen*. At hand to arouse his laughter.

17. *puling*. Droning.

24. *kitling*. Diminutive.

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28. *cuckoo's spittle*. A frothy secretion exuded, not as popularly supposed by the cuckoo, but by certain insects, in which their larvae lie enveloped (*New English Dictionary*).

33. *sag*. Sagging.

34. *well-bestruddet*. Well-swollen.

38. *earwig*. An insect so called from the notion that it could force its way into the head through the ear.

43. *mandrake's ears*. The root of the mandrake was thought to resemble the human form.

To PHILLIS, TO LOVE, AND LIVE WITH HIM (*Page 52*)

Evidently inspired by Marlowe's popular pastoral, "Come live with me, and be my love."

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18. *For meat*. That is, in return for food.

19. *carcanets*. Necklaces.

25. *wakes*. See "The Wake," p. 62.

30. *heyes*. The hey was "a country dance having a winding or serpentine movement, or being of the nature of a reel" (*New English Dictionary*).

36. *shepherdling*. A young shepherd.

47. *possets*. The posset was "a drink composed of hot milk curdled with ale, wine, or other liquor, often with sugar, spices, or other ingredients" (*New English Dictionary*).

47. *wassails*. The wassail was "ale, mixed with a smaller amount of wine, sweetened and flavored with spices, fruit, etc." (*Century Dictionary*).

THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESS CALLING HIM TO ELYSIUM

(*Page 54*)

First printed in Shakespeare's *Poems* (1640), with the title "His Mistress Shade"; written evidently before Jonson's death in 1637 since in the

earlier version the “now is” of line 57 reads “shall be.” The phrase *Desunt nonnulla* (“Something is wanting”) is, perhaps, intended to justify the abrupt beginning. Pollard reminds us that some of the details of the picture of Elysium are derived from Tibullus.

1–20. Cf. Tibullus i. 3. 57–66: “But me, for I have been ever pliable to gentle Love, shall Venus’ self escort to the Elysian fields. There never flags the dance. The birds fly here and there, fluting sweet carols from their slender throats. Untilled the field bears cassia, and through all the land with scented roses blooms the kindly earth. Troops of young men meet in sport with gentle maidens, and Love never lets his warfare cease. There are all, on whom Death swooped because of Love; on their hair are myrtle garlands for all to see” (tr. Postgate: Loeb).

4. *cassia*. A fragrant shrub.

6. *ambergris*. See note on “The Argument of His Book,” p. 281, l. 8.

7. *transpire*. Exude.

14. *Purfling the margents*. Adorning the margins, or borders.

19. *round*. A dance in a circle.

25. *Musaeus*. He lived, it is thought, at about the beginning of the sixth century A.D. His authorship of the poem that tells the story of Hero and Leander is doubtful.

27. *stand*. Place.

31. *Linus*. A legendary Greek musician.

32. *Anacreon*. Cf. “On Himself,” p. 42, and note.

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38. *rage*. Enjoy the ecstasy of poetic inspiration.

40. *Corinna*. See note on “An Ode,” p. 262, l. 17.

40. *comply*. Embrace (Latin, *complicare*).

44. *towering Lucan*. The leading Roman poet of the silver age, author of the *Pharsalia*, an epic on the civil war between Caesar and Pompey.

45. *snaky Persius*. The fame of Aulus Persius Flaccus (34–62 A.D.) rests on his six satires.

45. *rage*. Poetic enthusiasm.

46. *for*. Some emend to *from*.

51. *Beaumont and Fletcher*. In the earlier version, Shakespeare’s name appears instead of Beaumont’s; and there is no reference to Evadne, the heroine of Beaumont and Fletcher’s most popular drama, *The Maid’s Tragedy*, which was first acted, probably, in 1611. The changes were doubtless made in deference to a shifting popular taste.

52. *like sirens in their spheres*. More properly *circles*, upon each one of

which, according to Plato (*Republic* x. 617), a siren sat "hymning a single tone or note."

57. *thy father Jonson*. See the biographical sketch of Herrick, p. 276.

58. *globe of radiant fire*. Herrick probably has in mind the classical use of "globe" to indicate a compact body of persons.

62. *bellman*. See "The Bellman," p. 49.

63. *prime Of day*. Dawn: the first hour of the day, beginning at 6:00 A.M. or at sunrise, was called "prime."

THE CHRISTIAN MILITANT (Page 55)

This may be compared with Campion's "The man of life upright," with Herbert's "Constancy," p. 96, and with Wordsworth's "Character of the Happy Warrior." It belongs in type to the seventeenth-century prose "characters." Moorman (*Robert Herrick*, p. 218) remarks that it "is in its philosophy more nearly akin to the blended Stoicism and Epicureanism that we meet with in the maturer poems of Horace than to the ethics of Christianity." In the reference to the "fierce sedition of the seas" and the "farm's mishaps" there is, as Pollard points out, a reminiscence of Horace *Od.* iii. 1. 25-32.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING (Page 56)

Delattre (*Robert Herrick*, pp. 33, 293) thinks we have here a description of May Day as it was celebrated in London. For earlier treatment of this theme in verse, see Spenser's May eclogue, *Shephearde Calender*, and "Song of the May," printed in Thomas Bateson's *First Set of English Madrigals* (1604) and reprinted in Felix E. Schelling's *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics*, p. 132.

2. *god unshorn*. Apollo, who was represented with unshorn (*intonsi*) locks.

4. *Fresh-quilted*. "The figure may have been borrowed from the variety of colors in stuffs quilted together" (Hale).

10. *have matins said*. Have sung their morning song.

13. *Whenas a thousand virgins*, etc. Cf. Bourne, *Antiq. Vulgares*, chap. xxv: "On . . . May-day, the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight and walk to some neighboring wood, accompanied with music and blowing of horns, where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers; when this is done, they return with their booty homeward about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph with their flowery spoils."

13. *Whenas*. When.

14. *may*. Blossoms of the hawthorn.

16. *fresh and green*. Cf. "Song of the May," ll. 9-12:

"Therefore, awake! make haste, I say,
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the park a-maying."

25. *Titan*. The sun.

28. *beads*. Prayers.

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34. *ark*. See the second stanza of "To Meadows," p. 71.

51. *Many a green-gown has been given*. Many a woman has been rolled in sport in the grass and her gown stained green. Cf. Philip Stubbs, who, as a staunch Puritan, took a gloomy view of all festivities: "I have heard it credibly reported . . . by men of great gravity and reputation that of forty, three score, or a hundred maids going to the wood over night, there have scarcely the third part of them returned home again undefiled. These be the fruits which these cursed pastimes bring forth" (*Anatomy of Abuses*, published for New Shakespeare Society, p. 149).

57 ff. Many classical writers express the thought of this stanza. Pollard quotes Persius 5. 151-53: "Let us gather our sweets! Our life is our own today, tomorrow you will be dust, a shade, and a tale that is told. Live mindful of death; the hour flies" (tr. Ramsay: Loeb).

HIS TEARS TO THAMESIS (*Page 58*)

Thamesis. Tamesis is Caesar's name for the Thames.

1. *supremest*. Final.

3. *reiterate*. Tread again.

10. *Richmond, Kinzston*. Towns about ten miles above London on the Thames. Richmond, which commands a famous view of the river, early became a residence of royalty.

10. *Hampton Court*. Hampton Court Palace, erected by Cardinal Wolsey and presented by him to Henry VIII in 1526, is situated on the Thames about fifteen miles from London. Till the time of George II it was a chief royal residence.

15. *golden Cheapside*. "Golden" either because of its financial importance or because of the presence there of the goldsmiths.

17. *clean*. Chaste, or perhaps comely.

17. *curious*. Careful, solicitous.

21. *disease*. Disturb (deprive of ease).

23. *spring*. Rise.

HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY (*Page 58*)

Delattre (*Robert Herrick*, p. 162) says: "He is one of the originators in England of that poetry of the home which was later to be so richly developed, one of the first who have felt the charm of domestic life, and who have known how to interpret it in all its simplicity."

4. *Prue*. Prudence Baldwin was his faithful servant during his residence at Dean Prior. She is the subject of the following poems: "Upon Prue, His Maid," p. 60, "Upon Prudence Baldwin: Her Sickness" [302], and "To His Maid, Prue" [387].

5. *wort*. Vegetable, although Herrick evidently has in mind a particular variety.

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13. *batten*. Thrive.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH (*Page 59*)

6. *Prue*. See note on the preceding poem, l. 4.

10. *creaking*. Cackling.

24. *miching*. Pilfering.

26. *Tracy*. A dog that was dear to his master, to judge by the following poem, "Upon His Spaniel Tracy" [967]:

"Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,
For shape and service, spaniel like to thee.
This shall my love do, give thy sad death one
Tear, that deserves of me a million."

A TERNARY OF LITTLES (*Page 60*)

Pipkin. A small earthenware pot.

MEAT WITHOUT MIRTH (*Page 60*)

Written at Dean Prior? Certainly, during his earlier days in Devonshire, Herrick must often have thought with wistful regret of the "lyric feasts" at the London taverns. Pollard quotes Seneca *Epist.* 19. 10: "For a dinner of meats without the company of a friend is like the life of a lion or a wolf" (tr. Gummere: Loeb).

UPON PRUE, HIS MAID (*Page 60*)

See note above on "His Content in the Country," l. 4. This poem was written, presumably, in a playful spirit, for Prue survived her master four years, as the parish register at Dean Prior bears witness. Pollard cites Persius 1. 38-40: "Will not violets now spring up from those remains, from the tomb and its thrice-blessed ashes [*fortunata favilla*]?" (tr. Ramsay: Loeb).

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THE COUNTRY LIFE (*Page 61*)

Mr. End. Porter. Endymion Porter was probably the most prominent of Herrick's patrons. He was highly esteemed by both James and Charles; and until his fortunes were adversely affected by the waning of Charles' power, he was the patron of a number of literary men, being indeed called, in one of several poems addressed to him by Herrick, "the patron of poets" [117].

"The Country Life," in spite of much apparently realistic detail, is reminiscent of Horace *Epod. 2*, which begins thus: "Happy is he who, far from business cares, like men in early days, tills with his steers his fathers' fields, from every usurer free: nor as a soldier is he startled by the brawling trumpet note; nor as a trader does he dread an angry sea; he shuns the courts of law and the proud portals of citizens in power. And so he either weds the lofty poplar to the saplings of the vine; or in sequestered vale surveys his herds of cattle as they roam" (tr. Bryce: Bohn).

1, 2. Pollard cites Seneca *Dial. de Brev. Vit. 2. 4*, and *Thyest. 402*.

22. *soiled*. Manured.

23. *compost*. Fertilizer.

28. *The kingdom's portion is the plough.* "Herrick probably had in mind the thought of the plow as the support of the nation" (Hale).

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52. *wakes*. See "The Wake," p. 62.

52. *quintals*. The quintal, or quintain, was an object mounted on a stout post, to be used as a mark in tilting matches.

54. *morris-dance*. "A grotesque dance performed by persons in fancy costume, usually representing characters from the Robin Hood legend" (*New English Dictionary*).

54. *Whitsun-ale*. "A festival formerly held in England at Whitsuntide by the inhabitants of the various parishes, who met generally in or near a large barn in the vicinity of the church, ate and drank, and engaged in various games and sports" (*Century Dictionary*).

56. *harvest home*. See "The Hock-Cart, or Harvest Home," p. 66.

56. *wassail bowl*. See note on "To Phillis, to Love, and Live with Him," p. 286, l. 47.

57. *fox-i'-the-hole*. "A kinde of playe wherein boyes lift up one leg and hop on the other" (quoted in *New English Dictionary*).

58. *mummeries*. Performances at the Christmas season by mummers, or disguised actors. The custom seems to have persisted in Wessex; see the account of a mumming by Thomas Hardy in *The Return of the Native*, Book II, chap. v.

58. *Twelfth-tide kings And queens.* "It appears that the twelfth cake was made formerly full of plums, and with a bean and a pea: whoever got the former, was to be king; whoever found the latter, was to be queen" (Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, I, 26). The custom is referred to in Herrick's "Twelfth Night: or, King and Queen" [1035].

59. *Christmas revellings.* The Christmas holidays formerly extended for twelve days after Christmas, or till Twelfth Night. See "Ceremonies for Christmas," p. 67.

66: *cockrood.* "A broad way or glade in a wood, through which wood-cocks, etc. might dart . . . , so as to be caught by nets stretched across the opening" (*New English Dictionary*).

70, 71. Pollard points out that these lines closely follow Virgil (*Georg.* ii. 458-59).

Caetera desunt. "The rest is wanting."

THE WAKE (Page 62)

Instituted as a solemn annual festival commemorating the dedication of a parish church, the wake had degenerated in Herrick's time into a mere country fair.

(Page 63)

4. *junkets.* Delicacies.

4. *still.* Always.

7. *Morris-dancers.* See note on the preceding poem, l. 54.

9. *mimic.* A mime, or burlesque actor.

12. *Base in action.* Plebeian in their acting.

14. *incurious.* Uncritical.

17. *coxcomb.* Head.

THE WASSAIL (Page 63)

Cf. Joseph Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*, p. 466: "Wassail, or rather the wassail bowl, . . . was a bowl of spiced ale, formerly carried about by young women on New-year's eve, who went from door to door in their several parishes singing a few couplets of homely verses composed for the purpose, and presented the liquor to the inhabitants of the house where they called, expecting a small gratuity in return."

4 *manchet.* "The finest kind of wheaten bread" (*New English Dictionary*).

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16. *pressed.* Laden.

28. *leave a longer time to wait.* Cease waiting longer.

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CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS EVE (*Page 64*)

Candlemas Day (February 2), or the evening before, seems to have been the time set for removing all reminders of Christmas. Herrick has a couplet entitled "Upon Candlemas Day":

"End now the white loaf and the pie,
And let all sports with Christmas die."

(*Page 65*)

16. *Whitsuntide*. The week beginning with the seventh Sunday after Easter.

17. *bents*. Grass-like reeds.

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS DAY (*Page 65*)

1. *Christmas brand*. Yule log.

5. *teend*. Light.

THE HOCK-CART, OR HARVEST HOME (*Page 66*)

"Harvest home" was the name of the rural holiday which celebrated the conclusion of the harvest, the cart or wagon on which the last load of the harvest was brought home being called the "hock-cart."

Mildmay Fane became second earl of Westmorland in 1628. He was a Royalist and a dabbler in poetry.

9. *maukin*. An effigy, often made of corn, which was carried from the field amid the shouting and singing laborers (Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*, p. 288).

21. *Some cross the fill-horse*. Some bestride the shaft-horse.

34. *frumenty*. "A dish made of hulled wheat boiled in milk, and seasoned with cinnamon, sugar, etc." (*New English Dictionary*).

39. *commonwealth*. The common weal or good of the community. See "The Country Life," p. 61, l. 28, and note.

(*Page 67*)

40. *fanes*. Fans, or instruments for winnowing grain.

40. *fats*. Casks.

47. *revoke*. Recall.

54. *pain*. Toil.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS (*Page 67*)

3. *Christmas log*. A great log which was, and in some parts of England still is, lighted on Christmas Eve.

12. *a-teending*. Being set on fire.

15. *a-shredding*. Being cut into small strips.

TO THE MOST FAIR AND LOVELY MISTRESS ANNE SOAME,
Now LADY ABDIE (*Page 68*)

According to Grosart, Anne Soame was the "eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Soame, of London, Kt., and second wife of Sir Thomas Abdy, first baronet of Felix Hall, Essex." Hale (Dissertation, p. 37), on metrical grounds, assigns this poem to the Dean Prior period. Pollard cites Martial iii. 65; and Nixon, Martial xi. 8. Both epigrams contain similar catalogues of sweet odors.

9. *factors*. Workers.
17. *transpire*. Exhale.
20. *respasses*. Raspberries.
23. *warden*. A kind of pear.
25. *Whenas*. Whereas.
26. *maiden-pomander*. A fresh pomander, or ball made of aromatic substances, carried often to ward off infection.
27. *what*. That is, like whatever.

THE HAG (*Page 68*)

Milton (*Paradise Lost*, II, 662) describes the night-hag as "riding through the air . . . Lured with the smell of infant blood." Moorman (*Robert Herrick*, p. 272) says: "The swift anapæstic verses in which Herrick describes the night-hag stand out in bold contrast to the thin-spun fancies of the fairy poems ["Oberon's Chapel" and its two companion pieces.]"

THE FAIRIES (*Page 69*)I. *Mab*. Cf. Jonson's *The Satyr*:

"This is Mab, the mistress Fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy, . . .
She that pinches country wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches,
And with sharper nails remembers
When they rake not up their embers."

Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, scene iv, ll. 88 ff., gives the fullest account of her traits, "in a way, an epitome," as Delattre says, "of all the common traditions about the fairy people which the boy Shakespeare may have heard many a time from the mouth of an old gossip, in the ingle-nook of some Stratford cottage" (*English Fairy Poetry*, p. 107).

CHARMS (*Page 69*)

The primitive simplicity of this and the following charms suggests a popular origin. Their general similarity to the Old English charms is apparent.

ROBERT HERRICK

1. *holy crust of bread.* A piece of bread used for the eucharist.
4. *Hags.* See "The Hag," p. 68.

ANOTHER CHARM, FOR STABLES (*Page 70*)

1. *hooks.* Reaping-hooks.

TO DAFFODILS (*Page 70*)

Cf. Moorman (*Robert Herrick*, p. 325): "Nor is he afraid of placing verses which rhyme together at a great distance from one another, the delicacy of his ear assuring him that the effect of the rhyme will not be lost. Thus in the poem, *To Daffodils* (316), the rhyme of the first verse is not taken up till we reach the ninth, and in *To Primroses filled with Morning Dew* (257) [p. 72], the stanza of which is a masterpiece of the most cunning craftsmanship, there is the same interval."

TO BLOSSOMS (*Page 70*)

(*Page 71*)

15. *brave.* Beautiful.

TO MEADOWS (*Page 71*)

6. *arks.* Baskets.

10. *round.* A dance in a circle.

16. *smoother.* Very smooth.

TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH MORNING DEW (*Page 72*)

See note above on "To Daffodils."

5. *Teemed.* Discharged.

26. *lecture.* Lesson.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN, OBJECTING TO HIM HIS GRAY HAIRS

(*Page 72*)

First printed in Shakespeare's *Poems* (1640).

2. *I am gray.* Cf. the opening of Anacreon's eleventh ode (cited by Pollard):

" 'Anacreon,' the lasses say,
'Old fellow, you have had your day:
Consult your mirror, mark with care,
How scanty now your silver hair.' "¹

HIS LACHRIMAE; OR, MIRTH TURNED TO MOURNING (*Page 73*)

It would be interesting to know at what time during Herrick's Devonshire days this poem was written. In spite of his general contentment in the

¹ Translated by Bourne.

country, it is but natural that he should have suffered occasionally from fits of homesickness for London.

9. *loathèd*. This same adjective he applies in "To His Household Gods" [278] to Devonshire and in "Upon Himself" [456] to country life.

TO THE KING UPON HIS COMING WITH HIS ARMY INTO THE WEST
(*Page 74*)

Apparently written in the summer of 1644, when Charles was at Exeter. The conquest hoped for by Herrick was in part realized, for a large portion of Essex' army was surrounded and captured at Lostwithiel, in Cornwall.

2. *universal genius*. "General protecting power" (Hale).

7. *horrid*. Horrible.

10. *access*. Approach.

11. *white*. Auspicious.

THE BAD SEASON MAKES THE POET SAD (*Page 74*)

Cf. Moorman (*Robert Herrick*, p. 69): "This poem evidently belongs to the period of the Civil War, when Queen Henrietta Maria was abroad, and the power of Charles was tottering to its fall."

12. *Tyrian dews*. Essences. Cf. note on "To Live Merrily and to Trust to Good Verses," p. 282, l. 10.

12. *head with roses crowned*. See "On Himself," p. 42, and note.

14. *Knock at a star with my exalted head*. Proverbial. Cf. Horace i. 1. 35, 36: "But if you place my name among the lyric bards, I'll strike the lofty sky with towering head" (tr. Bryce: Bohn).

UPON SMEATON (*Page 75*)

An example of the coarse epigrams—according to tradition, directed against the churlish parishioners at Dean Prior—which Herrick saw fit to scatter, probably for the sake of contrast, through the pages of the *Hesperides*.

HIS WISH (*Page 75*)

1, 2. Grosart cites Martial ii. 90: "Let me have a plump home-born slave, have a wife not too lettered, have night with sleep, have day without a lawsuit" (tr. Ker: Loeb).

4. *everlasting fire*. On the hearth of a Roman house a perpetual fire was kept burning in honor of the Penates.

TO HIS DEAR VALENTINE, MISTRESS MARGARET FALCONBRIDGE

(*Page 75*)

Margaret Falconbridge was perhaps the daughter or wife of the subject of another of Herrick's laudatory poems, "To His Worthy Friend, M. Thos. Falconbirge" [483].

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2. *this eternal coronet.* Herrick believed that his book would immortalize not himself alone, but also, in some measure, the many friends whom he has honored with poems. Other phrases applied to his chosen ones are: "mine honored," "my righteous race," "my eternal calendar," "my book's canonization," and finally, with superb self-confidence, "immortals to circumspangle this my spacious sphere." Perhaps, as Nixon suggests, Herrick got the notion of thus canonizing his friends from Martial, though the idea of immortality through verse was common enough during the Renaissance.

4. *Ariadne's crown.* Ariadne, daughter of Minos, after being abandoned by Theseus, became the wife of Dionysus; her bridal gift was a crown, which was placed among the stars.

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS (*Page 75*)

4. *July-flower.* Gillyflower.

(*Page 76*)

14. *In amber or some crystal shell.* In a vial made of amber or glass.

TO PERILLA (*Page 76*)

"To Herrick the two greatest things of life were Love and Death,—and his mind turned constantly to the thought of one or the other. And finding in his own religion no true satisfaction for his whole feeling, it would really seem as though he had sometimes fancied, half-seriously, half in sport, a strange cult of imaginary deities in the ritual of whose service, had it ever existed, he might have found a satisfaction which was given to him nowhere else" (Hale, *Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick*, p. xxxvi).

3. *my gray hairs.* Too much significance should not be attached to such a phrase, especially in view of the well-known Renaissance convention which prompted young men—as, for instance, Shakespeare, in his sonnets—to profess age.

7. *salt.* Cf. "The Spell" [769]:

"Holy water come and bring;
Cast in salt, for seasoning."

Cf. Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, II, 234: "It is customary at this day, in some parts of Northumberland, to set a pewter plate containing a little salt upon the corpse. . . . Salt, says the learned Moresin, is the emblem of eternity and immortality. It is not liable to putrefaction itself, and it preserves things that are seasoned with it from decay."

8. *cream.* Froth.

To ANTHEA (*Page 77*)

4. *holy-oak or gospel-tree*. Once a year, during Rogation or Procession Week, it was the custom in parts of England for the minister and parishioners to walk about the boundaries of the parish in order to ask a blessing on the soil, and also to preserve a recollection of the boundaries themselves. The holy oak or gospel tree was a tree marking a parish boundary at which a stop was made that the gospel for the day might be read. In 1920 a resident informed me that the parish boundaries of Dean Prior had last been officially visited in 1914.

His WINDING-SHEET (*Page 78*)

19-22. See Job 3:17-22.

(*Page 79*)

27. *Star Chamber*. A court of civil and criminal jurisdiction at Westminster. It hardly seems necessary to conclude, with Hale, that its abolition in 1641 fixes the date of this poem as prior to that year.

29. *Court for our Request*. The Court of Requests was a minor court of the king's council.

32. *Alike i' the dust*, etc. Cf. Shirley's "No Armor against Fate," ll. 5-8:
"Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

43. *testaments engrossed*. Wills written in a legal hand.

47. *at that great Platonic Year*. That is, at the conclusion of the *magnus annus*, or "perfect year," a cycle of many thousand years conceived of by Plato (*Timaeus* 39) and others, "in which the heavenly bodies were supposed to go through all their possible movements and return to their original relative positions (after which, according to some, all events would recur in the same order as before)" (*New English Dictionary*).

To MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER (*Page 79*)

It is not surprising that Herrick, keenly awake to all the pleasures of the senses, loved music. Cf. "Upon Julia's Voice," p. 45.

(*Page 80*)

26. *baptime*. Baptism.

To LAR (*Page 80*)

This poem proves that Herrick had some regrets at least in leaving "loathed Devonshire" when in 1647 he was ejected in favor of the Puritan, John Syme.

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Lar. In Roman mythology, a household deity. He was frequently domiciled on the hearth and was given special recognition upon occasion of public or private festivity.

3. *manteltrees*. The manteltree was "a beam across the opening of a fireplace, serving as a lintel to support the masonry above" (*New English Dictionary*).

6. *chives of garlic*. Bulbs or young leaves of the garlic.

DEAN BOURN, A RUDE RIVER IN DEVON, BY WHICH SOMETIMES HE LIVED (*Page 80*)

Cf. Barron Field, *Quarterly Review*, IV (1810), 171: "We found many persons in the village [Dean Prior] who could repeat some of his lines, and none who were not acquainted with his 'Farewell to Dean Bourn,' . . . which, they said, he uttered as he crossed the brook, upon being ejected by Cromwell from the vicarage to which he had been presented by Charles I. 'But,' they added, with an air of innocent triumph, '*he did see it again*'; as was the fact, after the Restoration."

4. *frantic even to all extremes*. An accurate description of the stream as it rushes down through a gorge two or three miles above Dean Prior.

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10. *a rocky generation*, etc. Pollard cites Burton, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part. II, sec. iii, mem. 2: "a rude, brutish, uncivil, wild, a currish generation."

HIS RETURN TO LONDON (*Page 81*)

7. *genius*. According to classical pagan belief, places were thought of as possessing attendant protecting spirits.

HIS POETRY HIS PILLAR (*Page 81*)

See note on "To His Dear Valentine, Mistress Margaret Falconbridge," p. 297, l. 2.

(*Page 82*)

17-24. Pollard calls attention to Horace *Od.* iii. 30 (tr. Martin):

"I've rear'd a monument, my own,
More durable than brass,
Yea, kingly pyramids of stone
In height it doth surpass.

“Rain shall not sap, nor driving blast
Disturb its settled base,
Nor countless ages rolling past
Its symmetry deface.”

Nixon notes that the same thought, so fascinating to the Renaissance mind, is found in Martial x. 2.

To His Book (Page 82)

This poem, as Pollard points out, is little more than a paraphrase of Martial iii. 2: “Haste to get to yourself a protector, lest, hurried off to a sooty kitchen, you wrap tunny-fry in your sodden papyrus, or be a cornet for incense or pepper” (tr. Ker: Loeb). The same idea has been used by Rostand in the charming second act of *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

6. This line follows Catullus 95. 8.

[ON ERRORS MADE BY HIS PRINTER] (Page 82)

This poem was printed at the beginning of Herrick's book above a short list of *errata*.

THE PILLAR OF FAME (Page 83)

See notes on “His Poetry His Pillar,” p. 299.

For the fashion of printing poems in a shape to conform to the title, see Felix E. Schelling, *Poetic and Verse Criticism of the Reign of Elizabeth*, pp. 54, 55.

To his book's end (Page 83)

Pollard notes that this is a literal translation of Ovid *Trist.* ii. 354; Nixon cites Martial i. 4. Herrick's epigram entitled “Poets” [624] is in a similar vein:

“Wantons we are; and though our words be such,
Our lives do differ from our lines by much.”

HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION (Page 83)

2. *Writ in my wild, unhallowed times.* The reference is certainly to the period before he took holy orders, and yet there is reason to suppose that much of his secular poetry was written at Dean Prior.

5. *blot each line Out.* Obliterate each line.

**A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE (Page 83)
(Page 84)**

22. *unflead.* Unflayed, unpeeled.

28. *pulse.* Peas, beans, and the like.

31. *worts.* Vegetables.

31. *purslane.* An herb formerly cultivated in English kitchen gardens and used in salads.

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39. *wassail bowls*. See note on "To Phillis, to Love, and Live with Him," p. 286, l. 47.

42. *soils*. Fertilizes.

To God (Page 85)

3. *pipkinet*. A very small earthenware pot.

4. *wave-offering*. In the Levitical law, an offering raised and moved from side to side before the altar.

ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD (Page 85)

3. *paddocks*. Toads or frogs.

To Keep a True Lent (Page 85)

This poem, as Pollard has noticed, follows closely the thought of Isa. 58:4-7.

To Find God (Page 86)

Pollard cites II Esd. 4:5, 7; 5:9, 36: "Weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, . . . how great dwellings are in the midst of the sea, or how many springs are in the beginning of the deep; . . . gather me together the drops that are scattered abroad."

His LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT (Page 87)

Cf. Barron Field, *Quarterly Review*, IV (1810), 172: "The person, however, who knows more of Herrick than all the rest of the neighborhood [Dean Prior] we found to be a poor woman in the ninety-ninth year of her age, named Dorothy King. She repeated to us, with great exactness, five of his 'Noble Numbers,' among which was the beautiful Litany. . . . These she had learned from her mother, who was apprenticed to Herrick's successor in the vicarage. She called them her prayers, which, she said, she was in the habit of putting up in bed, whenever she could not sleep: and she therefore began the Litany at the second stanza."

13. *artless*. Unskilled.

21. *passing-bell*. A church bell tolled at a person's death, that Christians might assemble to pray for the departing soul.

To God (Page 88)

3, 4. *cracks of thunder . . . harp's enchantments*. Rev. 14:2.

THE WHITE ISLAND, OR PLACE OF THE BLEST (Page 88)

White Island. Beautiful Island. According to Greek mythology, the Isles of the Blessed, peopled by mortals upon whom immortality had been conferred, lay in the Western Ocean.

11. *Candor*. Dazzling whiteness (Latin, *candor*).

GEORGE HERBERT: LIFE

GEORGE HERBERT was born April 3, 1593, at Montgomery Castle, the ancestral seat of the Herbert family, in Montgomeryshire near the eastern border of Wales. His education was begun at home under the supervision of his mother, a woman of unusual culture and beauty of character, and was continued first at Westminster School and then at Trinity College, Cambridge, where at the age of sixteen he became a King's scholar. At Westminster School he distinguished himself in his studies and by his gentle bearing, so that, as Izaak Walton, his biographer, says, "he seemed to be marked out for piety." At Cambridge he maintained his former reputation, and at the same time took a keen pleasure in the gayer side of university life. In 1616 he was made Master of Arts, and in 1619 he was chosen Orator for the university, in which capacity he served for eight years. As Orator it was his duty to represent the university on state occasions, plead its cause if need be, and write certain official letters and addresses. While at Cambridge, he developed a love for dress, music, elegant conversation, and noble society, kept his own horse, and hired a small country house in a neighboring town. Thanks in part to the opportunity offered by his official position, he gained the friendship of many men of wealth and station, including the Marquis of Hamilton, the Duke of Richmond, and Sir Francis Bacon, and even attracted the interest of James I, who welcomed him often at court. Though Herbert had always thought of giving himself to the service of the church, he now became ambitious to be made assistant secretary of state. Yet in spite of his enthusiasm for elegant society, it was during his Cambridge days that he dedicated his poetic genius, as we are told in his sonnet "Love [1]," to the celebration of love between God and man. "Jordan," "The Elixir," and "Sin," which reveal his true humility of spirit, also probably belong to this period.

In 1624 and 1625 the death of several of Herbert's most influential friends at court and of the king put a sudden end to his political hopes and made him think more seriously of entering into sacred orders. Then ensued what Walton calls "such conflicts as they only can know that have endured them." It was no easy thing for him to turn his back on "the outward glory of this world." In 1626 he was appointed prebendary of Leighton Ecclesia in the diocese of Lincoln; and though it was probably intended that he should have the stipend without duties, he set himself at once to rebuilding the parish church, which had fallen into decay, collecting funds for the purpose from his wealthy friends. The next year his mother died, and he resigned the Oratorship. Finally in 1630 his long period of hesitation came to an end: he was

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ordained, and settled with his wife, whom he had married the year before, in the parsonage at Bemerton, near Salisbury, where he was to begin his ministry. To this time of struggle belong "Peace," written perhaps when his rebuilding of Leighton church gave him comfort; "The Pearl," in which he declares he is making his choice with open eyes; and "Love [2]," in which he describes his timid entrance as a guest to the banquet spread by Love.

The decision at last made, he began his labors with a tranquil and happy heart. In "The Quip" he makes it clear that he feels he has gained by abandoning the worldly pleasures that formerly tempted him. "Decay," "Constancy," "Vanity," and "The Pulley" are doubtless some of the products of his busy days in the quiet little country parish. That at times, however, the old longing for the brilliant life he had known seized him is apparent in such a poem as "The Collar," whose title symbolizes the irksome restraint of his narrowed existence.

Herbert had never been a robust man; and consumption, which he had contracted during the Cambridge days, spared him for but three short years of service at Bemerton. As his life neared its conclusion, he suffered from attacks of severe illness. "The Flower" apparently voices the relief and content he felt after a temporary recovery from one of these. During his closing days, his thoughts must have turned often to death. In "Life" the withered flowers in his hand seem to foretell death's speedy approach. In "The Glance" he looks forward wistfully to the time when God will by a mere look rob him of all pain. Finally in "Virtue," his best known poem, we perceive his comfort in the thought of immortality. In the words of Walton, "thus he lived, and thus he died, like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility and all the examples of a virtuous life."

GEORGE HERBERT: BIBLIOGRAPHY

The most elaborate complete edition of Herbert's works is that of A. B. Grosart, 3 vols. (1874), privately printed (Fuller Worthies' Library); it contains a mass of valuable material, but the arrangement is poor, and the text unscholarly. Most of its contents is available in the Aldine edition (*The Poetical Works of George Herbert*, edited by A. B. Grosart [London, 1876]). By far the best edition of the English works is that of Professor George Herbert Palmer (Boston and New York, 1905; revised in 1907). Here first do the poems appear in logical order; the notes are excellent; and the critical essays on Herbert's life and art and on the several groups of poems are thorough, yet never discursive. Probably a minor poet has never before been edited with a union of greater competence and devotion. A single-volume abridgment of this edition was issued in 1916. *The Temple. Sacred Poems and Private*

Ejaculations, published under the direction of Herbert's friend, Nicholas Ferrar, of Little Gidding, Huntingdonshire, to whom Herbert, about a month before his death, had sent the manuscript of his poems, appeared in 1633. This volume, in which Herbert's poems were first printed, may be had in facsimile reprint, edited by J. H. Shorthouse (London, 1883). There are many inexpensive editions of *The Temple*, probably the best being that edited by E. C. S. Gibson, with notes, an excellent introduction, and Walton's life of Herbert (London, 1899), a scholarly as well as an attractive little book. A particularly interesting edition is *The Temple*, with engravings after Albert Dürer, Marcantonio, Holbein, and other artists (London, 1894); the illustrations have been chosen with great care, and fit the poems surprisingly well. G. H. Palmer's *A Herbert Bibliography*, "Bibliographical Contributions of the Library of Harvard University," No. 59 (Cambridge, 1911), provides a complete list of editions of Herbert's works, with comments on each.

Izaak Walton's *The Life of Mr. George Herbert* (1670), a quaint and delightful biography, gives us most of our knowledge of Herbert's life ([Temple Classics ed.; London, 1898], Vol. II). Barnabas Oley's "A Prefatory View of . . . the Author" in *Herbert's Remains* (London, 1652), though earlier than Walton's life, is crabbed in style, brief, and of little interest to any except the very special student. J. J. Daniell's *The Life of George Herbert of Bemerton* (London, 1902 [first published anonymously in 1893]) is the first modern life of Herbert involving any considerable research, and is in many respects still the best. A good short life will be found in Palmer's edition, and a more leisurely treatment in A. G. Hyde's *George Herbert and His Times* (New York, 1906). Both Palmer's and Hyde's volumes contain many fine photogravures.

Comments on Herbert by Baxter, Vaughan, Coleridge, Cowper, and others are quoted by Grosart; and George Macdonald devotes a chapter to Herbert in *England's Antiphon* (1868). But the discussion in Palmer's edition naturally supersedes most previous criticism. Views about Herbert slightly divergent from some of those held by Professor Palmer appear in Paul Elmer More's "George Herbert," *Shelburne Essays*, Fourth Series (1906), an essay suggested by Palmer's edition of Herbert, and in A. V. G. Allen's review of the same work, *Atlantic Monthly*, XCVII (1906), 90-100. Valuable brief studies are A. Clutton-Brock's section on Herbert in the *Cambridge Modern History*, IV (1906), 765-69; Edward Dowden's "Anglo-Catholic Poets: Herbert, Vaughan," in his *Puritan and Anglican Studies in Literature* (London, 1900); and Palmer's chapter on Herbert in his *Formative Types in English Poetry* (Boston and New York, 1918), where one gets the meat of Palmer's ideas in small compass.

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GEORGE HERBERT: NOTES

Herbert's poems were first printed in 1633, shortly after his death. In arranging my selections, I have followed the plan of Professor Palmer.

LOVE [1] (*Page 90*)

Found in the so-called "Williams MS." Palmer (*English Works of George Herbert*, I, 183 ff.) believes that this manuscript contains the bulk of Herbert's poems written prior to 1630, the year in which he took holy orders. "Jordan," "The Elixir," "Sin," "The Pearl," and "Love[2]" are also found in the Williams MS.

1. *frame*. The universe.

3, 4. *How hath man parcelled out Thy glorious name*, etc. That is, the name Love, which properly belongs to God alone, has been applied by man to a common human relationship, that of the sexes.

4. *that dust which Thou hast made*. Gen. 3:19.

13. *scarf or glove*. Worn by the mistress or given as a favor to the lover.

JORDAN (*Page 90*)

The river Jordan, through its meanderings, becomes a symbol of the ornaments and indirections of style to which Herbert is tempted.

4. *burnish*. Spread out.

8. *sped*. Brought to the end desired.

9. *blotted*. Scored through, effaced.

10. *quick*. Vigorous.

16. *wide*. Wide the mark.

16. *pretense*. Striving.

18. *Copy out only that, and save expense*. Cf. Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, "Sonnet 1," which concludes thus:

"'Fool!' said my Muse to me, 'look in thy heart, and write.' "

THE ELIXIR (*Page 91*)

The Elixir. A preparation sought by the alchemists by means of which they hoped to turn baser metals into gold. Often, as here, identified with the philosopher's stone.

7. *still to make Thee prepossessed*. Always to make Thee in advance the possessor.

8. *his*. Its.

15. *his*. Its; sometimes emended to *this*.

15. *tincture*. Another name for the philosopher's stone.

19, 20. *Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws*, etc. The most frequently quoted passage in Herbert's poetry.

24. *told*. Reckoned.

SIN (Page 91)

3. *they*. Schoolmasters.

6. *sorted*. Of all sorts.

PEACE (Page 92)

This poem, as well as the two that follow ("The Pearl" and "Love [2]"), are among those assigned by Palmer to Herbert's period of crisis, 1627-30, when he had resigned the Oratorship but had not yet entered into holy orders.

3. *secret cave*. Retirement from the world.

7. *rainbow*. Ephemeral beauty of the world.

14. *gallant flower*. Worldly power.

15. *crown imperial*. "The crown imperial for his stately beautifullness deserveth the first place in this our garden of delight, to be here entreated [treated] of before all other lilies" (John Parkinson, *Paradisus Terrestris* [1629], p. 27).

19. *a reverend good old man*. Palmer suggests Nicholas Ferrar, who assisted Herbert in the rebuilding of Leighton Church.

22. *Prince*. Christ.

23. *Salem*. Jerusalem, city of peace.

28. *twelve stalks of wheat*. The twelve apostles, who distributed the bread of life.

THE PEARL (Page 93)

1. *the head And pipes that feed the press*. Reference is apparently to a press operated by the pressure (head) of water through pipes, though, as H. C. Beeching suggests, Herbert may intend a quibble "between the printing-press and some other, such as a wine or olive press" (*Lyra Sacra*, p. 342).

5. *what the stars conspire*. Astrological learning.

6. *What willing nature speaks, what forced by fire*. Natural science and alchemy.

13. *In vies of favors whether party gains*. Which party surpasses the other in doing favors.

14. *glory*. Ambition.

16, 17. *Which on the world a truelove knot may tie*, etc. Which may win and hold the true love of men. The "truelove knot" was a knot of complicated form used as a symbol of true love.

GEORGE HERBERT

18. *How many drams of spirit.* In "The Church Porch," ll. 25, 41, Herbert's advice is to "stay at the third glass."

19. *To sell my life unto my friends or foes.* To the former by becoming a "beast in courtesy" ("Church Porch," l. 46), to the latter by provoking drunken quarrels.

(*Page 94*)

26. *unbridled store.* "Unhampered wealth" (Palmer).

32. *seel'd.* With eyes sewed up. The eyes of falcons were closed, during the process of training, by threads drawn through the lids.

34. *Both the main sale and the commodities.* "The terms of the exchange, and the nature of the things exchanged (learning, etc.), are well understood by the poet; yet it is not his wisdom, but God's guidance, that has prompted the surrender" (H. C. Beeching, *Lyra Sacra*, p. 342).

40. *To climb to Thee.* Here the figure changes; instead of being led by a silken thread through a labyrinth (like Theseus), he mounts to God as by a ladder let down from heaven.

LOVE [2] (*Page 94*)

7. "*A guest worthy to be here.*" "I lack being a worthy guest" (Palmer).

THE QUIP (*Page 95*)

2. *train-bands.* Trained companies of citizen soldiery. "Here, organized society" (Palmer).

7. *whose hands are those?* Why do you not pluck this rose?

11. "*I heard in music you had skill.*" Walton says of Herbert that "his chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master."

13. *brave.* Finely dressed.

15. *He scarce allowed me half an eye.* "He declared that a person of my dull life could only half perceive what glory is" (Palmer).

DECAY (*Page 95*)

Massingham prints an anonymous poem of similar tenor in his *Treasury of Seventeenth Century English Verse*. It is, he says, from a manuscript of miscellaneous sacred poems of about 1620, and was included by Richard Catermole in his *Sacred Poetry of the Seventeenth Century* (London, 1836). Cf. especially the first two of its six stanzas:

"Lord, what unvalued pleasures crowned
The days of old;

When Thou wert so familiar found,
Those days were gold;—

“When Abram wished Thou couldst afford
With him to feast;
When Lot but said, ‘Turn in, my Lord,’
Thou wert his guest.”

1. *didst lodge with Lot.* Gen. 19:1.

2. *Struggle with Jacob, sit with Gideon.* Gen. 32:24; Judg. 6:11.

3. *Advise with Abraham.* Gen. 18:23.

3. *Thy power could not Encounter Moses' strong complaints and moan.*

God's determination to destroy the Children of Israel because of their sin in building the golden calf was altered by Moses' appeal. See Exod. 32:11-14.

5. *Thy words were then, “Let me alone.”* Exod. 32:10.

7. *At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well.* Spots where Gideon, Moses, Elijah, and Hagar, respectively, communed with God. See Judg. 6:11; Exod. 3:2; I Kings 19:9; and Gen. 21:17.

9. *“He is to Sinai gone.* Exod. 19:20.

10. *ye may hear great Aaron's bell.* Aaron accompanied Moses in his ascent of Mount Sinai, and the sound of the golden bells on the hem of Aaron's priestly robe is thought of as reaching the ears of the people from the cloud which covered the mountain. See Exod. 28:33.

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13. *Sin and Satan.* Original sin and, perhaps, present ill-doing (Palmer).

15. *To gain Thy thirds.* Possessed of two thirds of the human heart, Sin and Satan strive to obtain even the remaining third.

16. *whenas.* Since.

20. *all things burn.* That is, in the final conflagration of the world.

CONSTANCY (Page 96)

Cf. Herrick's “The Christian Militant,” p. 55, and note. Herbert greatly admired the trait of constancy, in part perhaps because he knew that inconstancy was his own besetting sin; he thus urges constancy in “The Church Porch” (ll. 115-18):

“When thou dost purpose aught, within thy power,
Be sure to do it, though it be but small;
Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stour,
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.”

2. *still.* Always. So, also, in line 35.

GEORGE HERBERT

13. *the thing and the example.* "The principle and its special application" (Palmer).

24. *The sun to others writeth laws.* Fear of detection in wrongdoing keeps them honest.

(Page 97)

34. *mark-man.* Marksman.

VANITY (Page 97)

1. *bore And thread the spheres.* With what appears to be a figure of threading beads on a string, Herbert represents the astronomer's familiarity with the heavenly bodies.

5. *dances.* Orderly movements.

7. *aspects.* "The relative positions of the heavenly bodies as they appear to an observer on the earth's surface at a given time" (*New English Dictionary*).

15. *chemic.* Chemist.

16. *creature.* Any product of creative action, animate or inanimate.

17. *callow.* Said of unfledged birds.

22. *What hath not man sought out and found, But his dear God?* That is, at what pains man has been to discover everything except God!

26. "*Where's this command?*" "This command" refers to "His glorious law," in line 23. One need not ask, because God's law is written in the heart of man. Cf. Deut. 30:11-14.

THE PULLEY (Page 98)

16. *keep the rest . . . with . . . restlessness.* An intentional pun.

THE COLLAR (Page 98)

5. *store.* Abundance.

6. *still in suit.* Always in attendance as a subordinate.

9. *cordial.* Restorative.

(Page 99)

29. *Call in thy death's head there!* Away with reminders of mortality!

35. *Methoughts.* This curious form, "used in the 17th and the first half of the 18th century, probably owes its s to the analogy of the present tense *methinks*" (*New English Dictionary*).

THE FLOWER (Page 99)

3. *demean.* Bearing, demeanor.

4. *The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.* We are given a negative

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LYRICS

pleasure by being reminded of the cold season when no flowers bloomed (Palmer).

(*Page 100*)

18. *Making a chiming of a passing-bell.* "Turning a funeral knell into a bridal peal" (Palmer).

21. *spell.* Comprehend.

25. *Offering.* Aiming.

25. *groaning.* Yearning.

28. *My sins and I joining together.* To cause tears of contrition.

32. *What pole is not the zone,* etc. The poles are hot beside the chill of Thy least frown.

45. *Which.* This truth.

48. *store.* Abundance.

LIFE (*Page 100*)

1. *posy.* A nosegay.

2. *Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie My life within this band.* I shall devote the rest of my time to enjoying these flowers that I have gathered.

(*Page 101*)

7. *My hand was next to them, and then my heart.* I placed in my bosom the flowers I had gathered.

VIRTUE (*Page 102*)

2. *bridal.* Wedding feast, festival.

5. *angry and brave.* Red (the color of an angry face) and gorgeous, with a hue so brilliant as (according to the next line) to defy a steady gaze.

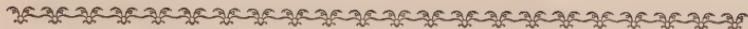
10. *compacted.* Closely packed together.

11. *My music shows.* That is, in the preceding lines of this poem.

11. *ye.* Referring to days and roses.

11. *closes.* Endings.

15. *coal.* Charcoal, to which the world will be turned at its final destruction by fire.



THOMAS CAREW: LIFE

THOMAS CAREW—the son of Sir Matthew Carew, who was a prominent lawyer and master in chancery—was born in 1594 or 1595. On June 10, 1608, when he was thirteen years old, he became a student at Merton College, Oxford, from which he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1611. He then entered upon the study of law at the Middle Temple, but at this his progress was so poor that his father was glad of the opportunity to make him a member of the household of Sir Dudley Carleton, who had married a niece of Sir Matthew's, and who was then English ambassador at Venice. Sir Dudley returned to England in 1613; but upon being appointed ambassador at the Hague in 1616, he took Thomas with him as his secretary. Thomas' secretaryship, however, was not of long duration; within five months he was politely dismissed for making slanderous remarks about Sir Dudley and his wife. He departed with much regret, which, as new efforts to secure employment failed, must have greatly increased. Sir Matthew, until his death a year later, bombarded Sir Dudley with requests that his son be reinstated, but in vain.

Fortunately Thomas' poor start in life was not prophetic of what was to follow. In 1619 he joined the train of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, newly appointed ambassador to France, who in his *Autobiography* mentions Carew as one of his principal gentlemen and an excellent wit. After his service with Lord Herbert was ended, he did not have to wait many years for greater preferment, since in 1628 he was appointed gentleman of the privy-chamber, and a year or so later sewer in ordinary to his majesty. The sewer was, nominally at least, taster and carver to the king. According to Clarendon, Charles was favorably disposed toward Carew for some years before he made him sewer, and finally appointed him in the face of strong efforts on the part of the Scotch to procure the coveted position for their own candidate.

Carew's poetry reflects the atmosphere in which it was produced. Much of it exhibits the same polish and grace, the same cynicism, the same conventionality, as life itself at the Stuart court. Possibly we may assume a sincere note in certain of the poems to Celia. In "Persuasions to Enjoy," "Celia Singing," "The Protestation," and other poems some have thought they detected a genuine passion for a fair-haired, sweet-voiced girl, from whom, however, his journey to France with Lord Herbert apparently brought estrangement, her eventual coldness of heart being described in such poems as "A Deposition from Love" and "Disdain Returned." But whether or not the name "Celia" hides the identity of a real woman we have no means of knowing. Love is the dominant theme of Carew's poetry, especially love

centered upon a beautiful but heartless mistress, "June in her eyes, in her heart January." Yet he wrote not a little occasional verse—epitaphs, like that on little Mary Villiers; epithalamia; verses to the king, of welcome and upon his sickness; an elegy upon the death of Dr. Donne and a verse epistle to Jonson, poets to both of whom his poetic art reveals indebtedness; and poems to other literary friends, among them Thomas May, George Sandys, and Sir William Davenant.

Of definite facts concerning Carew's life while at court, we possess few enough; and even the generally accepted date of his death, 1639, cannot be proved. Carew, said Clarendon, was "a person of a pleasant and facetious wit," wrote many love poems that were admired for their elegance and originality, but deserved special credit for having died with sincere remorse and repentance after a "life spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been." To Izaak Walton, who gathered material for a biography of the wise and charitable John Hales, scholar and preacher, we are indebted for the story that Hales attended Carew in his last illness. Once before, it seems, Hales had come to Carew when the latter was at the point of death, and had given him absolution, but Carew, upon recovery, had fallen into his old ways again. This time, when Carew in agony of mind confessed his sins, and asked for absolution and the prayers of his friend, Hales told him he should have his prayers, but he "would by no means give him then either the sacrament or absolution." In 1640, probably the year after Carew's death, the slender volume of his poems was issued, including his masque, *Coelum Britannicum*, which had been presented at Whitehall in 1634 and printed the same year. On his hundred and twenty-odd poems, wrought out with "trouble and pain," as his close friend Sir John Suckling testifies in "A Session of the Poets," and springing rarely from the heart, we must mainly depend for our knowledge of the poet.

THOMAS CAREW: BIBLIOGRAPHY

In 1640, *Poems, by Thomas Carew, Esquire* appeared, with new editions in 1642 and 1651, containing, in all, eleven additional poems. The most satisfactory modern edition, *The Poems of Thomas Carew*, edited by Arthur Vincent, was published in the "Muses' Library" (London, 1899). Though superseding the two best previous editions, those of W. C. Hazlitt (1870) and J. W. Ebsworth (1893), it does not furnish an entirely dependable text (see discussion by C. L. Powell, *Modern Language Review*, XI [1916], 285-97). The notes, however, are good; and the life, if confessedly shadowy, owing to our serious lack of definite details, is the best thus far written.

Thomas Carew has been the subject of but few critical articles. Two

THOMAS CAREW

good magazine articles are: "Thomas Carew," by Herbert M. Sanders, *Temple Bar*, CXIV (1898), 517-31, which contains a sane, comprehensive estimate of the poet; and "A Court Poet," *Academy*, LVI (1899), 399-400, a review of the Vincent edition, containing some independent criticism of Carew. F. W. Moorman's article on Carew in *The Cambridge History of English Literature* (VII, 18-23) includes an interesting contrast of Carew and Herrick.

THOMAS CAREW: NOTES

The poems of Carew in this collection, except two stanzas of "Disdain Returned," were first printed in 1640.

SONG, PERSUASIONS TO ENJOY (*Page 103*)

1. *quick*. Living.

THE PROTESTATION (*Page 104*)

The entire poem consists of a "reversal-of-nature" figure, a rhetorical conceit employed by Ovid and Seneca and by many writers since their time.

23. *horrid*. Dreadful.

DISDAIN RETURNED (*Page 105*)

Stanzas one and two appeared in Walter Porter's *Madrigals and Ayres* (1632).

TO A. L., PERSUASIONS TO LOVE (*Page 106*)

Vincent is unable to identify A. L.

37. *curious*. Carefully arranged.

(*Page 107*)

49. *to*. As.

63. *pined*. Wasted.

71. *wrack*. Ruin.

80. *reason*. Here a noun.

A CRUEL MISTRESS (*Page 108*)

13. *The Assyrian king*. Nebuchadnezzar. See Dan. 3:11.

THE SPRING (*Page 108*)

Vincent finds the inspiration of this poem in Pierre de Ronsard's *Les Amours de Marie*, XXVII. Cf. lines 5-14:

"Voyez deçà, delà, d'une frétilante aile
Voleter par les bois les amoureux oiseaux,
Voyez la jeune vigne embrasser les ormeaux,
Et toute chose rire en la saison nouvelle.

"Ici la bergerette, en tournant son fuseau,
Dégoise ses amours, et là le pastoureau
Répond à sa chanson. Ici toute chose aime;

"Tout parle de l'amour, tout s'en veut enflammer;
Seulement votre cœur, froid d'une glace extrême,
Demeure opiniâtre et ne veut point aimer."

8. *The drowsy cuckoo*. Moorman remarks that the extent of Carew's "acquaintance with the ways of nature may be judged by the fact that he represents the 'drowsy cuckoo' hibernating, along with the humble-bee, in some hollow tree!" (*Cambridge History of English Literature*, VII, 23).

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED (Page 109)

Cf. the lines prefixed to Richard Lovelace's "A La Bourbon": "*Done moy plus de pitiè ou plus de Creaultè, car sans ce Je ne puis pas Viure, ne morir.*" The first stanza of Lovelace's poem runs thus:

"Divine destroyer, pity me no more,
Or else more pity me;
Give me more love, ah quickly give me more,
Or else more cruelty!
For left thus as I am,
My heart is ice and flame;
And languishing thus I
Can neither live nor die!"

8. *Danaë*. Because of a prophecy of an oracle that her son would kill his grandfather, Danaë was confined in a dungeon; but Jove visited her prison in a shower of gold.

UPON A RIBBON (Page 110)

1. *This silken wreath, which circles in mine arm*. Cf. Donne, "The Funeral," p. 11, l. 3.

19. *center*. The earth (as the supposed center of the universe).

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLIERS (Page 110)

There are two other epitaphs to the same little girl. Nothing seems to be known of any Lady Mary Villiers ("Villers" in the 1640 ed.) who died in childhood.

A SONG: ASK ME NO MORE WHERE JOVE BESTOWS (Page 111)

3. *orient deep*. Lustrous depth. "Orient" acquired the meaning "brilliant" or "lustrous" from its application to precious stones, the finest of which in olden times came from the East.

4. *These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.* An allusion to the quiescent life of the flower in root or seed during the winter. "Cause" is used in the sense of "the material cause" of the Aristotelians, the elements or matter from which a thing is produced. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, II, 913.

11. *dividing.* Warbling. The execution of a rapid melodic passage was originally thought of as the dividing of each of a succession of long notes (*New English Dictionary*).

16. *sphere.* See note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," p. 328, l. 125.

18. *phoenix.* A fabulous bird of Arabia. According to Pomponius Mela, at the expiration of every five hundred years, it built itself a funeral pile of spices on which to die; and from the corpse there always sprang a new phoenix.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING: LIFE

JOHN SUCKLING was born in 1609, near Twickenham, a few miles from London. His father, Sir John Suckling, who was descended from a prominent Norwich family, possessed sufficient ability to be intrusted with a number of important public offices, among them that of secretary of state to James I; but according to Aubrey, Suckling's gossipy biographer, it was from his mother that the poet inherited his wit. We know nothing of Suckling's education until he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was noted for his musical and linguistic ability and for his facility at learning. In 1627 he was admitted to Gray's Inn; but within a month his father's death made him the possessor of valuable estates, which provided him with the means of appearing at court and of undertaking a long tour on the Continent.

By 1630, the year in which he was knighted, he had returned to England, but his taste for adventure abroad seems merely to have been whetted by his travels, for he soon joined the English forces under the Marquis of Hamilton which went to take a part in the Thirty Years' War under the command of Gustavus Adolphus. In a letter from Germany in which he apologizes to a friend for not writing because the places where he had been had afforded blood rather than ink, and sheets were of all things the hardest to come by, especially of paper, one gets a glimpse of his strenuous campaigning.

Having, as Aubrey says, "returned into England an extraordinary accomplished gentleman," Suckling gave himself up during the next six or seven years to a mad life of pleasure. His wealth and sparkling wit and exceptional skill at repartee made his presence highly valued at court and among the gallants of the town. Aubrey describes an entertainment that he gave at London for a number of ladies of quality, "all beauties and young"; after having feasted them on such delicacies and rarities as were procurable, he presented them with favors consisting of silk stockings and garters. He became excessively fond of bowling and cards, at which he won and lost great sums. When suffering from a period of bad luck, he was accustomed, according to Davenant, to put on his most splendid attire, whereupon his spirits rose and his luck turned. The physical courage that one would expect to accompany such a temperament seems to have been lacking. At any rate we read of a sound cudgeling to which he meekly submitted at the hands of Sir John Digby, who, like himself, was courting the daughter of Sir Henry Willoughby, and who administered the beating at the instigation of the lady herself. Though Suckling's friendship with such solid and righteous men as John Hales and Lord Falkland shows that there was something beneath the froth of his life, he probably spoke the truth in "A Session of the Poets"

when he said he prized above everything else “black eyes, or a lucky hit At bowls.”

It was during these years of self-indulgence that he must have had most leisure for such literary work as he has left us. His famous “Session of the Poets,” in which he characterizes his friends, each with a few witty and deft strokes, was probably written in 1637; as was also his tract entitled *An Account of Religion by Reason*, in which he argues for the Christian faith by an appeal to reason—an odd product for the pen of such a man, unless, as has been suggested, he wrote it merely to astonish his friends by his versatility. About the end of the same year, his drama *Aglaura* was acted at Blackfriars, apparently with success. Suckling himself provided rich costumes trimmed with real gold and silver lace and scenery such as had hitherto been confined to masques. *Aglaura*, like Suckling’s three other plays, is poorly constructed and lacking in human interest; but it contains his best-known song, “Why so pale and wan, fond lover?” with its characteristically flippant conclusion. It was in 1641 that Lord Broghill’s marriage furnished Suckling the theme for his verse dialogue “Upon My Lord Brohall’s Wedding,” and probably also for his inimitable “A Ballad upon a Wedding,” which is packed full of vivid detail, and sparkles with gayety.

We may think of his adding during these years, as the mood or an idle hour gave occasion, to his little pile of lyrics in manuscript that were published with the approval of his friends after his death, part of them in 1646, under the title *Fragmenta Aurea*, the remainder in a third edition in 1658. Except for a few occasional verses, they are love lyrics; yet there is not even a pretext of their being addressed to any mistress. Though Suckling acknowledges Donne to be the “great lord” of wit, his poetry reveals little direct influence of the metaphysical poets. He treats love for the most part objectively, as in “Honest lover whosoever”; and his tone varies from the whimsical trifling of “I prithee send me back my heart,” to the cynicism of “Constancy.” Not infrequently love deteriorates with him into mere desire. Though Suckling wrote with something of Jonson’s clarity, he was in no sense a disciple of Ben.

The careless gayety of Suckling’s life was disturbed by the approach of civil war. In 1639, when the king undertook the first Scottish expedition, Suckling contributed a hundred horse at his own expense, clothing his troop of “very handsome young proper men” in gorgeous white and scarlet uniforms; but the return of the English forces without striking a blow robbed them of any opportunity to show their prowess. In 1641 was printed a letter which Suckling had written the previous year to Lord Jermyn, the queen’s chamberlain; it advises the king to yield generously to the manifest will of his

subjects, and is marked throughout by manliness and wisdom. But Suckling was a Royalist to the core, and his plotting to secure the command of the army for Charles and to liberate Strafford from the Tower proved his undoing. He escaped overseas; and, according to Aubrey, after exhausting his funds and becoming morbid over his ill fortune, he committed suicide by taking poison, probably in May or June, 1642. He was buried at Paris, in the cemetery of the Protestant Church.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING: BIBLIOGRAPHY

The most scholarly and adequate edition of Suckling is that edited by Professor A. H. Thompson, *The Works of Sir John Suckling* (London, 1910). A nine-page introduction contains a pithy account of his life and a just and discriminating criticism of his works. This is the only annotated edition of his works. Various selections from his poetry have appeared, the best being Mr. F. A. Stokes' *Poems of Sir John Suckling* (New York, 1886).

The first attempt at a scholarly biography was that by the Reverend Alfred Suckling in his *Selections from the Works of Sir John Suckling* (London, 1836). His most important single authority was the entertaining collection of anecdotes and other biographical matter gathered by John Aubrey for his *Brief Lives*, edited by A. Clark (Oxford, 1898), Vol. II. W. C. Hazlitt reprinted Alfred Suckling's account with corrections and additions in *The Poems, Plays and Other Remains of Sir John Suckling*, 2 vols. (London, 1874). The most satisfactory life is that of Mr. Thomas Seccombe in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Suckling's poetry has been made the subject of little careful study. Special authority attaches to Professor Thompson's brief but discerning discussion; his judicial tone is in notable contrast to the untempered enthusiasm of some editors of minor poets. Edward B. Reed in *English Lyrical Poetry* (New Haven, 1912), and F. W. Moorman in the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, VII, 23-27, both furnish valuable criticisms.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING: NOTES

SONG: WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER? (*Page 112*)

Aglaura, in which this lyric occurs, was first acted in the winter of 1637-38.

1. *fond*. Foolish.

FROM A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING (*Page 112*)

First printed in 1646. It appeared in the 1650 edition of *Witt's Recreations*, not, as stated in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and elsewhere, in the 1640 edition.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

The wedding was that of Roger Boyle, Baron Broghill, if we may trust a passage in the life of Boyle written by his chaplain, Rev. Thomas Morris: "He was married . . . to lady Margaret Howard, eldest daughter of Theophilus, earl of Suffolk, a lady of great piety, prudence, and reserve, and celebrated on her wedding by the famous poet Sir John Suckling, in a ballad much in vogue, beginning, 'I'll tell thee, Dick,' . . . there being a great intimacy between that learned knight and the earl of Orrery, then Lord Broghill, to whom likewise Sir John hath written another epithalamium" (*A Collection of the State Letters of Roger Boyle* [London, 1742], p. 49). Boyle's marriage took place in 1641. Possibly the ballad celebrates, not the marriage of Roger Boyle, but that of Lord Lovelace, a member of the poet's family (see C. H. Wilkinson's edition of Lovelace, I, xxii).

Stanzas 9, 13, and 19–22 are omitted.

1. *Dick*. Hazlitt suggests that Dick may have been Suckling's friend, Richard Lovelace (*Lucasta*, p. xxxii).

6. *wake*. See "The Wake," p. 62, and note.

7. *Charing Cross*. An open space south of what is now Trafalgar Square, and near the Haymarket, named from the cross erected by Edward I in honor of Queen Eleanor.

(*Page 113*)

13. *pestilent*. "Plaguy."

18. *still*. Always.

19. *course-a-park*. "A country game, in which a girl called out one of the other sex to chase her" (*New English Dictionary*).

23. *little George upon the Green*. No doubt George-a-Green, the popular hero of Wakefield. See the play *George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield*.

32. *Whitsun-ale*. A Whitsuntide festival, at which the people ate, drank, and played games.

34. *kindly*. Properly, fully.

44. *Like little mice*. See Herrick's "Upon Her Feet," p. 48.

47. *No sun upon an Easter day*. Superstition had it that on Easter day the sun danced for joy at the resurrection. Cf. Nicholas Breton, "Easter Day" in *Fantasticks* (1626): "I conclude, it is a day of much delightfulness: the Sun's dancing day, and the Earth's Holy-day."

(*Page 114*)

71. *trained band*. Militia.

[THE SIEGE] (*Page 115*)

First printed in 1646.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LYRICS

SONG: HONEST LOVER WHOSOEVER (*Page 116*)

First printed in 1646.

17. *fondly*. Foolishly.

SONG: I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART (*Page 117*)

This poem and “Constancy,” p. 118, first appeared among the “New Additionals” of the 1658 edition of *Fragmenta Aurea*. The additions have a separate title-page: *The Last Remains of Sir John Suckling, etc.*, 1659.

A SONG TO A LUTE (*Page 118*)

This song occurs in Suckling’s unfinished tragedy *The Sad One*, first printed among the additions mentioned in the preceding note. It parodies the third stanza of Jonson’s “Her Triumph,” p. 31.

JOHN MILTON: LIFE

JOHN MILTON was born on December 9, 1608, in Bread Street, Cheapside, London. His parents were in good circumstances, his father, who had come from Oxfordshire as a young man, having prospered at the profession of scrivener, or notary; and they gave their son an excellent education. He was sent first to St. Paul's School, the work of which was supplemented by private tutors, and then, with the expectation that he would take orders in the Church of England, to Cambridge. Even as a young boy, Milton possessed the keen hunger for books which, persisting throughout his life, made him eventually the most learned of our poets. Neither weak eyes nor frequent headaches could chill the ardor of his curiosity, he tells us in a famous autobiographical passage in his *Second Defense of the People of England*; and at twelve years of age he rarely left his studies till midnight.

At sixteen Milton entered upon a period of seven years' residence at Christ's College, Cambridge. So delicate and bookish a lad could hardly have won the immediate approval of his companions, who dubbed him "Lady," partly on account of his purity of life, partly, no doubt, on account of his almost feminine beauty; but eventually they came to recognize his worth. Though his enthusiasm for the university was never great, he made steady progress, and took his B.A. and M.A. degrees in due course of time. To his contemporaries he may have seemed to distinguish himself at the university chiefly by his Latin debates, declamations, and poems; but to us the most noteworthy events of this period are the composition of the first of his important English poems. According to Milton, the idea of writing his ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" came to him at dawn on Christmas, 1629. In the following year he wrote his lines "On Shakespeare," which were printed with verses of similar tenor in the 1632 folio of Shakespeare. One of his sonnets, also, "On His Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-Three," was written before he turned his back on Cambridge, and very likely, too, the graceful little "Song on May Morning" and the sonnet "To the Nightingale."

As Milton had no inclination either to take orders or to enter upon any profession, he went from Cambridge to live with his parents at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where his father had a country residence to which he had retired. Here Milton led a quiet life of study, interrupting his assimilation of the Greek and Latin classics by an occasional journey to London, either to purchase books or to satisfy his taste for mathematics and for music—could anything less than a full cathedral choir have inspired the exalted "At a Solemn Music"? From "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," written presumably after he went to Horton, it is easy to perceive that Milton the scholar had

an open eye for the rural beauties, the homely country sights that hemmed him in. And it is equally apparent from "Lycidas," an elegy upon his college mate, Edward King, drowned in the Irish Sea, August, 1637, that before he left Horton, he had become keenly aware of the critical state of religious and political affairs in England. More ambitious, and perhaps of even higher literary merit than these lyrics, was his masque *Comus*, written probably at the instigation of the musician Henry Lawes, for a celebration of the Bridgewater family at Ludlow Castle, Shropshire, upon the Earl of Bridgewater's assuming, in 1634, his duties as viceroy of Wales.

After five years at Horton, Milton's thoughts, partly because of the death of his mother and partly, one may suppose, because the classics are not inexhaustible, turned to travel; and soon, accompanied by a servant, he set out for Italy. His own account of his journey of fifteen months reads like the story of a triumphal march. Everywhere he was cordially received by scholars and nobles. These men evidently had a greater attraction for him than the art treasures and natural beauties that allure the modern traveler to Italy. After sojourning for some time in Florence, Rome, and Naples, disquieting news as to the political condition of England caused him to abandon his plan to pass on into Sicily and Greece. His return, however, by way of Florence, Venice, and Geneva, was leisurely.

Soon after his arrival in London, he hired a spacious house in Aldersgate Street for himself and his library, which he had appreciably enlarged on his Italian trip. There he turned, "with rapture," as he describes it, to literary pursuits. But a part of his time he gave to the instruction of his two nephews; nor could he have escaped, had he so wished, a deep interest in the thrilling events that were rapidly coming to pass. Indeed his interest presently became active participation with the publication, in the course of a year, of five tracts against episcopacy. This launching himself upon the sea of controversy was a momentous event, for it initiated the course he was to pursue during the next twenty years, and was probably responsible for preventing the lyric impulse from ever again asserting itself except in occasional sonnets. One of these, "When the Assault Was Intended to the City," was written, perhaps in a whimsical spirit, when, in November, 1642, the flame of civil war having been already kindled, the king, with Rupert, seemed about to attack London.

The following year, after apparently but one month of courtship, Milton married Mary Powell, daughter of an Oxfordshire Royalist. When she had, as his nephew Edward Phillips put it, "for a month or thereabout led a philosophical life" with the anti-royalist poet of double her age, she returned to her father's house. Her departure may have been responsible for Milton's

seeking, at about this time, the society of Lady Margaret Ley, whom, with her husband, Captain Hobson, he visited often, and to whom he inscribed a gracious sonnet. It was certainly responsible for his four pamphlets on divorce and for the detraction that these occasioned. His *Areopagitica: A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*, the best known to-day of all his prose works, was written as a protest against action taken by the Stationers' Company on account of his publication of *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* without license.

After five years in the Aldersgate house, Milton removed to Barbican close by; and there, joined by his wife, who at this time returned to him after an absence of two years, he conducted what Masson describes as a small private academy. A few months after his removal to the Barbican house occurred an important event—the publication by Humphrey Moseley, a man fortunately capable of resisting the tractarian madness of his day, of a little volume containing practically all Milton's English and Latin poems.

A fresh stage in Milton's career began with his acceptance in 1649 of the Latin secretaryship in the newly created Commonwealth. The post was offered to him both because of his already established reputation, and because of his defense of the conduct of the army and his support of the principle of republicanism in his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*. In addition to drafting letters to foreign governments, he became in a sense the apologist of the Commonwealth, and wrote during his secretaryship no fewer than ten political tracts, some of them at the explicit direction of the Council of State. As his official duties made residence in Westminster desirable, he was assigned apartments in the palace at Whitehall, which, after two years, he exchanged for a pleasant house and garden in a street close by called Petty-France.

His remaining sonnets were all written while he was secretary. In "To the Lord General Cromwell," he deprecates the establishment even of the liberalized state church desired by certain Independent ministers; and in his sonnet "On the Late Massacre in Piemont," he gives expression to the glowing passion which was inadmissible in the official protest sent by the Commonwealth to the Duke of Savoy. The blindness which, slowly creeping upon Milton, had, it is thought, become total by 1652, and which, with marvelous resignation, he could describe as the overshadowing of heavenly wings, furnishes the subject for two of his finest sonnets, "On His Blindness" and the second sonnet to Cyriack Skinner. "To Mr. Lawrence" and "To Cyriack Skinner" are hardly more than invitations to two young friends to pay him convivial visits. In 1656, several years after the death of his first wife, Milton married again, but lost his second wife and an infant daughter within little

more than a year; it was a vision of this second wife that occasioned the sonnet "On His Deceased Wife."

At the Restoration, Milton left Westminster and concealed himself for a few months at the house of a friend in Bartholomew Close. In view of his connection with the Commonwealth, it is curious that he was not ferreted out and severely punished, if not hanged, but powerful influences must have worked in his behalf. When he dared once more to live in the open, he resided for a short time in Holborn; but he very soon moved to Jewin Street, where he lived for about three years, devoting himself, in spite of his blindness, to work upon a Latin dictionary and a digest of theology, as well as upon *Paradise Lost*.

The last ten years of his life were spent in Artillery Walk, now Bunhill Row, a short distance north of "the city." A third marriage, contracted just before his removal thither, was doubtless chiefly a marriage of convenience, made on account of what he considered the undutifulness of his daughters. They no longer lived with him during the last five years of his life, and were probably glad of a release from attendance upon an exacting father, whose training and mentality rendered him the precise antithesis of themselves. Here, in obscurity, though visited by friends and by others, some of whom were still dazzled by the memory of his controversial powers, he completed *Paradise Lost*, and wrote *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, thus permitting the stream of poetic achievement, which had been dammed by the busy but comparatively unfruitful years of the Commonwealth, to flow again with accelerated force. There is pathos in the thought that he who was denied the sight of "summer's rose, or flocks, or herds, or human face divine," should in comparative solitude have recorded his visions splendid for those possessed of sight; but surely days of such poetic accomplishment could not have been altogether unhappy. *Paradise Lost* was published in 1667 and soon won the approval of Dryden and other prominent men of letters; *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* were published in 1671. Milton died three years later and was buried beside his father in the neighboring parish church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, now on his account become the goal of a multitude of pilgrims.

JOHN MILTON: BIBLIOGRAPHY

All Milton's lyrics except a few sonnets had been written by 1645, when the first collective edition of his poems appeared. The authoritative 1645 text, together with the earliest printed versions of the later poems, has been faithfully reproduced by Rev. H. C. Beeching in *The Poetical Works of John Milton* (Oxford, 1900). The best modernized text will be found in *The Poetical Works*

of *John Milton*, edited by William Aldis Wright (Cambridge, 1903). Professor H. J. C. Grierson has attempted a chronological arrangement of all the poems—English, Latin, Greek, and Italian—in *The Poems of John Milton*, 2 vols. (London, 1925). Of annotated editions, those of H. J. Todd (variorum; 6 vols., London, 1801; 7 vols., London, 1809) and Thomas Keightley, 2 vols. (London, 1859), are important for special students, but have been superseded in certain respects by David Masson's *The Poetical Works of John Milton*, 3 vols. (London, 1874), and by R. C. Browne's *English Poems by John Milton*, 2 vols. (Oxford, 1894; revised, 1902–6). Of single volumes, *The Complete Poetical Works of John Milton*, edited by William Vaughn Moody (Boston, 1899), is perhaps the best; the short biography and the critical and appreciative introductions to the poems reveal both careful scholarship and a poet's sensitive feeling. A new edition of Milton's works is now being prepared under the auspices of Columbia University.

Milton himself in nine pages of his *Second Defense of the People of England* has given us a pithy, straightforward account of the first forty-five years of his life. This, together with other passages from his own writings of a more or less autobiographical character, has been included by Hiram Corson in his *An Introduction to the Prose and Poetical Works of John Milton* (London, 1899). The best account of Milton's life by a contemporary is that by his nephew, Edward Phillips, reprinted, with three other contemporary lives, by Professor Laura E. Lockwood in the Introduction of her edition of Milton's *Of Education, Areopagitica, The Commonwealth* (Boston, 1911). Phillips was well qualified for his task, since from his ninth to his twentieth year he had received instruction from Milton and had, indeed, lived under his roof most of that time. The most comprehensive collection of material for a source study of Milton's life will be found in Professor J. H. Hanford's handbook mentioned below. Of recent biographies, David Masson's *The Life of John Milton: Narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of His Time*, 7 vols. (London, 1859–94), in spite of shortcomings pointed out of late by Professor Liljegren and others, certainly occupies first rank. An exhaustive index facilitates its use. Volume I of Masson's edition of the poetical works mentioned above contains the essence of this work in so far as it relates directly to Milton's life. Less methodical and formal, and hence perhaps more readable, are three short lives issued recently enough to take advantage of Masson's work: Mark Pattison's *Milton*, "English Men of Letters" (London, 1879); Richard Garnett's *Life of John Milton* (London, 1890); and William P. Trent's *John Milton, a Short Study of His Life and Works* (New York, 1899). Of these, that by Garnett is the most judicious, and, with its occasional flashes of humor, certainly not the least entertaining.

Milton's culture was so extensive, and his poetry was so profoundly affected by his learning, that even the lyrics demand much study. They have been most thoroughly and intelligently annotated as follows: Albert S. Cook, *Notes on Milton's Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, "Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences," Vol. XV (July, 1909); A. W. Verity, *Milton's Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, and Lycidas* (Cambridge, 1891), *Milton's Sonnets* (Cambridge, 1895), *Comus and Lycidas* (Cambridge, 1898); C. S. Jerram, *Lycidas and Epitaphium Damonis* (London, 1874); and J. S. Smart, *The Sonnets of Milton* (Glasgow, 1921). The annotation in Professor M. W. Sampson's *The Lyric and Dramatic Poems of John Milton* (New York, 1901; revised, 1925), though less elaborate, is independent and helpful. Most modern editors have drawn freely from the critical and explanatory matter gathered by Todd and Keightley.

Some idea of the large number of essays that Milton has inspired may be gained by a glance into Professor E. N. S. Thompson's topical bibliography (New Haven, 1916). Among critics who have written brilliant essays on the general aspects of Milton's life and poetry are Hazlitt, Macaulay, Arnold, Lowell, and Chesterton. But in most cases the discussion of *Paradise Lost* has shouldered comment upon the lyrics into narrow quarters. The most illuminating treatment of the latter will be found chiefly in Masson's, Moody's, and other editions of the poems, in the lives of Milton enumerated above, and in such general treatises as John Bailey's *Milton* (London, 1915). A few essays, however, may be mentioned because of their special significance for the student of the lyrics: William Hazlitt, "On Milton's Sonnets," *Table Talk* (London, 1821); J. H. Hanford, "The Pastoral Elegy and Milton's 'Lycidas,'" *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, XXV (1910), 403-47; H. E. Cory, "Spenser, the School of the Fletchers, and Milton," *University of California Publications in Modern Philology*, II (1912), 311-73; and E. N. S. Thompson, "Milton, the 'Last of the Elizabethans,'" *Essays on Milton* (New Haven, 1914).

The most important of several recent interpretations of Milton's character and thought is Professor Denis Saurat's *Milton, Man and Thinker* (New York, 1925). A bibliography, intended to continue that of Professor Thompson's, reveals that there is among scholars to-day an active and widespread determination to realize the personality of Milton more profoundly. As Professor Grierson has remarked: "It is clear that the ground is being prepared on many sides for a careful restudy of Milton."

Of general reference books and aids to the study of Milton, the following deserve special mention: J. Bradshaw, *A Concordance to the Poetical Works of John Milton* (London, 1894); C. G. Osgood, *The Classical Mythology of Mil-*

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ton's *English Poems*, "Yale Studies in English" (New York, 1900); Laura E. Lockwood, *Lexicon to the English Poetical Works of John Milton* (New York, 1907); and J. H. Hanford, *A Milton Handbook* (New York, 1926).

Professor R. D. Havens, in his exhaustive study, *The Influence of Milton on English Poetry* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1922), devotes four chapters to the influence of the shorter poems.

JOHN MILTON: NOTES

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY (*Page 119*)

First printed in 1645; written in 1629, during Milton's fourth year at Cambridge, in response to thoughts inspired by the approach of Christmas morning (see Milton's "Elegia Sexta," ll. 79-88). Although, like his later poems, essentially original, this ode bears testimony to the erudition of its youthful author. Numerous works, both sacred and profane, from which details may have been derived are cited by Professor Albert S. Cook in his notes on the nativity ode (see bibliographical essay).

5. *holy sages*. The Old Testament prophets.

10. *wont*. Was accustomed.

15. *heavenly Muse*. "The divine spirit of poetry" (Lockwood).

23. *wizards*. Wise men.

24. *prevent*. Anticipate.

28. *From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire*. See Isa. 6:6, 7. Milton, his lips purified by divine fire, would add his song to that of the "heavenly host" (Luke 2:13).

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46. *Sent down the meek-eyed Peace*. The Roman empire at the birth of Christ, if not so entirely at peace as Orosius and other Latin Christian writers would have us believe, was enjoying a respite from internal and from serious frontier wars.

48. *turning sphere*. "The orb or globe of the universe" (Lockwood). For the conception of the universe here implied, with its concentric spheres surrounding the earth, see note on line 125 below.

50. *turtle*. Turtledove.

51. *myrtle wand*. "The myrtle was sacred to Aphrodite . . . , and was the symbol of union and happiness" (Cook).

56. *hookèd*. Having axles equipped with scythes.

64. *whist*. Hushed (a participle).

68. *birds of calm*. According to classical mythology, there was calm while

the halcyon, or kingfisher, brooded, during the fourteen days of the winter solstice.

71. *precious influence*. See note on "On Lucy, Countess of Bedford," p. 267, l. 8.

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74. *Lucifer*. The morning star.

76. *bespake*. Spoke.

81. *As*. As if.

85. *lawn*. Field or pasture.

86. *Or ere*. Before.

88. *than*. Then.

89. *mighty Pan*. Christ had been called Pan by Spenser and others; cf. *Shephearde's Calender*, gloss for May: "Great Pan is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greate and good shepherd."

92. *silly*. Simple.

98. *As*. "Such" may be supplied before "Divinely" in line 96.

100. *close*. A musical term denoting "the conclusion of a musical phase, theme, or movement" (*New English Dictionary*).

102. *hollow round*. The sphere of the moon. See note on line 125 below.

103. *airy region*. The air was supposed to extend from the earth to the sphere of the moon.

110. *globe of circular light*, etc. See note on "The Apparition of His Mistress Calling Him to Elysium," p. 288, l. 58.

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119. *sons of morning*. Job 38:7.

124. *weltering*. Rolling.

125. *Ring out, ye crystal spheres!* Allusions to the spheres are numerous in seventeenth-century poetry. In 1543 Copernicus, the founder of modern astronomy, published his great treatise *De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium*. General acceptance of his theories, however, was slow; and even Bacon decided in favor of the so-called "Ptolemaic system." Indeed "until the publication of Newton's *Principia* in 1687, the Copernican system did not have an assured basis" (A. H. Gilbert, *Studies in Philology*, XIX, 184). According to Ptolemaic astronomy, eight concentric transparent globes, or spheres, surrounded the earth as a center, and by their varied revolutions determined the courses of the heavenly bodies. Thus there were the spheres of the moon, of Mercury, of Venus, of the sun, of Mars, of Jupiter, of Saturn, and of the fixed stars. The ninth, or crystalline sphere, and the *primum mobile* (the outermost sphere) were the product of later speculation. The revolutions of the

spheres were supposed to cause exquisite music, too refined for human ears.

132. *consort*. Accord.

133. *For, if such holy song*, etc. Milton seems here to be influenced by certain passages in the *Divine Institutes* of Lactantius which tell of the golden age, under the rule of Saturn, and of its conclusion, when Truth and Justice made their flight from earth. Only, declares Lactantius, by giving up the worship of false gods can men bring back the golden age. (See C. G. Osgood, *American Journal of Philology*, XLI, 79.)

136. *speckled*. Plague-spotted.

143. *Orbed in a rainbow*. "Milton is no doubt here taking a hint from pictures of the Virgin which exhibit her as completely surrounded by the aureole, or glory" (Cook).

143. *like*. Similar.

146. *tissued clouds*. Clouds suggesting "tissue," a cloth woven with silver and gold thread.

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155. *ychained*. The *y* is a survival of the Old English participial prefix *ge*.

155. *sleep*. Death.

156. *wakeful trump*. Trumpet that arouses from sleep.

157. *horrid*. Terrifying.

158. *As on Mount Sinai rang*. Exod. 19:16.

164. *in middle air shall spread His throne*. Matt. 24:30; Rev. 1:7.

168-72. *The old Dragon under ground*, etc. Rev. 20:2, 3.

172. *Swindges*. Lashes.

186. *genius*. The guardian spirit of a locality.

191. *Lars and Lemures*. In Roman mythology, spirits of the dead; the Lars were worshiped as household gods.

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194. *flamens at their service quaint*. Priests at their strange, or, as Moody suggests, elaborate, service.

197. *Peor*. Baal, as worshiped at Mount Peor in Moab.

197. *Baälîm*. The plural of Baal, which was the general name for the various gods of the Phoenicians.

199. *twice-battered god of Palestine*. Dagon. See I Sam. 5:1-4.

200. *Ashtaroth*. Ashtoreth (Milton uses the plural form), the chief female deity of the Phoenicians, sometimes appearing in the character of a moon goddess.

203. *Libyc Hammon*. An Egyptian deity, represented with the head of a ram; one of his famous temples was in the Libyan desert.

204. *Thammuz*. A Syrian god who corresponded to the Greek Adonis
205. *Moloch*. A god of the Ammonites; according to a medieval commentator on II Kings 23:10, a fire was wont to be kindled in the brass idol of the god, and children were placed as sacrifices in his arms (Cook).

212. *Isis and Orus*. Isis was the wife, Orus the son, of the Egyptian god Osiris; they were represented with the heads, respectively, of a cow and a hawk.

213. *Osiris*. The chief Egyptian deity; he personified the power of good and the sunlight, and was represented as a bull.

215. *unshowered grass*. A reference to the lack of rain in Egypt.

220. *his worshiped ark*. A small representation of an ark in which a figure of the god was kept, and which at great festivals was carried in procession (see references cited in Cook's notes).

226. *Typhon*. A gigantic monster, man above the waist and serpent below, who vainly opposed Jove. "The implication here is that Christ slew, or routed, Typhon, as Hercules strangled serpents in his cradle" (Cook).

231. *orient wave*. Wave with the luster of a pearl. See the note on "Ask me no more where Jove bestows," p. 314, l. 3.

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236. *night-steeds*. Cf. Milton's "In Quintum Novembris," l. 69: "Night . . . goaded her four horses headlong across the sky,—Blind-eyes, and fierce Black-hair, and torpid Whist-of-Hell, and Shudder wrapped in her streaming mane" (tr. Moody).

236. *maze*. Forest, or, perhaps, labyrinthine forest paths.

240. *youngest-teemed star*. Latest-born star, the star of Bethlehem.

243. *courtly*. "Serving as a royal residence" (Lockwood).

244. *Bright-harnessed*. Arrayed in bright armor.

SONG ON MAY MORNING (*Page 125*)

First printed in 1645.

[*To the Nightingale*] (*Page 125*)

First printed in 1645; based apparently, as Newton pointed out, not on popular belief, but on a passage in "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale" (formerly attributed to Chaucer, but now known to be the work of Clanvowe) ll. 47-50:

"I thoghte how lovers had a tokeninge,
And among hem it was a comune tale,
That it were good to here the nightingale
Rather than the lewde cukkow singe."

"Rather" means earlier (cf. Milton's "rathe primrose").

4. *jolly Hours*. Joyous Hours. The Hours were goddesses of the seasons.

9. *rude bird of hate*. The cuckoo, now welcomed as the harbinger of spring, was, especially in French medieval love-poetry, condemned and scorned, and its call was deemed unpropitious to lovers.

13. *Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate*. "The Muse might appropriately call the nightingale her mate because of its beautiful singing" (Sampson).

14. *Both them I serve*. Verity quotes "The Cuckoo and the Nightingale," ll. 133, 134, in which the nightingale declares:

"For who that wol the god of love not serve,
I dar wel say, is worthy for to sterfe [die].

ON SHAKESPEARE (*Page 126*)

First printed in the 1632 folio of Shakespeare. In the 1645 edition of Milton's poems, the date of composition, 1630, is appended to the title. Masson thinks that these lines may have been written by Milton after reading the obituary verses to Shakespeare by Leonard Digges and Ben Jonson that appeared in the folio of 1623. Cf. lines 5-7 of Digges' poem:

"This book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages;"

and Jonson's "To the Memory of Shakespeare," p. 34, especially lines 22-24.

4. *star-yointing*. The participial prefix *y* represents the Old English *ge*, used only with past participles. It is here used, by analogy to the past participle, to satisfy the rhythmic demands of the line.

10. *easy numbers*. Cf. Heminge and Condell, Preface of the 1623 folio: "His mind and hand went together: and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot [correction] in his papers."

10. *that*. "Redundant after *whilst*" (Lockwood).

11. *unvalued*. Invaluable.

12. *Delphic*. Inspired.

13. *our fancy of itself bereaving*, etc. An overrefined conceit: Shakespeare substitutes for our own ideas his far more absorbing thoughts.

[ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE] (*Page 126*)

This sonnet (first printed in 1645) was incorporated by Milton in a letter, now preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, to an unknown friend who had been expostulating with him for not settling upon a career.

"That you may see that I am something suspicious of myself," writes Milton, "and do take notice of a certain belatedness in me, I am the bolder to send you some of my nightward thoughts some while since, . . . made up in a Petrarchian stanza."

5. *my semblance*. Cf. Milton's reference to his youthful appearance in his *Second Defense of the People of England* (*Prose Works*, Bohn ed., I, 236): "Though I am more than forty years old, there is scarcely any one to whom I do not appear ten years younger than I am."

8. *timely-happy*. Happy in maturing early.

9. *it*. Inward ripeness.

13, 14. All things (not my inward ripeness only) are in God's hands, if I have grace to use them as if they were.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC (*Page 126*)

2. *Sphere-born*. See note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," p. 328, l. 125.

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5. *phantasy*. Imagination.

6. *concent*. Harmony.

7. *sapphire-colored throne*. So in Ezek. 1:26. It was the sky-blue color of the oriental sapphire that made appropriate its use in describing the throne of God in the heavens.

12. *cherubic host in thousand quires*. Cf. Rev. 5:11: "And I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne . . . : and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands."

14. *wear*. Carry. See Rev. 7:9.

19. *disproportioned*. Inharmonious.

23. *diapason*. Concord.

27. *consort*. Company of musicians making music together (*New English Dictionary*).

L'ALLEGRO (*Page 127*)

First printed in 1645. Pastoral poets from Theocritus on have delighted in presenting the idyllic side of country life. Professor J. L. Lowes (*Modern Language Review*, VI, 206) quotes a few lines from Nicholas Breton's *The Passionate Shepherd* (1604) which, in cadence as well as in content, may have proved suggestive to Milton. Cf. the following passage:

"Who can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad,
Who upon a fair green balk [ridge]

May at pleasures sit and walk,
And amid the azure skies,
See the morning sun arise,
While he hears in every spring
How the birds do chirp and sing,
Or, before the hounds in cry,
See the hare go stealing by?"

See also the introductory note on "Il Pensero." "

L'Allegro is Italian for "the cheerful man."

1. *loathèd Melancholy*. Milton personifies melancholy, and then devises a fanciful genealogy for his newly created divinity.

2. *Cerberus*. The three-headed watchdog of hell.

3. *Stygian*. Belonging to the underworld.

5. *uncouth*. Strange, fearsome.

10. *Cimmerian*. According to Homer the Cimmerians dwelt "beyond the ocean-stream" in a country of perpetual darkness and mists.

12. *Euphrosyne*. Milton has no classical authority for making her the daughter of the west wind and the dawn (l. 19).

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27. *Quips and Cranks*. Clever and humorous turns of speech.

29. *Hebe's*. Hebe, who personified youth, was cup-bearer at the table of her father Zeus.

40. *unreproved* Blameless.

41. *To hear the lark*, etc. The most natural interpretation of this much-discussed passage would seem to be that the cheerful man, wakened by the song of the lark, goes to the window and bids the new day good morning. Some commentators insist that Milton here reveals his ignorance of the habits of larks by causing the bird to appear at the window. Masson, on the other hand, thinks it is *l'Allegro* who is greeting his own family through the window from outside the house.

48. *twisted eglantine*. Eglantine and sweetbriar being the same, it has been suggested that Milton may have had in mind the honeysuckle.

53. *hounds and horn*. On his walks near Horton, Milton may have heard the hunt in the royal park at Windsor.

55. *hoar*. "Grey from absence of foliage" (*New English Dictionary*), the hunting season being in the autumn. Spenser was fond of applying "hoar" to hills and mountains; cf. *Faerie Queene*, II, xii, 30.

57. *not unseen*. In plain view, in contrast to the pensive man, who prefers to walk "unseen," "Il Pensero," l. 65.

59. *against*. Toward.

60. *state*. Stately progress.

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62. *dight*. Arrayed.

67. *tells his tale*. Relates his story. The *New English Dictionary* offers good arguments for this interpretation. See also F. M. Padelford, *Modern Language Notes*, XXII, 200, and J. S. Kenyon, *Nation* (New York), XCIV, 83.

71. *Russet lawns and fallows gray*. Brown pastures and the darker plowed fields.

73. *Mountains*. One of several details that show Milton to be attempting no consistent portrayal of his surroundings at Horton.

74. *laboring clouds*. Clouds that move slowly, like heavily laden ships.

75. *pied*. Variegated in color.

77. *Towers and battlements*. The huge mass of Windsor Castle, "bosomed high" in the trees of the Home Park, lies not far from Horton.

79. *lies*. Dwells.

80. *cynosure*. The north star, and so, figuratively, whatever attracts by its brilliancy or beauty.

83. *Corydon and Thyrsis*. Stock names for shepherds in pastoral poetry, as were Phillis and Thestylis for shepherdesses.

87. *bower*. Cottage.

91. *secure*. Care free.

94. *rebecks*. Primitive fiddles.

102. *faery Mab*. See Herrick's "The Fairies," p. 69, and note.

103, 104. *She . . . he*. Two of the holiday-makers.

104. *by friar's lanthorn led*. Led astray by a will-o'-the-wisp (cf. G. L. Kittredge, *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, XV, 441). An apparently irrelevant phrase. Professor W. C. Bronson (*English Poems*, II, 482) says: "We expect the rustic to go on and tell of his adventure with the will-o'-the-wisp; instead, the mention of the sprite-borne light leads the poet, in the rapid manner characteristic of this poem, to speak of the labors of the sprites, or goblins, in whom the country folk believed."

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110. *lubber fiend*. A goblin who played the part of "lubber," or drudge. Robin Goodfellow, variously described, sometimes had similar traits; Shakespeare's Puck was surely no more than a second cousin.

113. *crop-full*. With full stomach.

114. *his matin rings*. Announces the day.

117. *Towered cities please us then.* It does not seem necessary to conclude with Masson that from here on the poem describes "the evening reveries, readings, and other recreations, of the imaginary youth in his country-cottage." To be sure, no youth could accomplish in one evening all that is here indicated, but may we not assume that Milton is mentioning the various pursuits to which one of l'Allegro's temper would be led?

120. *weeds.* Dress.

120. *triumphs.* Festivities.

122. *influence.* See note on "On Lucy, Countess of Bedford," p. 267, l. 8.

125. *Hymen.* The god of marriage; he was wont to bear a torch, and, according to Ovid (*Met.* x. 1 ff.), came to the marriage of Orpheus and Eurydice enveloped in a saffron garment.

132. *If Jonson's learned sock be on.* See note on "To the Memory of Shakespeare," p. 273, l. 36.

136. *Lydian.* A technical term describing one of several scales in which Greek music was composed; delicate in tone.

138. *meeting.* Responsive.

145 ff. *Orpheus'.* Orpheus was reputed to be the greatest of musicians. Having by his music won from Pluto, god of the underworld, the release of Eurydice, his wife, he lost her by violating a provision of the agreement that forbade his looking back at her till they had both passed out of Hades.

146. *a bed Of heaped Elysian flowers.* Milton thinks of Orpheus as among the blessed in the Elysian fields.

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151. *These delights if thou canst give, Mirth, with thee I mean to live.* Milton echoes the concluding lines of the most popular of Elizabethan lyrics, Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love":

"If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love."

IL PENSERO SO (*Page 131*)

First printed in 1645. Robert Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621), which discusses the causes, symptoms, and cure of melancholy, was so popular that eight editions were required before the end of the century. A poetical dialogue entitled "The Author's Abstract of Melancholy," which Burton prefixed to the third edition (1628), may have given to Milton, as Warton first suggested, the idea of contrasting the pleasures of the cheerful with those of the pensive life; here are two of its twelve stanzas:

[1.] "When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brookside or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

[2.] "When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove or irksome den,
With discontents and Furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce,
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as melancholy."

Todd cites the following song in praise of melancholy from John Fletcher's *The Nice Valor*:

"Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy.
O sweetest melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes;
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies,
A look that's fastened to the ground;
A tongue chained up without a sound;
Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls.
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon:
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely melancholy."

"Melancholy" in the seventeenth century often meant very nearly what we mean by melancholia. So Burton uses "melancholy" throughout *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. In "Il Pensero," however, as in the lines extolling melancholy in "The Author's Abstract of Melancholy," we find the word employed with the unusual meaning of a fondness for solitary contemplation. Professor Amy L. Reed, in *The Background of Gray's Elegy* (p. 19), says of Milton's use of "melancholy" in "Il Pensero": "He deliberately rejects all the associations of the word with disease, madness, suicide and fear. Deliberately also, he sets up a new set of connotations, with saintliness, with wisdom, with beauty, with leisure, with poetry, philosophy, and music, with lovely outdoor scenes, and with a widening experience maturing with age."

Il Pensero (obsolete form of *pensieroso*) is Italian for "the thoughtful man"; Milton was doubtless mindful that "pensive" in his day was a synonym both of "thoughtful" and of "melancholy."

3. *bested*. Avail.

4. *fill the fixèd mind*. Satisfy the steadfast mind.

4. *toys*. Trumpery.

6. *fond*. Foolish.

10. *pensioners*. Retainers.

10. *Morpheus' train*. Morpheus was a dream god, the most powerful of the sons of Sleep.

18. *Memnon's sister*. Memnon was an Ethiopian king who aided Priam during the Trojan War; his sister, mentioned in medieval works, as in Guido delle Colonne's *Hystoria Destructionis Troiae*, Book 8, was, like her brother, famous for her beauty (see Mabel Day, *Modern Language Review*, XII, 496).

18. *beseem*. Befit.

19. *starred Ethiop queen*. Cassiopeia, the wife of the Ethiopian king Cepheus. She was eventually placed in the heavens (starred).

23. *bright-haired Vesta*, etc. Milton chooses Vesta, virgin goddess of the hearth, and Saturn, later identified with Cronus, who was the father of six of the great Greek divinities, to be parents of Melancholy. Line 30 contains a reference to the story that Saturn, fearful lest he might be overthrown, swallowed all his children except Jove, who was spirited away to Crete, where he grew up, and whence he eventually returned, armed with his thunderbolt, to end his father's reign.

29. *Ida's inmost grove*. Crete and Phrygia each possessed a Mount Ida that was noted for its forests.

33. *grain*. Color.

35. *stole of cypress lawn*. A black linen scarf.

36. *decent*. Comely.

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37. *state*. Stateliness of bearing.

42. *Forget thyself to marble*. A repetition of the idea in Milton's "On Shakespeare," p. 126.

43. *sad*. Grave.

47. *Muses in a ring*. Osgood quotes the opening lines of Hesiod's *Theogony*, where we are told that the Muses of Helicon "dance on soft feet about the deep-blue spring and the altar of the almighty son of Cronos." Departing, they "utter their song with lovely voice" (tr. Evelyn-White: Loeb).

52. *yon*. Yonder.

53. *Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne*. In the first chapter of Ezekiel there is a description of the fiery throne of God; it was accompanied by four cherubim who moved, as it were, upon wheels. Milton probably chose the cherub to personify contemplation on account of the medieval notion that the cherubim excelled other angels in knowledge.

55. *hist along*. Summon with the caution "Hush"; that is, summon silently.

56. *Philomel*. The nightingale.

57. *plight*. Mood.

59. *While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke Gently o'er the accustomed oak*. Dragons seem to have been added by the Elizabethans to the list of creatures that drew the chariot of the moon. Cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III, scene ii, l. 379; Drayton, "The Man in the Moon," l. 431; and the following lines from Dekker's "Song of the Cyclops" in *London's Tempe*:

"We shoe the horses of the sun,
Harness the dragons of the moon."

The "accustomed oak" may have been a favorite haunt of the nightingale.

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83. *bellman's drowsy charm To bless the doors*. See Herrick's "The Bellman," p. 49, and note.

87. *outwatch the Bear*. Sit up all night, since the constellation known as "the Bear" never sets in the latitude of England.

88. *thrice-great Hermes*. Hermes Trismegistus, a designation of Thoth, the Egyptian god of wisdom; used during and after the third century as a pseudonym in connection with certain works that dealt with theosophy, Neoplatonic philosophy, alchemy, etc.

88. *unsphere The spirit of Plato*. Call back his spirit from the sphere or

unseen world where he now resides. In his *Phaedo* Plato had argued for the immortality of the soul.

93. *And of those demons, etc.* A return in thought to "thrice-great Hermes," mentioned in line 88. The Hermetic philosophy describes daimons resident in the four elements—earth, air, fire, and water—through whom the stars exert their influence upon the lives of men (cf. E. C. Baldwin, *Modern Language Notes*, XXXIII, 184) Lineal descendants of these daimons, or spirits, known among the Rosicrucians as "salamanders," "sylphs," "nymphs," and "gnomes," played, it will be recalled, an amusing part in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*.

95. *consent.* Agreement.

98. *sceptered pall.* Royal robe.

99. *Thebes.* The Greek tragic poets Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides and the Roman Seneca all treat in their plays the legends relating to Oedipus, the Theban hero who unwittingly married his mother as a reward for guessing the riddle of the sphinx.

99. *Pelops' line.* Ten extant tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides deal with tales of the house of Pelops. Among the members of this house were Agamemnon, his children Electra, Iphigenia, and Orestes, and his brother Menelaus.

100. *the tale of Troy divine.* To Euripides the tragic possibilities of the tale made a special appeal, but Sophocles and Seneca also employed it. Troy was called "divine" because its walls were built by Neptune and Apollo.

102. *buskined.* See note on "To the Memory of Shakespeare," p. 273, l. 36.

104. *Musaeus.* A mythical Greek poet. Osgood cites *Aeneid* vi. 656 ff., which recounts how Aeneas saw Musaeus in a fragrant grove in Elysium towering above his companions, all of whom were chanting the joyful paean.

105. *Orpheus.* See note on "L'Allegro," p. 335, l. 145.

110-15. *The story of Cambuscan bold, etc.* Chaucer's unfinished "Squire's Tale." Cambuscan was a Tartar king, Camball and Algarsife were his sons, and Canace was his daughter. The ring, glass, and horse were magic gifts from the king of Araby to Canace and Cambuscan.

120. *Where more is meant than meets the ear.* In allegories, as in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

122. *civil-suited.* In sober garb.

123. *tricked and frounced.* Foppishly attired ("frounce" means to curl the hair).

124. *Attic boy.* Perhaps Cephalus, whom Aurora, goddess of the dawn, loved and snatched away. See Ovid *Met.* vii. 704.

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134. *Sylvan*. A deity of the woods.140. *no profaner eye*. No eye less initiated into a due veneration of divine melancholy.148. *Wave at his wings*. The thought seems to be that the wings of sleep, gently brushing his eyelids, communicate a rapidly changing dream to him. *Wave* is intransitive.155. *due*. Appointed to arrive (Lockwood).156. *studious cloister's pale*. The enclosure formed by cloisters. A portion of the cloisters of an abbey was often used by the monks for writing and study, but perhaps Milton had in mind a collegiate cloister and chapel.157. *embowèd*. Arched.158. *massy proof*. Literally "massive-strong"; that is, of massive strength.159. *storied*. "Ornamented with scenes from history or legend" (*New English Dictionary*).

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169. *hairy gown and mossy cell*. The hermit's hair-cloth shirt and secluded, single-chambered dwelling.170. *spell*. Construe.

175-76. Cf. "L'Allegro," p. 131, ll. 151-52, and note.

LYCIDAS (Page 135)

"Lycidas" was Milton's contribution to a volume of memorial verses on his college friend, Edward King. The latter, at the time of his death, was both fellow and tutor at Christ's, and he was also preparing himself for the ministry. He was shipwrecked off the Welsh coast when crossing to Ireland to visit friends during the long vacation of 1637. Milton must have known King well, but it does not appear that they were close friends; nor do the Latin poems of King, in spite of Milton's praise, reveal much poetical promise. The mere fact of the memorial volume, however, indicates the esteem in which King was generally held. "Lycidas" was written in November, 1637, as a notation in Milton's hand on the Cambridge MS of the poem proves; and the volume, of which this poem alone is memorable, was published in the following year.

In spite of Milton's familiarity with the Greek pastoral elegies of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, with the bucolics of Virgil, and probably with the work of most of their Renaissance imitators, his indebtedness to these poets, except for certain conventions of the pastoral elegy, is confined to a very few lines. The name Lycidas is borne by poet-shepherds in several pastorals—Theocritus' Seventh Idyll, Virgil's Ninth Eclogue, and two eclogues of the Italian poets Amaltheus and Sannazarius. Certain allusions to the sea in three

of these pastorals may have recalled them to Milton's mind as he thought about the death of King (see J. W. Hales, *Athenaeum*, August 1, 1891, p. 159).

1. *O ye laurels*, etc. The laurel, myrtle, and ivy were all associated with poetry. Milton is here declaring symbolically that he finds himself unripe for his task. "Once more" probably hints at a similar reluctance when he wrote *Comus*, three years before.

2. *brown*. Of a dusky color.

2. *never sere*. The ivy is an evergreen.

6. *dear*. Grievous.

11. *to sing*. How to sing (a Latinism).

13. *welter*. Be tossed about. King's body was never recovered.

15. *Sisters of the sacred well*. The nine Muses, goddesses of poetry; Agnippe and Hippocrene on Mount Helicon and the Pierian spring at the foot of Mount Olympus were all three sacred to the Muses. "Well" means spring.

19. *Muse*. Poet.

23. *For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill*. Here with the conventional imagery of the pastoral, Milton describes his association with King.

25. *lawns*. Pastures.

27. *heard What time*, etc. Heard the gray-fly when she winds her horn at midday.

29. *Battening*. Feeding.

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32. *the rural ditties were not mute*, etc. A reference, no doubt, to friendly rivalry among the students in the composition of verses, in which one of the tutors (Damoetas) took an interest.

50. *Where were ye, nymphs*, etc. Milton here identifies the sea nymphs with the Muses. His indebtedness in this passage to both Theocritus and Virgil has been pointed out; cf. Theocritus I. 66-69 (tr. Calverley):

"Where were ye, Nymphs, oh where, while Daphnis pined?

In fair Peneus', or in Pindus' glens?

For great Anapus' stream was not your haunt,

Nor Aetna's cliff, nor Acis' sacred rill."

54. *Mona*. Anglesey, an island off the north coast of Wales, of whose druids Tacitus gives a vivid account.

55. *where Deva spreads her wizard stream*. The river Dee, called by the Romans "Deva," flows into the Irish Sea near Chester. "Wizard," perhaps, because thought to possess magical powers. Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, IV, xi, 39: The "Dee, which Britons long ygone Did call divine."

56. *fondly*. Foolishly.

58. *What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore*, etc. Orpheus' mother was Calliope, the Muse of epic poetry. Ovid (*Met.* xi. 1) describes Orpheus' death at the hands of the Thracian women whose love he had spurned. When they had torn his body to pieces, they threw his head and lyre into the Hebrus.

59. *enchanting*. An allusion to the miraculous power of Orpheus' music (Ovid *Met.* xi. 1).

66. *strictly meditate the thankless Muse*. To "meditate the muse" is a Virgilian expression meaning to occupy one's self with poetry.

68, 69. *Amaryllis Nesaera's*. Names of maidens in pastoral poetry.

70. *clear*. Guileless.

75. *the blind Fury with the abhorred shears*. It was, properly speaking, the Fate Atropos who cut the thread of life, though, as Osgood points out, the Fates and Furies were occasionally regarded as identical.

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77. *Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears*. Speaking as divine patron of poetry. The line is reminiscent of Virgil *Ecl.* 6. 3: "Apollo plucked my ear and warned me."

81. *by those pure eyes And perfect witness of all-judging Jove*. It is God who sees and takes account.

85. *fountain Arethuse*. A spring in Sicily, the country of Theocritus; here used to designate Greek pastoral poetry.

86. *Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds*. A river in Northern Italy, near which Virgil was born; it is used as a symbol of the Italian pastoral. Milton no doubt has Virgil's description in mind. Cf. *Georg.* iii. 14: "Where great Mincius wanders in slow windings and fringes his banks with slender reeds" (tr. Fairclough: Loeb).

88. *oat*. Pastoral pipe made of oaten straw.

89. *the herald of the sea*. Triton, who, by blowing his hollow conch, controlled sea and river in accordance with Neptune's will. He comes now to plead Neptune's innocence of King's death.

94. *beaked*. Jutting.

96. *Hippotades*. Aeolus, god of the winds, which were usually kept chained by him in a vast cave or dungeon.

98. *The air was calm*. Masson says that the ship foundered in perfectly clear weather, after striking a rock.

99. *Sleek Panope, with all her sisters*. Nereids, or sea-nymphs.

103. *Camus*. The Cam, which flows sluggishly through Cambridge. The

"sanguine flower" is the purple hyacinth, to which the youth Hyacinthus was transformed after his accidental death from the discus of Apollo. Upon its petals Apollo inscribed the words "Ai! ai!" to commemorate his grief. Todd suggests that the "figures dim" may be the odd streaks, or markings, on the flags along the Cam.

107. *pledge*. Child.

109. *The pilot of the Galilean Lake*. Peter, the reputed founder of the Christian church and the custodian of the keys of heaven (Matt. 16:18, 19).

111. *amain*. forcibly.

112. *mitered locks*. "As St. Peter here speaks with episcopal authority, he is made to wear the distinctive dress of his order" (Jerram).

114, 115. *such as . . . Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold*. See John 10:1 and Ezek. 34:2-10. Spenser in the May eclogue of *The Shepheardes Calender* had also vigorously assailed neglectful pastors:

"Those faytours [impostors] little regarden their charge,
While they, letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparingly spent,
In lustihede and wanton meryment;"

and still earlier Skelton, in his "Colin Clout" (see C. R. Baskerville, *Nation* [New York], XCI, 546). As Masson remarks, we have in this passage of "Lycidas" a most interesting poetical anticipation of Milton's tracts (the first of which was written three and a half years later) urging the abolition of the episcopal system and the purging away of the corruptions that Puritans felt grew out of it.

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122. *They are sped*. They have attained their desires.

124. *scrannel*. Unmelodious.

126. *wind and the rank mist*. False and unwholesome teaching.

128. *what the grim wolf . . . Daily devours apace*. Converts in England to the Church of Rome.

130. *that two-handed engine at the door*. Probably some such mighty instrument (engine) of justice as the ax laid at the root of the trees in Matt. 3:10, or the sharp two-edged sword of Rev. 1:16, so heavy as to require two hands for the wielding; perhaps, as Professor C. G. Osgood suggests, the iron flail of Talus (*Review of English Studies*, I, 339).

132. *Alpheus*. The river god of Elis; his name is here used to signify pastoral poetry.

133. *Sicilian Muse*. The Muse who inspired the great pastoral poet of Sicily, Theocritus; here the equivalent of pastoral poetry.

136. *use*. Linger.

138. *swart star*. Malignant star. Perhaps the Dog Star, alleged to cause the withering heat of summer.

139. *quaint*. Pretty.

142. *rathe*. Early.

143. *crow-toe*. Wild hyacinth.

144. *freaked*. Capriciously streaked. The *New English Dictionary* says that this meaning seems to have been originated by Milton.

158. *monstrous*. Abounding in monsters.

160. *Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old*. Milton wonders if King has been wafted to Land's End, the Bellerium of the Romans. "Bellerus" may be Milton's coinage from "Bellerium" to represent a mythical king of the region.

161. *Where the great vision of the guarded mount Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold*. Southeast of Land's End, the impressive castle-crowned St. Michael's Mount rises from the sea. On a natural stone seat among the crags, so legend has it, the archangel Michael was once seen by hermits. Namancos and Bayona are, respectively, a district and a town on the west coast of Spain, toward which the angel might have gazed (Albert S. Cook, *Modern Language Review*, II, 124).

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164. *dolphins*. Arion, a semi-legendary poet of Lesbos, was saved from drowning by a dolphin that had been charmed by his music.

168. *the day-star*. The sun.

170. *ore*. Radiance.

173. *Him that walked the waves*. Mark 6:48.

176. *nuptial song*. When Christ and His church are united. Rev. 19:7, 9; 21:2, 9.

181. *And wipe the tears*. Rev. 7:17.

183. *genius*. See note on "His Return to London," p. 299, l. 7.

186. *uncouth*. Rustic, or, perhaps, unknown.

188. *various quills*. A reference to the varying moods of the poem.

189. *Doric*. Pastoral; the Sicilian pastoral poets wrote in the Doric dialect.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY (*Page 139*)

First printed in 1645. On November 12 and 13, 1642, an attack upon London by the forces of Charles I seemed imminent. The Cambridge MS., which supplies the title, shows that Milton first wrote as title "On His Door When the City Expected an Assault."

JOHN MILTON

(*Page 140*)

10. *The great Emathian conqueror bid spare The house of Pindarus.* When Alexander the Great of Macedonia (sometimes called "Emathia") sacked Thebes in 335 B.C., more than a century after Pindar's death, he spared, it is alleged, only the citadel, the temples, and Pindar's house.

12. *the repeated air Of sad Electra's poet, etc.* Plutarch, in his life of Lysander, sec. 15, tells of the determination of the Lacedaemonians to destroy the city of Athens (404 B.C.). "Afterwards, however," he continues, "when the leaders were gathered at a banquet, and a certain Phocian sang the first chorus in the 'Electra' of Euripides, which begins with

'O thou daughter of Agamemnon
I am come, Electra, to thy rustic court,'

all were moved to compassion, and felt it to be a cruel deed to abolish and destroy a city which was so famous, and produced such poets" (tr. Perrin: Loeb).

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY (*Page 140*)

First printed in 1645.

1. *that good earl.* James Ley, Earl of Marlborough (1550-1629). Sir Sidney Lee (*Dictionary of National Biography*) calls him "a feeble statesman," but an able, erudite, and impartial judge.

5. *sad breaking of that parliament.* On March 2, 1629, Charles I dissolved his third parliament, having determined to rule henceforth without its aid.

6. *that dishonest victory At Chaeronea.* The battle of Chaeronea (338 B.C.), which resulted in the defeat of the Thebans and Athenians by Philip of Macedon. Milton calls it "dishonest," that is, shameful, because it represented "the triumph of an absolute monarchy over free commonwealths" (J. B. Bury, *History of Greece*).

8. *that old man eloquent.* Isocrates, the Attic orator and rhetorician. The tradition that his death a few days after the battle of Chaeronea was from suicide because of his chagrin at the defeat of his country is not well supported.

9. *Though later born, etc.* Milton was twenty at the time of the earl's retirement.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING
CERTAIN TREATISES (*Page 140*)

First printed in 1673, with the title "On the Same." I employ the manuscript title originally given this sonnet by Milton. In his four pamphlets on divorce (published 1643-45), Milton argued that incompatibility of temper was sufficient ground for divorce.

1. *clogs*. A clog is a block of wood attached to the leg of an animal to prevent it from wandering.

5. *hinds that were transformed to frogs*. Latona was mother, by Jove, of Apollo and Diana. Ovid (*Met.* vi. 346) relates how the Lycian peasants were transformed to frogs because they cursed the young mother, and muddied the pool beside which they were working so that she could not quench her thirst.

7. *in fee*. As unquestioned possessions.

8. *casting pearl to hogs*. Matt. 7:6.

10. *when truth would set them free*. John 8:32.

11. *License they mean when they cry liberty*. Cf. Tacitus *Dial.* 40: "License, which fools call liberty."

14. *waste of wealth and loss of blood*. Occasioned by the civil war.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 1652 (Page 141)

First printed in 1694. Early in 1652, a group of Independent ministers petitioned parliament for a much less formal and more liberal state church than that desired and in places already established by the Presbyterians. Parliament appointed the Committee for the Propagation of the Gospel, of which Cromwell was a member, to confer with the petitioning ministers. The function of this committee was not, as the name implies, missionary activity, but the consideration of proposals for the providing and paying of ministers throughout the Commonwealth. Milton, by this time one of the extreme Independents, must have greatly feared a proposal of the petitioning ministers to the effect that censorship over unpaid religious teachers be placed in the hands of the clergy (see Smart, *The Sonnets of Milton*, p. 88). Masson thinks Milton is here expressing the hope that Cromwell will use his power to free England from "a Hireling Church in any form" (*The Life of John Milton*, IV, 441).

5. *crowned fortune*. The Stuarts.

7. *Darwen stream*. A small river near Preston. At the Battle of Preston, August, 1648, Cromwell defeated the Scots under the Duke of Hamilton.

8. *Dunbar field*. On September 3, 1650, at Dunbar, Cromwell defeated a Scotch force under Leslie numbering more than double his own.

9. *Worcester's laureate wreath*. Exactly a year after his victory at Dunbar, Cromwell practically ended Royalist opposition by the defeat of the Scotch under Charles II at Worcester.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE (Page 141)

First printed in 1673. In the twelfth century a sect known as "the Waldenses" (from their founder, Peter Waldo, of Lyons) sprang up in Southern France. They were devoted to a simple form of religion, anticipatory in cer-

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tain respects of Protestantism. Edward Everett Hale's *In His Name* is a delightful story concerned with these "poor men of Lyons." By the seventeenth century, persecution had reduced their numbers and had forced most of those who remained to take refuge in the Alpine valleys of eastern Piedmont (now a part of Italy). In 1655 Charles Emmanuel II, Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont, having determined to stamp out Protestantism in his dominions, caused many of the Waldenses to be put to death. News of the massacre greatly stirred the Protestants of Europe. Cromwell's protests and his influence exerted through France, coupled with the vigorous resistance organized by the Waldenses themselves, resulted in the Duke's making peace with his Protestant subjects (see Smart, *op. cit.*, pp. 99 ff.).

Piemont is the French spelling.

4. *When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones.* That is, in pre-Reformation times; a reference to what Milton was fond of calling the "idolatry" of the Roman Catholic Church. "Stock" means, literally, stump: a god of wood.

5. *Thy book.* See Rev. 20:12.

12. *triple Tyrant.* The Pope; "triple" has reference to the papal tiara, or cylindrical diadem surrounded by three crowns.

14. *Babylonian woe.* The destruction in store for the Church of Rome. See Rev. 14:8; 18:2. Babylon, an appellation among early Christian writers for Rome, by an easy transition became later a designation for the papacy.

[ON HIS BLINDNESS] (Page 141)

First printed in 1673.

2. *Ere half my days.* Toward the close of Milton's third year as secretary, when he was not yet forty-three, his failing sight required him, Masson thinks, to do most of his writing by the method of dictation.

3. *that one talent.* The slothful servant in Matt. 25:14-30 was thrown into outer darkness for his failure to trade with the money (a single talent) intrusted to him by his lord.

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8. *fondly.* Foolishly.

11. *His mild yoke.* Matt. 11:30.

11. *state.* Pomp.

12. *thousands at His bidding speed,* etc. The reference here and in line 14 is to the angels. "Angel" means messenger.

[TO MR. LAWRENCE] (Page 142)

First printed in 1673. Milton addresses Edward Lawrence, a virtuous and studious young man, whose promising career was cut short by his death

at the age of twenty-four (Smart, *op. cit.*, p. 111). His father was the Puritan statesman and author, Henry Lawrence (1600–1664). Phillips says that young Lawrence was a frequent visitor at Milton's house in Petty-France, Westminster.

1. *virtuous father*. Milton, in the *Second Defense* (*Prose Works*, Bohn ed., I, 293), bears testimony to his political wisdom, civil virtue, and cultivation.

4. *waste*. Pass.

4. *what*. Object of *gaining*.

6. *Favonius*. Another name for Zephyrus, the west wind, which heralded the spring.

8. *that neither sowed nor spun*. Matt. 6:28.

9. *neat*. Dainty.

10. *Of Attic taste*. Simple and elegant.

11. *lute*. In Milton's day the lute was the most popular musical instrument. Milton himself "had an excellent ear, and could bear a part both in vocal and instrumental music" (*Anonymous Life of Milton*).

12. *Tuscan*. Italian.

13. *spare*. Forbear.

[To CYRIACK SKINNER] (Page 142)

First printed in 1673. We know little about Cyriack Skinner. He was the son of a Lincolnshire squire, and, as a boy, one of Milton's pupils. Later we find him resident at Lincoln's Inn and one of the most frequent visitors at Milton's Westminster home.

1. *grandsire*. Sir Edward Coke (1552–1634), the most noted jurist of his time. In 1606 he became chief justice of the common pleas; in 1613, chief justice of the king's bench. His fame rests as much upon his legal publications as upon his public career.

2. *Themis*. The Greek goddess of justice.

7. *Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause*. Euclid and Archimedes were Greek mathematicians of the third century B.C. .

8. *what the Swede intends, and what the French*. The allusion here is too vague to settle the date of the sonnet. Sweden and France emerged from the Thirty Years' War, in 1648, powerful and ambitious states; Sweden was soon at war with Poland, France with Spain.

[To THE SAME] (Page 143)

First printed in 1694.

1. *this three years' day*. For three years. Milton, Masson thinks, became totally blind in 1652; this sonnet would, then, have been written in 1655.

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1. *though clear, To outward view, of blemish or of spot.* In the *Second Defense*, Milton says of his eyes: "So little do they betray any external appearance of injury that they are as unclouded and bright as the eyes of those who most distinctly see" (*Prose Works*, Bohn ed., I, 235).

8. *bear up.* A nautical term: "To put the helm 'up' so as to bring the vessel into the direction of the wind" (*New English Dictionary*).

10. *to have lost them overplied.* Milton, in spite of the solemn warnings of his physicians, devoted his spare time during the year 1650 to preparing his elaborate *Defense of the English People* in answer to Salmasius' defense of the king (*Defensio Regia*).

12. *Of which all Europe talks.* Verity quotes Milton's *Second Defense* (*Prose Works*, Bohn ed., I, 219): "I imagine myself . . . about to address in this, as I did in my former Defence, the whole collective body of people, cities, states, and councils of the wise and eminent, through the wide expanse of anxious and listening Europe."

13. *the world's vain mask.* The "vain show," probably, of Ps. 39:6. Jaques has the same idea in his "All the world's a stage."

[ON HIS DECEASED WIFE] (Page 143)

First printed in 1673.

1. *late espousèd saint.* Milton's second wife, Katharine Woodcock. She died as a result of childbirth, February, 1658, fifteen months after her marriage. See Smart, *op. cit.*, p. 121.

2. *Alcestis.* Osgood thinks that Milton had in mind Euripides' version of the story: Alcestis had agreed to die in the place of her husband, King Admetus, but Hercules, passing that way shortly after she had fulfilled her promise, wrested her from Death and restored her to her husband.

6. *Purification in the old law.* Lev. 12:2-8.

9. *vested.* Clothed. Rev. 7:13, 14.

10. *Her face was veiled.* Like that of Alcestis when brought by Hercules to King Admetus. Masson finds here a suggestion that Milton had never seen his wife.

RICHARD CRASHAW: LIFE

RICHARD CRASHAW was born in London, about 1613. His father, William Crashaw, who came of Yorkshire stock, was a scholarly and distinguished Puritan minister—at the time of Richard's birth, preacher at the Temple Church. He was author of a number of anti-Catholic pamphlets, but his death in 1626 spared him the pain of seeing his son embrace the Roman faith.

Richard was educated at Charterhouse and at Cambridge. He remained at Cambridge for nearly thirteen years, first being admitted to Pembroke Hall, where he took the B.A. degree in 1634, and later transferring to Peterhouse, whose beautiful new chapel, with its "roof of angels" and its ultra-high-church service, may have been a chief attraction. He was elected to a fellowship at Peterhouse in 1636, and took his M.A. degree in 1638. There he lived for about eight years, with Little St. Mary's Church and the new chapel inviting him to worship and the Fellows' Gardens offering him a place of quiet retreat.

We know little of his life during this period, but we may be sure it was not spent in idleness. The anonymous editor of Crashaw's *Steps to the Temple* tells us of his mastery of five languages and of his skill in poetry, music, drawing, painting, and engraving, "exercises of his curious invention and sudden fancy." His volume of sacred epigrams in Latin, published in 1634, his translations from the Italian, and the twelve dainty engravings made long afterward from his own drawings to illustrate some of his favorite poems furnish interesting evidence of his proficiency. His friends, too, must have absorbed a part of his time. Now and then he may have crossed Cambridge for an evening with Abraham Cowley; and sometimes he passed beyond its borders for a visit to the "Protestant Nunnery" at Little Gidding, twenty-five miles away in Huntingdonshire, where Nicholas Ferrar had organized much the sort of life that is described in the lines Crashaw chose to paraphrase from John Barclay's *Argenis*.

In the slender little volume *Steps to the Temple: Sacred Poems, with Other Delights of the Muses*, we may read something of the poet's spiritual life while at the university. In the Preface the editor lays great emphasis upon Crashaw's elevated, religious themes, which he compares to the trivial subjects—"bees, dung, frogs, and gnats"—of Homer, Virgil, and Horace. Yet the volume contains a number of secular pieces. They are chiefly occasional verses—several rather perfunctory elegies and epitaphs, a panegyric to Queen Henrietta Maria, a poem entitled "Upon Two Green Apricots Sent to Cowley," and others; but they include such love poems as his "Wishes to

His (Supposed) Mistress," the best of his secular poems in spite of its revelation of his characteristic faults of diffuseness and fantastic wit, and the graceful translation of an Italian song beginning "To thy lover, Dear, discover." These last, no doubt the product of his earlier Cambridge years, suggest, not the religious enthusiast, but rather the light-hearted cavalier, who, like Cowley, feels impelled to write love poems even if he has to inscribe them to a hypothetical mistress. Many of the religious poems, which reveal far more intensity, show that the boy who had come to Cambridge from a Puritan home had become, with the passing years, in spirit if not by profession, a Catholic. The change was no doubt the result partly of the influence of friends, partly of his temperament, coupled with the troubled times in which he lived. But we should also ascribe a powerful influence to the "admirable Saint Teresa," whose works his command of Spanish must have enabled him to read in the original. Her autobiography in particular, a knowledge of which he reveals in his "Hymn" to St. Teresa, glows not only with mystical visions but also with the humility and beauty of a noble spirit, and would have quickened the heartbeats of a far less sensitive man than Crashaw. In his hymns "In the Holy Nativity of Our Lord God" and "In the Glorious Assumption of Our Blessed Lady" we see the clear flame of his religious ardor, the mere title of the second showing him to be already in point of view a Catholic. If we may trust his anonymous editor, his life had become as devout as his poetry. We are told that, "like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day," and that he observed "rare moderation in diet." His motto was:

"Live, Jesus, live, and let it be
My life to die for love of thee."

Late in 1643 "two mighty great angels with wings, and divers other angels, and the four evangelists, and Peter with his keys" were pulled down by the Puritans from above the entrance to the beautiful chapel of Peterhouse; and in the following year Crashaw, finding himself unable to subscribe to the Solemn League and Covenant, left the university, with other Royalists. It is impossible to trace his movements during the next two or three years, but in 1646 we find him in Paris, now a professed Catholic, and so destitute as to require the aid of his friend Cowley, who was there in the capacity of secretary to Lord Jermyn, Queen Henrietta's chamberlain.

During this same year, *Steps to the Temple*, already referred to, was published by a friend or admirer in London. It contained all the poems of Crashaw to which allusion has been made except his translation of Barclay's "Description of a Religious House"; this appeared two years later in the

second edition, wherein were added "divers pieces not before extant." Among these latter was his fine "Charitas Nimia," whose style is clearly reminiscent of George Herbert.

An introduction by Cowley to Henrietta Maria, the Catholic queen of Charles I, resulted in material aid from her and in letters of recommendation, provided with which he journeyed to Italy. According to Robert Southwell, he first paid a futile visit to the Pope, but was afterward given a humble position by Cardinal Palotta, governor of Rome. All might have gone well had not Crashaw been shocked at the immorality of certain of the cardinal's attendants and reported to Cardinal Palotta what he had discovered. The anger of those accused placed his life in jeopardy, and accordingly the cardinal appointed him sub-canonical at the Church of Loreto, near Ancona, on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. On the journey thither, Crashaw became overheated, contracted a fever, and died at Loreto a few weeks later, in 1649.

Probably before he left Paris, he revised a collection of his poems which he called *Carmen Deo Nostro*, and arranged for its publication with a dedication to the Countess of Denbigh. It was issued at Paris in 1652. That St. Teresa continued to enthrall him is shown by his poem "The Flaming Heart," printed in 1648, and extended for this edition by a twenty-four line passage which, for pure lyric splendor and emotional intensity, surpasses anything else he ever wrote.

RICHARD CRASHAW: BIBLIOGRAPHY

The first important modern edition of Crashaw's poetry was A. B. Grosart's *The Complete Works of Richard Crashaw*, 2 vols. (1872 and 1873), the "Fuller Worthies' Library." This has been superseded by A. R. Waller's admirable critical edition for the "Cambridge English Classics," *Richard Crashaw: Steps to the Temple, Delights of the Muses, and Other Poems* (Cambridge, 1904). Waller gives all variant readings, and, like Grosart, includes Crashaw's own curious illustrations made for the collection of his poems known as *Carmen Deo Nostro*. Those who desire explanatory notes will prefer the "Muses' Library" edition, *The Poems of Richard Crashaw*, edited by J. R. Tutin, with excellent Introduction by H. C. Beeching (London, 1905).

Of the details of Crashaw's life we know provokingly little. Anthony à Wood in his *Fasti Oxonienses* (II, 4) gives us the salient facts; the editor of Crashaw's *Steps to the Temple* adds in his Preface others of a more personal nature; and John Bargrave relates the story of Crashaw's last years and death in Italy in *Pope Alexander the Seventh and the College of Cardinals*, chap. xv. In more recent years R. A. Willmott and Alexander Grosart have by diligent research discovered some new matter, all of which Sir Sidney Lee

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embodies in his account in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The latest, as well as the most readable, biographical sketch was written by H. C. Beeching for the "Muses' Library" edition of Crashaw.

Hasty verdicts on Crashaw's poetry are numerous, but there are few penetrating and sustained criticisms. Among the best are those by Beeching in the "Muses' Library" edition, by Francis Thompson in the *Academy*, LII (1897), 427-28, reprinted in *The Works of Francis Thompson* (London, 1913) —see also *Academy*, LXI (1901), 607-8—and by Sir Edmund Gosse in his *Seventeenth Century Studies* (London, 1883). Thompson's brief comments are chiefly significant for a few radiant and illuminating phrases. Gosse's essay on Crashaw, probably the finest of his seventeenth-century studies, is sane and concrete, and yet in style is touched not infrequently by a glow akin to that of Crashaw's own poetry.

RICHARD CRASHAW: NOTES

WISHES (Page 144)

First printed in 1646, though ten of its forty-two stanzas had appeared in the 1641 edition of *Witt's Recreations*.

17. *his*. Its.

20. *tissue*. "A variety of cloth of gold" (*Century Dictionary*).

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33. *Write what the reader sweetly ru'th*. "Depict that beauty which makes the beholder suffer the sweet sorrow of love" (G. L. Kittredge, in Schelling's *Seventeenth Century Lyrics*).

36. *his*. Its.

50. *tame the wanton day Of gems*. Dull the gay glitter of gems.

64. *bin*. Obsolete form of "are."

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70. *fond*. Foolish.

70. *slight*. Harl. MS 6917-18 reads "sleight"; the editions read "flight."

88. *Sidneian*. Sidney-like, gracious.

98. *name*. Repute.

100. *Her flattery, etc.* Though she be flattered by the painting and poetry of others, let her own virtue be her counselor.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN, A SONG (Page 147)

First printed in 1646.

AN EPITAPH UPON A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE (Page 149)

First printed in 1646.

9. *turtles*. Turtledoves.

A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOR OF THE ADMIRABLE
SAINT TERESA (*Page 150*)

First printed in 1646. Written at Cambridge, and, as we learn from Crashaw's "Apology for the Foregoing Hymn," while he was still a Protestant. The "Apology" also tells us how his soul had been fired by reading St. Teresa's books, until, in spite of her Spanish blood, she had become for him his "soul's countryman."

Teresa de Cepeda was born in 1515, at Avila, in Old Castile. She says in her autobiography that, when she was six or seven, her pious bringing-up and her father's good books had already sobered her, and that reading the lives of the saints made her long to die a martyr's death. At eighteen she entered the Carmelite Convent of the Incarnation. When she was about forty, her spiritual life began to deepen. She had visions of Christ beside her as she prayed, and became subject to strange trances, during one of which she heard the words, "I will not have thee converse with men but with angels." August 27 is still celebrated in memory of the appearance of an angel who pierced her heart with a flaming spear. She suffered from severe sickness and temptations, and was wont to inflict pain upon her body by wearing a cruel haircloth garment. At length she was inspired to found a small religious house in Avila, which was to be characterized by great strictness of discipline in contrast to the laxity of many convents. Her project met with opposition, but she persisted with tireless energy and eventually established thirty convents and monasteries. She died in 1582, and was canonized in 1622. Her autobiography, letters, and books of devotion were widely read and were translated into many languages.

Reformation. Reformed order.

Discalced. Barefooted.

1. *Love.* That is, an ardent love for God; personified, with more or less consistency, throughout the poem.

4. *tall.* Brave.

18. *brave.* Excellent.

32. *nonage.* Period of immaturity.

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43–64. Of this passage Coleridge says: "These verses were ever present to my mind whilst writing the second part of Christabel; if, indeed, by some subtle process of the mind they did not suggest the first thoughts of the whole poem" (*Letters, Conversations, and Recollections* [1836], I, 196).

44. *She'll travel to a martyrdom*, etc. Cf. *Life of St. Teresa of Jesus* (tr. D. Lewis), chap. i: "I used to discuss with my brother how we could become

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martyrs. We settled to go together to the country of the Moors, begging our way for the love of God, that we might be there beheaded; and our Lord, I believe, had given us courage enough, even at so tender an age, if we could have found the means to proceed."

71. *rase.* Demolish.

79. *His is the dart*, etc. Cf. *Life of St. Teresa*, chap. xxix: "Our Lord was pleased that I should have at times a vision of this kind: I saw an angel close by me . . . his face burning, as if he were one of the highest angels, who seem to be all of fire. . . . I saw in his hand a long spear of gold, and at the iron's point there seemed to be a little fire. He appeared to me to be thrusting it at times into my heart, and . . . when he drew it out, . . . to leave me all on fire with a great love of God. The pain was so great that it made me moan; and yet so surpassing was the sweetness of this excessive pain that I could not wish to be rid of it."

IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OUR LORD GOD (Page 154)

Written at Cambridge; first printed in 1646.

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47. *phoenix*. See note on "A Song," p. 315, l. 18.

49. *embraves*. Beautifies.

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99. *Maia's*. Maia was goddess of the spring.

IN THE GLORIOUS ASSUMPTION OF OUR BLESSED LADY (Page 157)

Written at Cambridge; first printed in 1646.

Assumption. "The reception of the Virgin Mary into heaven, with body preserved from corruption, which is a generally accepted doctrine in the Roman Catholic Church" (*New English Dictionary*).

The singers of this hymn, apparently waiting at the spot where Mary is to be received into heaven, second the divine summons.

5. *crystal orbs*. See note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," p. 328, l. 125.

5. *clearer*. Purer.

DESCRIPTION OF A RELIGIOUS HOUSE AND CONDITION OF LIFE (Page 159)

First printed in 1648. John Barclay (1582-1621), whose father was Scotch and mother French, and who lived much of his life in France, is chiefly known for his *Euphormionis Satyricon*, a novel attacking the Jesuits, and for his long didactic Latin romance, the *Argenis*. The latter, from which

Crashaw made his translation, was completed just before Barclay's death and became at once very popular. The passage chosen by Crashaw consists of verses that had been inscribed by the priests of a Sicilian temple upon a wooden tablet and hung where no one entering the temple could fail to see them.

(*Page 160*)

28. *Crowned. Sovereign.*

CHARITAS NIMIA; OR, THE DEAR BARGAIN (*Page 160*)

First printed in 1648. "Charitas Nimia" means literally "too high a cost."

7. *for such sorry merchandise.* Because of such inability to barter.

8. *Bold painters have put out his eyes.* That is, they have represented Love as blind.

18. *Nor spheres let fall their faithful rounds.* The spheres will continue to revolve. See note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," p. 328, l. 125.

(*Page 161*)

24. *thrones and dominations.* The third and fourth orders of angels, respectively, as set forth in the writings of Dionysius Areopagiticus.

29. *do its kind.* Act according to nature.

FROM THE FLAMING HEART (*Page 162*)

Though "The Flaming Heart" was first printed in 1648, the lines here reproduced were added in the edition of 1652. They really represent a separate poem, having little connection with the preceding eighty-four lines, which, with much repetition, comment "upon the book and picture of the seraphical Saint Teresa, as she is usually expressed with a seraphim beside her." See the note introducing "A Hymn to the Name and Honor of the Admirable Saint Teresa," p. 354.

SUPPLEMENTARY BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

As this volume goes to press, I am informed of the publication of an important new annotated edition of Crashaw's poems: *The Poems English, Latin, and Greek of Richard Crashaw*, edited by L. C. Martin (Oxford, 1927).

HENRY VAUGHAN: LIFE

IN A single page of his *Athenae Oxonienses*, the Oxford antiquary, Anthony à Wood, has preserved for us most of the few facts that we possess concerning the life of Henry Vaughan. The poet was born in 1622 at Newton-by-Usk, his father's country home in Brecknockshire, which is noted among the counties of Southern Wales for its high mountains and beautiful, fertile valleys. The fact that this region was once inhabited by the Silures, an ancient tribe that stoutly resisted the Roman invasion, accounts for Vaughan's use of the word "Silurist" after his name, to distinguish his family, long prominent in the county, from others of the same name living elsewhere.

In 1638, after having received six years of "grammar learning" in Brecknockshire, Henry, in company with his twin brother, Thomas, went up to Jesus College, Oxford. When he had completed two years "under a noted tutor," Henry removed to London, in compliance with his father's wishes, to study law. Before long he turned to the study of medicine, for we next find him practicing in his native county. Where he secured his professional training we do not know. His success is attested by his own statement in a letter written years afterward to his cousin John Aubrey that he had won a repute greater than one of his talents had reason to expect, and by the assertion of Anthony à Wood that he became an eminent practitioner in his own county; scholars, Wood added, declared him to be a talented man but whimsical and proud.

Vaughan's life, on the whole retired and uneventful, was agitated for a time by the civil war, for he was present in 1645 as a cavalry trooper with the king's forces at the Battle of Rowton Heath, where Charles attempted in vain to raise the siege of Chester. In the following year Vaughan's first volume of poems was printed, with the title *Poems, with the Tenth Satire of Juvenal Englished*. Half of these are love poems to Amoret, whom Grosart identifies with Vaughan's first wife, but whose reality the coldness and artificiality of most of the poems might lead us to question; in his Preface Vaughan assures us that "the fire at highest is but Platonic." Throughout the volume the influence of John Donne is apparent.

Before the appearance of Vaughan's next volume of poems, *Silex Scintillans* ("sparks from the flint"), in 1650, new influences had come into his life. Chief of these was the poetry of George Herbert, to whose profound effect upon his spiritual life and literary aims he gives explicit testimony. Frequently in *Silex Scintillans* Herbert's influence is evident: in "Corruption," for example, Vaughan looks back wistfully, as does Herbert in "Decay," to

patriarchal times, when God's ambassadors, the angels, talked freely with men; and in Vaughan's "Man," as in Herbert's "The Pulley," we are told of the restlessness ordained by God for man. Then, too, his association with his twin brother, Thomas, a clergyman and mystic, who in 1640 was granted the living of Llansantffread, the parish church of which stood not far from the Vaughan home, surely affected his outlook. Very interesting is the spiritual change in Vaughan revealed by his poems. The young man who had found the white bosom or weeping eyes of Amoret fit subject for his pen is now filled with a yearning for God. Among a variety of themes there are two to which he recurs most often—his longing for a more ardent spiritual life and his sense of obligation for the mercy and love of God and for Christ's redemptive sacrifice. Though Vaughan felt, sometimes at least, that this world veiled the very presence of God, and though he admired its beauty—witness his charming nature passages that glitter like bright threads in the dull tapestry of many a page—certain poems show that at times he thought of himself as an exile here. "Peace," "The World," and "The Retreat" all reveal a craving for a fairer land than the pleasant valley of the Usk. Perhaps the death of a favorite brother and of certain friends, as well as his own severe illness, which he mentions in the Preface to *Silex Scintillans*, may have partially conditioned his attitude toward life and death.

In 1651 *Olor Iscanus* ("the swan of Usk"), a volume of secular poems and translations which he seems to have had ready to print at the time of his conversion, but after that event had withheld from the press, was published without his approval. How much its appearance annoyed him is not certain, though in the Preface written three years later to accompany a re-issue of *Silex Scintillans*, he expressed the opinion that "divine themes and celestial praise" formed the proper substance of poetry, and begged "most humbly and earnestly" that none would read his secular verses.

In 1655, *Silex Scintillans*, enlarged by a second part, was republished. The new poems breathe the same spirit as those in Part I. In "Childhood" he expresses as he had done in "The Retreat" the thought that around children hangs a glory which, as time passes, fades into the light of common day. "Departed Friends," the most pathetic of his poems, is a solemn prayer that "dear, beauteous death" may carry his spirit away to the world of light. The same longing is expressed in "Cock-Crowing," the opening lines of which read like a poetical version of some of his brother Thomas's mystical ideas. His appreciation of the lovely in nature flashes out repeatedly, as in "The Night," or in the following from "The Bird" (ll. 1-6):

"Hither thou com'st: the busy wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm wing

Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rained on thy bed
And harmless head";

or in this from "The Timber" (ll. 1-8):

"Sure thou didst flourish once! and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which now are dead, lodged in thy living bowers.

"And still a new succession sings and flies;
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
While the low violet thrives at their root."

In "Abel's Blood" Vaughan expresses his opinion of those who had involved his country in civil war.

When Vaughan printed the second part of *Silex Scintillans* he was still young—only thirty-three. The intensity of his religious feeling may have waned as he grew older. Certainly he did not again attain the poetic inspiration revealed in *Silex Scintillans*, and indeed he published little prose or verse after that time. Ill health and a growing practice may well have left him scant energy for literature. In 1678 his fourth and last volume of poetry, *Thealia Recusata*, appeared, much of it apparently being early work. Vaughan died in 1693 and was buried in the churchyard of the parish church of Llansantffred.

HENRY VAUGHAN: BIBLIOGRAPHY

Henry Vaughan's eight slender volumes of prose and verse have twice been reprinted in full. In 1871 Groombridge published Vaughan's complete works, in four volumes, in the "Fuller Worthies' Library," together with elaborate biographical and critical essays. In 1914 the Oxford Press issued *The Works of Henry Vaughan*, edited by Professor L. C. Martin, in two volumes, with the primary aim of furnishing an accurate reproduction of the original texts. Brief notes add to our knowledge of Vaughan's "literary affinities." A good modernized text is provided by the "Moxon" Library" edition of the poems, edited by Sir Edmund Chambers, with an Introduction by H. C. Beeching (London, 1896); the notes and the appreciative criticism in the Introduction are excellent, but the biographical material is not well presented. Inexpensive editions of *Silex Scintillans*, which contains the best of Vaughan's poetry,

are the "Temple Classics" edition (London, 1900), and the "Red Letter Library" edition, with an Introduction by W. A. L. Bettany (London, 1905). A good selection from Vaughan's poetry and prose is available in *Henry Vaughan, Silurist*, issued, in a limited edition, by the Nonesuch Press (London, 1924).

The most satisfactory—indeed one might say the only—biography of Vaughan is that of Richard Garnett in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. It takes advantage of letters by Vaughan discovered in 1898 but fails to make use of certain autobiographical references in the poems. This deficiency will doubtless be made good in the biography now in preparation by Miss Gwenllian E. F. Morgan. Of a number of magazine articles consisting of a combination of biography and criticism, the best is "Henry Vaughan, Silurist," by J. Vaughan, in *Nineteenth Century*, LXVII (1910), 492–504.

Vaughan's poetry has thus far been subjected to comparatively little thorough study. The most systematic examination of certain important aspects of it has been made by W. A. L. Bettany and embodied in his Introduction to *Silex Scintillans* mentioned above. I have considered Vaughan as a nature poet in *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, XLII (1927), 146–56. Good general discussions are the following: J. C. Shairp, *North American Review*, CXXVIII (1884), 120–37, reprinted in his *Sketches in History and Poetry* (Edinburgh, 1887); L. I. Guiney, *Atlantic Monthly*, LXXIII (1894), 681–92, reprinted in *A Little English Gallery* (New York, 1894); Paul Elmer More, *Nation* (New York), CII (1916), 247–50; an unsigned article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, LXIII (1890), 119–24, reprinted in the *Living Age*, CLXXXVIII (1891), 236–40, in which there is a strikingly good contrast of Vaughan with his contemporaries. Short, brilliant characterizations will be found in Edward Dowden's *Puritan and Anglican Studies in Literature* (London, 1900), and in Lionel Johnson's *Post Liminium: Essays and Critical Papers* (London, 1911). Of articles written in honor of the three hundredth anniversary of Vaughan's birth, H. A. Wells' *The Tercentenary of Henry Vaughan*, issued by the Hudson Press (New York, 1922), and an unsigned article in the London *Times Literary Supplement*, April 20, 1922, deserve mention.

HENRY VAUGHAN: NOTES

TO AMORET GONE FROM HIM (*Page 163*)

First printed in 1646.

20. *influence*. Astrology held that the influence of the stars affected terrestrial things generally.

HENRY VAUGHAN

21. remove Those things that element their love. Cf. Donne, "A Valediction Forbidding Mourning," p. 10, ll. 13-16.

CORRUPTION (Page 163)

First printed in 1650. The same theme is treated by Vaughan in "Religion." Both poems no doubt owe much to Herbert's "Decay," p. 95. For the possible influence of "Corruption" on Wordsworth's great "Ode," see introductory note on "The Retreat," p. 363.

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9. *Things here were strange unto him.* Martin quotes Thomas Vaughan, *Magia Adamica* (1650), p. 18: "He was a mere stranger in this world."

11. *still.* Always.

14. *fell him.* Brought him low (an obsolete meaning of the verb "fall").

25. *Angels lay leiger here.* "To lie leiger" meant to be resident in the capacity of ambassador: Angels sojourned here as God's ambassadors or agents. Chambers quotes Herbert, "The Holy Scriptures," in which the Bible is called "heaven's lidger here, Working against the states of death and hell."

25. *each bush and cell*, etc. See note on "Decay," p. 308, l. 7.

31. *swears to stir nor fire, nor fan, But bids the thread be spun.* These lines, with their sudden change in figure, are somewhat obscure, although the main idea is clear enough: Man persists in his coldness of heart.

36. *The center.* The earth: man is buried deep in his sins.

38. *hatcheth.* Broods.

39. *what trumpet's that?* The last trump; I Cor. 15:52.

39. *what angel cries, "Arise! thrust in Thy sickle"?* Rev. 14:15.

MAN (Page 164)

First printed in 1650. Cf. Herbert, "The Pulley," p. 98.

3. *birds . . . the noiseless date And intercourse of times divide.* They show by their migrations a knowledge of the changing seasons.

7. *bowers.* Dwellings.

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15. *still.* Always.

23. *some stones.* That is, lodestones.

[THE HIDDEN FLOWER] (Page 165)

First printed in 1650.

1-4. *I walked the other day,* etc. Chambers cites Herbert, "Peace," p. 92, ll. 13-18.

5. *But winter now had ruffled all the bower And curious store.* That is, winter had disordered, or destroyed, all the leafy shelter and beautifully wrought foliage. Cf. Herbert, "Affliction":

"We are the trees, whom shaking fastens more;
While blustering winds destroy the wanton bowers,
And ruffle all their curious knots and store."

8. *whose search loved not to peep and peer I' the face of things.* He had no inclination to search the obviously barren surface of the field.

14. *bower.* Dwelling.

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42. *clod.* Blockhead.

43. *inflame And warm the dead.* Gen. 2:7.

45. *by a sacred incubation fed With life this frame.* Cf. Gen. 1:2. See also *Magia Adamica*, 1650 (*Works of Thomas Vaughan*, ed. A. E. Waite, p. 129): "Hermes affirmeth that in the beginning the earth was a quagmire or quivering kind of jelly, it being nothing else but water congealed by the incubation and heat of the Divine Spirit."

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61. *show me his life again.* Probably a reference to the death of a brother. For similar allusions in other poems, see note by Chambers in Vaughan's *Poems*, "Muses' Library," I, 301.

LOVE AND DISCIPLINE (*Page 167*)

First printed in 1650.

5. *spill.* Kill.

18. *some green ears.* Chambers quotes Herbert, "Hope":

"With that I gave a vial full of tears;
But he a few green ears."

THE DAWNING (*Page 167*)

First printed in 1650.

2. "*The Bridegroom's coming!*" See Matt. 9:15; 25:6; Mark 13:26, 32.

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21. *pursy.* Heavy.

33. *as this restless, vocal spring.* He would possess the life and sparkle of water flowing from an active spring.

42. *this.* The spring-water mentioned above.

PEACE (*Page 169*)

First printed in 1650.

17. *ranges.* Rovings in search of peace.

HENRY VAUGHAN

THE WORLD (Page 169)

First printed in 1650.

5. *Driven by the spheres.* See note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," p. 328, l. 125.

8. *his quaintest strain.* Speech full of conceits and fancies deemed by seventeenth-century gallants appropriate to courtship.

10. *his fancy, and his flights.* Sallies of his imagination, embodied, presumably, in love songs.

12. *gloves and knots.* Gloves and bows of ribbon were used as love tokens.

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16. *darksome statesman.* There seems insufficient ground to conclude, as some have, that this is a reference to Oliver Cromwell. Sir Edmund Chambers points out that the rest of the poem deals with types, not individuals, and that we have here "in part at least an echo of the 'politician' or 'Machiavel,' familiar to the Elizabethan imagination" (*Athenaeum*, March 29, 1902).

27. *perjuries Were gnats and flies.* He was willing enough to perjure himself.

29. *but he Drank them as free.* That is, as freely as they rained about him.

34. *would not place one piece above.* Would not invest it as Heaven might approve, as in charity.

39. *scorned pretense.* Disdained anything less than the sensuous experience.

43. *brave.* Excellent.

44. *counting by.* Taking note of.

49–56. "O fools!" etc. Probably, as Chambers suggests, this passage owes something to the opening pages of Plato's *Republic*, Book vii.

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59. *This ring.* See line 2.

59, 60. *the Bridegroom . . . His bride.* God . . . His church. Rev. 21:9.

60. At the end of the poem Vaughan prints I John 2:16, 17.

THE RETREAT (Page 171)

First printed in 1650. Martin notices the similar thought in John Earle's "A Child" (*Microcosmographie*, 1628): "He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. . . . The elder he grows, he is a stair lower from God." According to Professor E. C.

Baldwin (*Publications of the Modern Language Association*, XXXIII, 235) there are good reasons for believing that Vaughan acquired his ideas about childhood from the so-called "Hermetic books" (see note on "Il Penseroso," p. 338, l. 88). "The Retreat" gains additional interest from the fact that it, together with the opening lines of "Corruption" (p. 163), may have suggested passages in Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood."

20. *Bright shoots of everlastingness.* Martin quotes Owen Felltham ("Of the Soul," *Resolves* [5th ed., 1634], p. 197): "The conscience, the character of a god stamped in it, and the apprehension of eternity, do all prove it a shoot of everlastingness."

CHILDHOOD (*Page 172*)

First printed in 1655.

4. *white.* Fair. Perhaps, like the Welsh word for "white," with the sense of "happy" or "holy" (Chambers).

14-16. *But flowers, etc.* Chambers cites Herbert, "Life," p. 101, ll. 13-15.

36. *Must live twice that would God's face see.* See Matt. 5:8; Mark 10:15; John 3:3.

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44. *narrow way.* Matt. 7:13, 14.

[DEPARTED FRIENDS] (*Page 173*)

First printed in 1655. "Vaughan had lost his brother . . . and the friends to whose memory he dedicates poems in *Olor Iscanus* . . . ; possibly also his first wife" (Chambers).

4. *clear.* Brighten.

7. *those faint beams in which this hill is dressed After the sun's remove.* From the doorstep of the Vaughan home (Newton-by-Usk) the poet had a lovely prospect of valley and river and mountains. Directly to the west across the Usk rises a high, rounded hill, which is green to the summit with pasture and hedgerow, and behind which Vaughan must almost daily have seen the sun vanish.

20. *mark.* Boundary.

23. *well.* Spring.

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35. *Thy spirit.* That is, Vaughan's spirit.

38. *perspective.* Telescope.

COCK-CROWING (*Page 174*)

First printed in 1655. The first four stanzas of this poem were probably inspired by the mystical ideas of Thomas Vaughan. Cf. *Anima Magica Abscondita*, 1650 (*Works of Thomas Vaughan*, ed. A. E. Waite, p. 81): "The Soul, though in some sense active, yet is she not so essentially, but a mere instrumental agent; for she is guided in her operations by a spiritual, metaphysical grain, a seed or glance of light, simple and without any mixture, descending from the first Father of Lights. For though His full-eyed love shines on nothing but man, yet everything in the world is in some measure directed for his preservation by a spice or touch of the First Intellect. This is partly confirmed by the habitation and residence of God; for He is seated above all His creatures, to hatch—as it were—and cherish them with living, eternal influences, which daily and hourly proceed from Him." Thomas Vaughan was deeply read in the *Kabbalah*, which indeed he cites at the end of the passage just quoted, and in many other mystical writings. In "The Source of Henry Vaughan's Ideas concerning God in Nature," *Studies in Philology*, October, 1927, I have considered the probable influence of Thomas upon his brother.

1. *Father of lights!* Gen. 1:14; Jas. 1:17.

7. *Their eyes watch for the morning hue.* Cf. Cornelius Agrippa, *The Philosophy of Natural Magic* (Chicago, 1913), p. 98: "Amongst birds, these are Solary: The phoenix, . . . the eagle, . . . the vulture, the swan, and those which sing at the rising Sun and, as it were, call upon it to rise, as the cock and crow."

11. *It seems their candle, how'er done, Was tinned and lighted at the sun.* Cf. Thomas Vaughan, *Lumen de Lumine*, 1651 (*op. cit.*, p. 266): "Within this fantastic circle stands a Lamp, and it typifies the Light of Nature. This is the Secret Candle of God, which he hath tinned [teened, lighted] in the elements: it burns and is not seen, for it shines in a dark place. Every natural body is a kind of black lantern; it carries this Candle within it, but the light appears not: it is eclipsed with the grossness of the matter."

16. *Thy appearing hour.* Cf. "The Dawning," p. 167, ll. 1, 2, and note.

19. *O Thou immortal light and heat!* Cf. Thomas Vaughan, *Coelum Terrae*, 1650 (*op. cit.*, p. 218): "For above the heavens God is manifested like an infinite burning world of light and fire, so that He overlooks all that He hath made, and the whole fabric stands in His light and heat, as a man stands here on earth in the sunshine."

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29. *dark Egyptian.* Exod. 10:22.

45. *shine unto a perfect day.* Prov. 4:18.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LYRICS

THE NIGHT (*Page 175*)

First printed in 1655.

1. *that pure virgin shrine*. The stainless temple of Christ's body.

2. *That sacred veil*. A veil of flesh dimming the divine glory of Christ.

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19. *mercy-seat*. "The golden covering placed upon the Ark of the Covenant and regarded as the resting-place of God" (*New English Dictionary*).

21. *did my Lord hold And lodge alone*. Did hold my Lord and lodge him alone.

25-37. Chambers notes the structural similarity in Herbert's sonnet "Prayer."

31. *flight*. Probably the hawking term.

35. *His knocking-time*. Rev. 3:20.

41. *Then I in heaven*, etc. That is, earth would then be a heaven to me, and I should never go astray.

49. *There is in God—some say—A deep but dazzling darkness*. It has been suggested that Vaughan may here refer to chapter i of Dionysius the Areopagite's *Mystic Theology*, entitled "What is the Divine Gloom?"

ABEL'S BLOOD (*Page 177*)

First printed in 1655. Cf. Vaughan's "The Men of War."

1. *well*. Spring. The blood gushed from Abel's wound like water from a spring.

12. *Who cannot count those they have slain*. See the reference in "The World," p. 170, l. 30, to the "darksome statesman" who was unmoved by the rain of blood and tears that enveloped him.

16. *deep still calleth upon deep*. Ps. 42:7.

22. "How long?" Rev. 6:10.

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44. *Who prayed for those that did Him kill*. Luke 23:34.

THE BOOK (*Page 178*)

First printed in 1655.

28. *death and pain*. Rev. 21:4.

RICHARD LOVELACE: LIFE

RICHARD LOVELACE, who was the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace, of Woolwich, was born in 1618. Woolwich, now an eastern borough of London on the south bank of the Thames, was then a town four or five miles from London and already important because of its shipbuilding. The Lovelace family had long been prominent in Kent, the branch to which Richard belonged having its seat at the village of Bethersden, near Ashford. He was educated first at Charterhouse, some of whose quaint Tudor buildings are still in use, though the school has been moved to more commodious quarters outside of London, and then at Gloucester Hall, Oxford. "In 1636," according to Wood, "when the king and queen were for some days entertained at Oxon, he was, at the request of a great lady belonging to the queen, actually created, among other persons of quality, master of arts, though but of two years' standing."

Unfortunately the promise of his university days was soon to be set at naught by the tempestuous events of the time. After leaving the university, he cut a fine figure at court, but soon answered the summons of sword and horse and shield by enlisting for the Scottish expeditions of 1639 and 1640. After the truce of Ripon, he returned to Kent, and took possession of his estates there, including the family manor at Bethersden. But he was not destined to enjoy them long, for in 1642 he headed a band of Kentish men which presented to Parliament a petition demanding among other things the restoration of the king to his rights, in spite of the fact that a similar petition, presented the month before, had been burned by the common executioner. Lovelace was committed to the Gate-House prison at Westminster. During the seven weeks of his confinement, he wrote "To Althea, from Prison," the absolute perfection of which may be partly the result of his enforced leisure. Lovelace was released upon payment of heavy bail and on the condition that he would not leave London.

The man who knew how to sing of the sweetness, mercy, and majesty of his king knew also how to spend his wealth generously in that king's behalf. And so we find Lovelace furnishing horse and arms to the Royalists. His generosity also prompted him to relieve the want that must have been acute enough during those days among Royalist sympathizers and to aid his three younger brothers, two of them active in the king's cause and the third studying military tactics in Holland. Some time before 1646, Lovelace himself must have visited Holland; Mr. Wilkinson supposes soon after his release, and in the train of General Goring, in whose regiment he had served during the Scottish Expedition. After the surrender of Oxford in 1646, Lovelace went to France, where he formed a regiment and entered the service of Louis

XIV. He was present at the recovery of Dunkirk from the Spaniards and was wounded. By 1647 he was in England, and the following year he was again imprisoned—Mr. Waite conjectures on account of participation in certain Royalist agitations in Kent—this time for ten months, in Lord Petre's house in Aldersgate Street, then used as a prison.

During his imprisonment he prepared his poems for the press. The little volume, entitled *Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c., to which is added Aramantha, a Pastoral*, was published in 1649. Love poems predominate, but there are also a number of occasional verses. In about half the love poems he addresses Lucasta. Wood says that Lovelace called his book *Lucasta* "because, some time before, he had made his amours to a gentlewoman of great beauty and fortune, named Lucy Sacheverel, whom he usually called Lux casta." She, Wood continues, having heard that Lovelace had died of the wound he received at Dunkirk, married soon after. Though recent investigation has discovered a Lucy Sacheverell to whom Wood may refer, a careful examination of the poems addressed to Lucasta, as well as the commendatory verses written by others for the 1649 volume and the elegies on Lovelace published in 1660, makes it difficult to believe that he himself consistently identified Lucasta with any actual woman or that his friends thought of her as such.

"To Althea, from Prison" and "To Lucasta, Going to the Wars" are far superior to anything else in the volume. "The Grasshopper," in which there glows a genuine love for his friend Charles Cotton, possesses real beauty, though it is marred by the careless workmanship and the conceits that make a large proportion of Lovelace's poems tedious reading.

Lovelace was set at liberty about two months after the execution of Charles. Of the remaining seven or eight years of his life we know next to nothing. His estates, Wood says, were now exhausted; and melancholy over his poverty made him at length a prey to consumption. It may well be that Wood has overdrawn this final picture: he "became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver) and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places." He died in 1656 or 1657,¹ and was buried in St. Bride's Church. In 1659 his brother Dudley collected and published a second volume of his poems, entitled *Lucasta: Posthumous Poems of Richard Lovelace, Esq.* They are, if anything, inferior to those of the previous volume.

The popularity of Lovelace to-day is entirely the result of his having written two of the most exquisite lyrics of the century. Though there is evidence that his contemporaries valued "To Althea," it must have been his

¹ See C. H. Wilkinson, *Poems of Richard Lovelace*, I, xlvi.

RICHARD LOVELACE

beauty and generosity and charming personality, coupled with his early and pathetic death, that produced the deepest impression upon them, and even justified William Winstanley in making his famous comparison of Lovelace with the already idealized Sir Philip Sidney.

RICHARD LOVELACE: BIBLIOGRAPHY

The poems of Lovelace made their first appearance in two thin octavo volumes entitled *Lucasta* and published, respectively, in 1649 and 1659. In 1864 they were edited by W. C. Hazlitt for the "Library of Old Authors," *Lucasta* (London, reprinted 1897). Very much the best edition is *The Poems of Richard Lovelace*, edited by C. H. Wilkinson, 2 vols. (Oxford, 1925). The work is beautiful in form, painstaking in scholarship. The "Unit Library" edition, *Lucasta* (London, 1904), undertakes to reproduce faithfully the earliest text. The best volume of selections was published by R. H. [Russell], *Songs and Sonnets by Richard Lovelace* (New York, 1901).

To Anthony à Wood, that indefatigable preserver of facts and traditions concerning Oxford men, we are indebted for the first biographical sketch of Lovelace (*Athenae Oxonienses* [ed. Bliss], III, 460–63). Investigation has, however, corrected and increased our information at many points. An important account of Lovelace was contributed by Mr. Arthur E. Waite to the *Gentleman's Magazine* of November, 1884, which, in turn, was supplemented by Mr. Thomas Seccombe in his pithier article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Previous biographies have been superseded by that of Mr. Wilkinson in the Introduction to his edition of Lovelace. Mr. C. H. Hartmann's *The Cavalier Spirit and Its Influence on the Life and Work of Richard Lovelace* (London, 1925) is a well-written account of the life and times of Lovelace.

So few of the poems of Lovelace possess much merit that the whole body of his work has been subjected to very little criticism, and nine-tenths of the comment in the histories of literature is wholly perfunctory. An anonymous writer in the *Retrospective Review*, IV (1821), 116–30, furnishes an interesting running comment on certain significant passages in Lovelace's poetry; and Sir Edmund Gosse in Ward's *English Poets*, Vol. II (Oxford, 1880), has a brief yet just and entertaining criticism; but possibly the best general discussion is that of Professor Edward B. Reed in his *English Lyrical Poetry* (New Haven, 1912).

RICHARD LOVELACE: NOTES

The three poems of Lovelace included in this collection were first printed in 1649.

To ALTHEA, FROM PRISON (*Page 179*)

For date and circumstances of composition, see the biographical sketch of Lovelace, p. 367. The Dulwich gallery contains a portrait, once in the possession of the Lovelace family, which William Cartwright, the actor, presented to the gallery and which he described in his catalogue as "Althea's picture." This portrait may perhaps argue for the reality of the woman here addressed. See Wilkinson's edition of *The Poems*, I, lxxxi. The existence of six manuscript copies of this poem, in view of our possessing virtually no manuscript copies of other poems by Lovelace, gives striking testimony of its contemporary popularity.

7. *gods*. Professor Grierson suggests that "the gods" probably are the birds, the gods of the air (*Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems*, p. 226). The reading "gods" instead of the more natural "birds" is supported by one contemporary manuscript (Harl. MS 6918, fo. 94^b). Though five other seventeenth-century manuscripts read "birds," the existence of this manuscript, coupled with the fact that the printed version contains, in its phrasing, one distinct improvement upon all the manuscripts, argues, as Mr. Wilkinson points out, against "gods" being a typographical error.

17. *committed*. Caged.

25-32. Hazlitt cites George Wither's *Shepherd's Hunting* (1615), "being certain eclogues written during the time of the author's imprisonment in the Marshalsea" (iii, 240-43):

"And, which is more than some in freedom win,
I have true rest, and peace, and joy within.
And then my mind, that spite of prison's free,
Whene'er she pleases anywhere can be";

and E. Yardley, *Notes and Queries*, 6th series, X, 214, calls attention to these lines from *Julius Caesar* (Act I, scene iii, ll. 93-95):

"Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit."

To LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS (*Page 180*)

For Lucasta's identity, see the biographical sketch, p. 368.

2. *from the nunnery Of thy chaste breast*. Cf. Habington's "To Roses in the Bosom of Castara" (1634):

"Ye blushing virgins happy are
In the chaste nunnery of her breasts."

THE GRASSHOPPER (*Page 180*)

This poem was addressed to Charles Cotton. The younger Charles Cotton was a poet and the translator of Montaigne's essays. He was a friend of Walton, and wrote the second part of *The Complete Angler*. Lovelace called him "noblest of our youth and best of friends" in his dedication to him of "The Triumphs of Philamore and Amoret." When Lovelace, near the end of his life, was in poverty, he received, says Aubrey, twenty shillings every Monday morning from Cotton. Charles Cotton the elder, to whom, rather than to his son, "The Grasshopper" may possibly have been addressed, was a friend of Jonson, Donne, Walton, Herrick, and other prominent literary men.

With the first three stanzas, cf. Cowley's translation of "The Grasshopper," p. 202.

10. *plats.* Plots.

11. *mak'st merry men*, etc. Mak'st men, thyself, and melancholy streams to be merry.

17. *now green ice.* That is, frozen.

19. *poise.* Match.

(*Page 181*)

21. *Thou best of men and friends!* An abrupt shift in thought from the grasshopper to Mr. Cotton.

27. *strike his frost-stretched wings.* That is, strike them together in preparation for flight.

28. *This Etna in epitome.* An example of the far-fetched comparisons that mar much of Lovelace's poetry.

31. *old Greek.* Old Greek wine.

33. *Night, as clear Hesper,* etc. The thought seems to be: Our candles, bright as the evening star, shall banish night from the lighted windows where we disport ourselves, strip her darkness from her, and put endless day in her place.

37. *Thus richer than untempted kings,* etc. Cf. Seneca, *Thyest.* 389: "Rex est qui cupiet nihil."

ANDREW MARVELL: LIFE

ANDREW MARVELL was born on March 31, 1621, at Winestead, in Holderness, Yorkshire, where his father, whom Marvell described as "a conformist to the established rites of the Church of England, though none of the most over-running or eager in them," was minister. When Marvell was three years old, his father became master of the Charterhouse, an alms-house just outside the city of Hull.¹ In the Hull Grammar School, and later in Trinity College, Cambridge, Marvell received his education, which was followed—probably during the years from 1642 to 1646—by travel in Holland, France, Italy, and Spain.

In 1649 Cromwell was sent to crush the serious Royalist uprising in Ireland. His triumphant return in the following May prompted Marvell to write one of his best-known poems, "An Horatian Ode," in which he reveals genuine admiration for Cromwell and equally genuine pity for Charles. At about this time Marvell became tutor of languages to Mary, the twelve-year-old daughter of the great Lord Fairfax. The latter was then residing at Nunappleton, his estate a few miles from York, whither he had retired in 1650 after resigning his command of the parliamentary army because of his lack of sympathy with the more extreme element then in control of the policies of his party. His secluded home and the neighboring hill of Bilbrough, whose clump of trees the general was glad to substitute for the "groves of pikes" through which he had so recently thundered, Marvell describes in two poems addressed to Lord Fairfax. In "Upon Appleton House," Marvell mentions the modest proportions of the house but insists on the more than compensating beauty of nature

"In fragrant gardens, shady woods,
Deep meadows, and transparent floods."

The garden, extending almost to the banks of the river Wharfe, is to-day one of the most beautiful in England. The two years spent by Marvell at Nunappleton probably furnished the inspiration as well as the leisure for writing the best of his lyric poems, in which nature is treated with much sympathy and delicate fancy. Such are "The Garden," "The Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Fawn," and "The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers." In "The Coronet," one of his few religious poems, it is significant that he employs a chaplet of flowers to symbolize his consecration to his Savior; and in "The Mower's Song" and "The Mower to the Glowworms" we know it is not Juliana that has moved his heart, but rather the meadows,

¹ H. M. Margoliouth, *Modern Language Review*, XVII, 351.

ANDREW MARVELL

companions of his thoughts, and the friendly glowworms. Only once did Marvell rise to real passion in a love poem. "To His Coy Mistress," with its haunting reference to "Time's wingèd chariot," ends with a passage of intense feeling.

Marvell was not the sort of man to be permanently satisfied with "a green thought in a green shade," and early in 1653 we find him seeking a position in the Commonwealth. Milton recommended that he be made his assistant, but without immediate results. In 1657 he again became a tutor, this time to a ward of Cromwell's, who was living in Eton at the home of the liberal-minded clergyman, John Oxenbridge. The latter had spent some years as a minister in the Bermudas, and it was very likely his accounts of the islands that suggested "Bermudas," perhaps Marvell's best-known poem. This same year Marvell was appointed joint Latin Secretary with Milton. Marvell's honest adherence to Cromwell and to his son Richard seems never to have destroyed his instinctive sympathy with monarchy, nor to have made him an object of hatred to the Royalists. In 1659 he became a member of Parliament for Hull; and at the Restoration, his influence, according to Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew, was sufficient to create a considerable party favorable to Milton in the House of Commons. Marvell continued to serve Hull in Parliament till his death. He made few speeches, but kept his constituents regularly informed, and guarded their interests zealously. His lyric impulse was apparently stifled by politics. But, like other Restoration poets, he wrote a number of satires, in many of which he attacked with great severity those who in his opinion were misleading the king and debasing the government.

Marvell died in 1678. In 1681, a handsome folio volume of his poems was published. It contains a certificate of their authenticity by his wife, Mary Marvell; but since nothing is known of Marvell's wife, some have suspected "Mary Marvell" of being an invention by the publisher.

ANDREW MARVELL: BIBLIOGRAPHY

The best of Marvell's lyrics first appeared in the posthumous folio of 1681. The satires and a number of his occasional verses were printed at various times before and after his death. His works have twice been reprinted in full, by Captain Edward Thompson, *The Works of Andrew Marvell*, 3 vols. (London, 1776), and by A. B. Grosart, *Complete Works*, privately printed, 4 vols., "Fuller Worthies' Library" (Edinburgh, 1872-75). A handsome reprint of the 1681 folio has been issued by the Nonesuch Press, *Miscellaneous Poems* (London, 1923). A convenient modern edition of the poems is that edited for the "Muses' Library" by G. A. Aitken, *Poems of*

Andrew Marvell (London, 1892). A separate volume contains the satires. A new and complete edition of the works is now being prepared by Professor H. M. Margoliouth, of the University College, Southampton.

The successive biographies of Marvell, starting with John Aubrey's trifling account, have added various facts about the poet's life, but the more intimate details are either lacking or are based on unconvincing testimony. Useful brief biographies are furnished by Sir Charles Harding Firth in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, by G. A. Aitken in his edition of Marvell, and by Edward Wright in *The Poems and Some Satires of Andrew Marvell*, "Little Library" (London, 1894). The best life is that of Mr. Augustine Birrell in the "English Men of Letters" series (London, 1905).

Among good discussions of the lyrics are an essay by A. C. Benson in *Essays* (London, 1896), which includes twenty pages of discriminating criticism of the poems; an anonymous article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, XX (1869), 21-40; a comprehensive treatment by H. C. Beeching, quoted from the *National Review*, in the *Living Age*, CCXXX (1901), 637-46; and a brilliant characterization of Marvell's "wit" by T. S. Eliot in *Andrew Marvell, 1621-1678, Tercentenary Tributes* (Oxford, 1922).

ANDREW MARVELL: NOTES

The poems of Marvell included in this anthology were first printed in 1681.

AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND (*Page 182*)

In 1907 this ode was discovered in a unique copy of the 1681 folio (now in the British Museum). Evidently the printer determined at the last moment to eliminate this and two other poems dealing with Cromwell, but through oversight permitted one copy to escape his hand. See *Notes and Queries*, 10th series, VII, 423. For probable date of composition see the biographical sketch of Marvell, p. 372.

1. *The forward youth that would appear.* That is, the spirited youth that would win public recognition.

15. *through his own side.* "Side" means party. Cromwell, who belonged to that branch of the Puritans known as "Independents," broke with the Presbyterians, whose opposition to the king appeared to him half-hearted.

17-20. *For 'tis all one*, etc. Cf. Walter C. Bronson, *English Poems*, II, 476: "The sense seems to be, To a man of high courage and ambition rivals in his own party are the same as enemies, and it is more difficult for his fellows to restrain such a man than it is for his enemies to oppose him."

23. *Caesar's head.* Charles' head.
29. *his private gardens.* Before his entry into public life, Cromwell was cultivating his farms at Ely.
32. *bergamot.* A kind of pear.

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42. *penetration.* "Occupation of the same space by two bodies at the same time" (*New English Dictionary*).

47. *Hampton.* While Cromwell was negotiating with Charles, the latter fled from Hampton Court to Carisbrooke Castle on the Isle of Wight, where he remained a prisoner till two months before his execution, on January 30, 1649. It is not now believed that Cromwell, as Marvell implies, connived at the escape of Charles in order later to use his flight as an argument for his execution.

57. *He.* Charles.

66. *assured the forcèd power.* That is, made the Commonwealth certain.

69. *A bleeding head.* Pliny relates the story (*Hist. Nat.* xxviii. 4).

77. *They can affirm his praises best.* A curious statement considering his pitiless crushing of Irish opposition.

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104. *climacteric.* Fatal.

105. *Pict.* Scotchman. The Picts early occupied part of what is now Scotland.

106. *parti-colored.* Unstable. There is apparently a play on Latin *picti*, "a painted or tattooed people," from which "Pict" may be derived.

107. *sad.* Steadfast.

THE GARDEN (Page 185)

1. *amaze.* Infatuate.

7. *close.* Unite.

17. *No white nor red.* A conventional phrase descriptive of a woman's beauty.

29-32. *Apollo hunted Daphne so,* etc. Ovid tells both these stories in Book I of the *Metamorphoses* (ll. 548 ff. and 705 ff.).

33. *in this.* In this garden.

37. *curious.* Choice.

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43-56. *The mind, that ocean,* etc. Cf. H. C. Beeching, *Living Age*, CCXXX, 645: "The most devout lover of gardens must agree with Marvell

that even in a garden the pleasures of the mind are greater than those of the sense. The poet's thought, as he lies in the shade, can create a garden for himself far more splendid and also imperishable; as indeed, in this poem, it has done."

51. *vest*. Garment.

54. *whets*. Preens.

60. *What other help could yet be meet?* Gen. 2:18.

66. *this dial new*. A garden plot laid out in the pattern of a sun-dial.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN (*Page 186*)

(*Page 187*)

17. *deodands*. In English law, personal chattels which, having caused the death of a human being, were forfeited to the crown to be applied in pious uses (*New English Dictionary*).

22. *grain*. A powerful dye made from the dried bodies of certain insects.

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99. *Heliades*. The sisters of Phaethon, who, while mourning the death of their brother, were gradually transformed to trees. "Still," says Ovid (*Met.* ii. 364), "their tears flow on, and these tears, hardened into amber by the sun, drop down from the new-made trees" (tr. Miller: Loeb).

106. *turtles*. Turtledoves.

THE CORONET (*Page 190*)

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14. *in*. With.

22. *curious frame*. Beautifully woven chaplet.

25. *both their spoils*. The ruined flowers and the dead serpent.

THE MOWER'S SONG (*Page 191*)

1. *survey*. Picture, map.

THE MOWER TO THE GLOWWORMS (*Page 192*)

5. *comets*. Furness (*Julius Caesar*, p. 115) quotes H. Howard (1583): "Let us look into the nature of a comet, by the face of which it is supposed that the same should portend plague, famine, war, or the death of potentates."

9. *officious*. Obliging.

12. *foolish fires*. *Ignes fatui*, or will-o'-the-wisps.

15. *displaced*. Disordered.

ANDREW MARVELL

To His Coy Mistress (*Page 192*)

(*Page 193*)

7. *Humber*. Hull, where Marvell spent much of his life, is situated on the broad estuary known as the river Humber.

19. *state*. Dignity.

29. *quaint*. Prim.

35. *transpires*. Passes out.

40. *slow-chapped*. Slow-jawed.

BERMUDAS (*Page 194*)

For the probable circumstances of composition, see the biographical sketch, p. 373. The singers are evidently English exiles for conscience' sake now dwelling on the islands.

9. *Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks*. Waller, in "The Battle of the Summer Islands," mentions whales "by the wild fury of some tempest cast" upon the shore, and there dashed to pieces.

9. *wracks*. Wrecks.

12. *prelate's rage*. "In 1621 the Bermuda Company of London granted a charter, promising the colonists the right, among other things, of worship" (Aitken).

20. *Ormus*. A medieval Persian city famed for its wealth.

25. *cedars*. The chief tree of the islands, a kind of juniper, goes by the name of "Bermuda cedar."

28. *ambergris*. See note on Herrick's "The Argument of His Book," p. 281, l. 8.

ABRAHAM COWLEY: LIFE

ABRAHAM COWLEY, aside from the intrinsic merit of his writings, is interesting to all students of literature because of the astonishing reputation he enjoyed during his lifetime. Dryden, arbiter of his age, declared, "His authority is almost sacred to me"; and even Milton is said to have ranked him with Spenser and Shakespeare as one of the three greatest English poets.

Cowley was born in London, in 1618, the posthumous son of a well-to-do stationer. Even as a child he exhibited to a marked degree the characteristics and tastes that were to distinguish him later. His love of poetry began with the discovery of a volume of Spenser in his mother's parlor. He "was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses" that filled its pages. With the music of Spenser in his ears, he began himself to write poetry, and before he was eleven composed "The Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe," which reveals incredible maturity for a boy of that age. After entering Westminster School he continued to compose verses. When he was not yet fifteen, his first volume, appropriately called *Poetical Blossoms*, was published. A fondness for retirement, as well as a love of letters, asserted itself early. In his essay "Of Myself," he says, "Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper." At thirteen he wrote a poem, called "The Vote," in which, probably under the inspiration of Horace, he expressed the singularly unboyish wish for a quiet retired life in a cottage, with books about him and a garden at his door.

In 1637 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Here in the inviting and secluded gardens along the Cam, and in the quiet gray quadrangles, he must have lived a life much to his taste. The reputation he had made at Westminster he sustained by the composition of two comedies to be acted by his fellow students. The second of these, *The Guardian*, was rewritten many years later and renamed *Cutter of Coleman Street*. It was at Cambridge that he was associated with William Hervey and Richard Crashaw, who were destined to inspire two of his finest poems. Hervey died before Cowley left Cambridge, and no one can read the elegy on Hervey without being convinced that it was written while Cowley's grief was still poignant. In no other poem did Cowley ever give his feelings such sway. He became Bachelor of Arts in 1639, and Master of Arts in 1642, and would have remained as a fellow had not the submission of Cambridge to the Commonwealth made it

no place for Royalists. Probably in 1644 he migrated, with others, to Oxford.

Now began a period lasting till the Restoration that had in it little of the tranquillity for which his heart longed. Bishop Sprat, his biographer, says that he continued his studies at St. John's College, Oxford; but he could have accomplished little, for we soon find him giving active support to the king's cause. His poem on William Hervey had brought him in touch with Hervey's brother John, who in turn introduced him to Lord Jermyn, chamberlain to Henrietta Maria, the exiled English queen; and Cowley entered his service. This connection with the court took Cowley to France, where for about ten years he served the English royal family in one capacity or another, part of the time being trusted with the important task of ciphering and deciphering the correspondence between Charles I and his queen. In spite of his arduous duties, he must have found time for literary work, since in 1647 his love poems entitled *The Mistress* were published. These poems possess Donne's extravagance in conceit but lack his redeeming fire, and, as Johnson says, can be commended by no man who has ever loved. Indeed Cowley admits that they were written because "poets are scarce thought freemen of their company without paying some dues to Love." "The Wish," the best poem in the collection, has little to say of love, but does express the poet's sincere desire to exchange the paint and frivolity of court life in Paris for the quiet cottage and garden of which he never ceased to dream.

In 1646 Cowley found his friend Crashaw, who had already entered the Catholic church, suffering actual want as an exile in Paris. Cowley introduced him to Queen Henrietta, who received him kindly and gave him letters of introduction to Cardinal Palotta and others at Rome. The news of his death in 1649 at Loretto, where he had been made sub-canonical of the Basilica-church, prompted Cowley to write his poem "On the Death of Mr. Crashaw," which, if lacking the pathos of his elegy on Hervey, is characterized by genuine affection and a fine liberality of spirit.

By 1656 Cowley was back in England, Sprat says in the interests of the Royalist party. Soon after his arrival he was arrested by mistake for another man but was liberated upon payment of one thousand pounds bail. In 1656 he published a folio volume of his poems, including "Miscellanies"; "Pindarique Odes," which his contemporaries greatly admired; and "Davideis," a long poem, written in part at Cambridge, on the troubles of David. The most welcome portion of this work is the "Miscellanies," among which his elegies on Hervey and Crashaw first appeared, and which are concluded with eleven admirable paraphrases of Anacreon's odes. The latter have long been more popular than his original poems. In the preface to this volume, Cowley

advocated, whether as a result of conviction or of policy it would be difficult to say, a philosophical acceptance of the Commonwealth. The following year he occupied himself with the study of medicine; he was rewarded, in 1657, by a degree from Oxford, but instead of receiving the impulse to practice, he was inspired to write a Latin poem on plants, in six books. Science and poetry never dwelt very far apart in Cowley's mind. One of his best poems is his ode to the Royal Society, of which, upon its incorporation in 1662, he had become a charter member; and he certainly waxed far more eloquent in his Shelley-like "Hymn to Light" than he ever did in celebrating the charms of his mistress.

Upon the Restoration Cowley expected to be made director of the Savoy Hospital; but, owing, it would seem, chiefly to his references to the Commonwealth in the Preface to his volume of poems, he was told that his pardon must be his reward. Perhaps it was as well, for now at last his dreams of a cottage in the country were to come true. He lived for a time at Barn Elms, across the Thames from Hammersmith, but there contracted fever from the dampness. His last two years were spent at Chertsey, twenty-two miles up the Thames from London, where a farm was obtained for him by his friends Lord Jermyn, now the Earl of St. Albans, and the Duke of Buckingham. It is doubtful whether these years of rural retirement fully satisfied Cowley's expectations; but it is certain that his most enduring work, his *Several Discourses by Way of Essays, in Verse and Prose*, was the product of this period. In this volume of essays he chats pleasantly with his readers on such subjects as gardens, solitude, obscurity, and himself, in a style that is largely free from the wit and exaggeration that so delighted his contemporaries. His death, in 1667, was the result of a cold taken while remaining too long among his farm hands in the meadows. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner. Evelyn, who attended the funeral, writes that he was "conveyed to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with six horses and all funeral decency, near an hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following."

ABRAHAM COWLEY: BIBLIOGRAPHY

In spite of Cowley's preoccupation with affairs of state during his best years, he contrived to produce much poetry and prose, in Latin as well as in English. *The Works of Mr. Abraham Cowley*, published by his intimate friend and literary executor, Thomas Sprat, at London, in 1668, the year after Cowley's death, contained the best of his prose and verse, and proved so popular that it ran, by 1700, into no fewer than eight editions. But it remained for A. B. Grosart to bring out his complete works, in 1881, in the "Chertsey Worthies' Library" (2 vols.). The standard edition of Cowley's

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English writings is that of A. R. Waller, *Poems: Miscellanies, The Mistress, Pindarique Odes, Davideis, Verses Written on Several Occasions* (Cambridge, 1905); *Essays, Plays, and Sundry Verses* (Cambridge, 1906). Mr. Waller did not realize his hope of adding to these two volumes, which contain the text only, a third of critical matter. As early as 1772 Richard Hurd recognized the desirability of publishing selections from the poetry of Cowley. The average reader will, no doubt, prefer one of the following volumes of selections: *Poems Selected from the Writings of Mr. Abraham Cowley* (Guildford: Astolat Press, 1902); *Poems of Abraham Cowley*, selected and edited by Katharine B. Locock (London, 1903); *Essays and Selected Verse of Abraham Cowley*, edited by J. M. Attenborough (London, 1914); *The Mistress, with other Select Poems of Abraham Cowley, 1618-1667*, edited by John Sparrow (London, 1926).

By far the best early life of Cowley is that written by Thomas Sprat for his edition of Cowley's works. Unfortunately a large part of its twenty-four folio pages is devoted not to interesting facts about Cowley but to gratuitous comment upon his work and to vague eulogy of his character. Of scarcely less biographical value are certain of Cowley's own writings, especially his charming essay "Of Myself," and, to a lesser degree, his poem "The Complaint." Among modern lives, those of William Stebbing in *Some Verdicts of History Reviewed* (London, 1887) and of Sir Leslie Stephen in the *Dictionary of National Biography* are the best. Several editions of selections from Cowley's works include brief but dependable lives, as, for example, A. B. Gough's *Abraham Cowley: The Essays and Other Prose Writings* (Oxford, 1915).

The best criticisms of Cowley are by Samuel Johnson in his life of Cowley, which includes his famous discussion of the metaphysical poets, and by Sir Edmund Gosse in his *Seventeenth Century Studies* (London, 1883). Brief but useful discussions are those by Edward B. Reed in his *English Lyrical Poetry* (New Haven, 1912), by A. H. Thompson in the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, VII, 70-79, and by an anonymous writer in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, November 18, 1926. In "Abraham Cowley in Arcadia," *Sewanee Review*, XXXI (1923), 220-26, I describe a visit to the Cowley House at Chertsey. The important subject of Cowley's reputation is ably treated by A. H. Nethercot in "The Reputation of Abraham Cowley (1660-1800)," *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, XXXVIII (1923), 588-641.

ABRAHAM COWLEY: NOTES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM HERVEY (*Page 195*)

Written, it seems clear from Sprat's account, while Cowley was at Cambridge, hence between 1637 and about 1644; but not printed till 1656. Of

William Hervey, we know only what the elegy tells us. The line after the title, from Martial (6.29), may be rendered: "To those unusually endowed, life is short, and old age comes but rarely."

17. *would I had died for thee!* II Sam. 18:33.

26. *A strong and mighty influence joined our birth.* Hurd finds an echo of Persius in this and the following stanza. Cf. 5. 51: "Some star assuredly there is which links your lot with mine" (tr. Ramsay: Loeb).

29, 30. The word order is awkward: He knew none but his brethren and sisters whom he preferred to me.

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35. *the Ledaean stars.* Castor and Pollux, the sons of Leda by Zeus; their great love for one another was rewarded when they were placed in the heavens as "the Twins."

37. *toys.* Trifling diversions.

71. *Not Phoebus grieved so much as I,* etc. Ovid (*Met.* x. 134) tells of the death of the beautiful youth Cyparissus and of Apollo's grief at the loss of his favorite.

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119. *the first and highest sphere.* The *primum mobile.* See note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," p. 328, l. 125.

123. *Still.* Always.

THE WISH (*Page 199*)

First printed in 1647; written during or after 1644, while, as an exile in Paris, Cowley was in the personal service of Queen Henrietta. Concerning its composition, he says in his essay "Of Myself": "Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I ate at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old school-boy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect" (he refers to "A Vote," written when he was at Westminster School).

28. *The gods, when they descended,* etc. The predilection of the gods for the forests and glades of Arcadia, Tempe, Mount Ida, and other lovely sylvan regions can escape no reader of Ovid. Cf., for example, *Met.* ii. 401.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW (*Page 200*)

First printed in 1656, seven years after the death, at Loretto, of the poet Crashaw; for an account of Crashaw's life see pp. 350-52.

15. *kind.* Generous.

20. *calfes at Bethel.* I Kings 12:32.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

21. *Pan's death.* According to Plutarch (*De Orac. Defectu.* 17), the pilot Thamus was ordered by a voice to announce, when his ship neared Palodes, that Pan was dead. This he did, his news causing a great cry of wondrously mingled voices to arise from the land. As the event took place during the reign of Tiberius Caesar, it was thought to herald the new age ushered in by Christ.

22. *Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke.* As the patron of poetry, through love poems.

25. *Find stars.* That is, yield to the influence of the star-like eyes of women.

35. *It.* Crashaw's Muse.

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43. *Angels—they say—brought the famed chapel there.* According to the legend, the house in Nazareth in which Mary was born and brought up, when in danger of destruction by the Turks, was removed by angels to Loretto, where it now stands.

66. *like Elijah.* II Kings 2:11.

67. *Elisha-like.* II Kings 2:9.

ANACREONTICS; OR, SOME COPIES OF VERSES TRANSLATED PARAPHRASTICALLY OUT OF ANACREON (*Page 202*)

First printed in 1656. Cf. William Hazlitt, *Collected Works*, VIII, 59: "The best of his poems are the translations from Anacreon, which remain, and are likely to remain unrivalled. The spirit of wine and joy circulates in them; and though they are lengthened out beyond the originals, it is by fresh impulses of an eager and inexhaustible feeling of delight." Cowley has paraphrased, not the *Odes* of Anacreon, of which we possess but one complete ode, but the "Anacreontea." See note on Herrick's "On Himself," p. 282.

THE EPICURE (*Page 202*)

6. *Gyges' wealthy diadem.* The wealth of Gyges, a king of Lydia during the seventh century B.C., became proverbial.

THE GRASSHOPPER (*Page 202*)

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23. *Thee Phoebus loves and does inspire; Phoebus is himself thy sire.* The grasshopper was associated with Apollo. The Greek has merely, "Phoebus himself loves thee, and gave thee thy clear song."

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR (*Page 203*)

First printed in 1656. This free adaptation of the first half of Horace *Od.* iv. 2, has more of Pindar's fire than any of Cowley's wholly original

Pindaric odes. Professor Robert Shafer, in *The English Ode to 1660* (Princeton, 1918), combating the usual assertion that Cowley failed to perceive the regular structure of Pindar's odes, argues convincingly that "he was concerned only with trying to make the spirit and manner of Pindar native to English poetry, and in so doing he was constrained consciously to forego any attempt at completeness, or exactness, or scholarly correctness of imitation" (p. 153). It remained for later poets to perfect the form in English, but to Cowley belongs the credit of having introduced and given great popularity to a genre which English poets have ever since employed. Most of the notes that follow are from Cowley's own elaborate notes written to accompany his odes.

1. *Pindar is imitable by none.* "Pindar was incredibly admired and honored among the ancients, even to that degree that we may believe they saw more in him than we do now." Cf. the concluding lines of "When the Assault Was Intended to the City," p. 139.

2. *phoenix.* See note on "A Song," p. 315, l. 18.

5. *he who followed.* Icarus, the son of Daedalus. Upon his flying too near the sun, the wax which fastened the feathers of his wings melted, and he fell into the sea that was called after him "Icarian."

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13. *dithyrambic.* "It was a bold, free, enthusiastical kind of poetry, as of men inspired by Bacchus."

18. *god-descended kings.* "Almost all the ancient kings, to make themselves more venerable to their subjects, derived their pedigree from some god."

23. *starry diadems.* "Set and adorned with precious stones."

24. *Pisa's race.* The Olympic games. Pisa, near Olympia, was often identified by the poets with the latter.

25. *the conquerors' images.* "The conquerors in the Olympic Games were not only crowned with a garland of wild olive, but also had a statue erected to them."

28. *some brave young man's untimely fate, etc.* "For he wrote *Threni*, or funeral elegies, but they are all lost."

37. *Theban swan.* "From the fabulous but universally received tradition of swans singing most sweetly before their death . . . the poets have assumed to themselves the title of swans."

40-50. *Whilst, alas, my timorous Muse, etc.* Cowley is still following Horace:

"I, like the tiny bee, that sips
The fragrant thyme, and strays
Humming through leafy ways,
By Tibur's sedgy banks, with trembling lips
Fashion my toilsome lays."¹

42. *unballast*. Not steadied by ballast, wavering.

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49. *flee*. Fly.

HYMN TO LIGHT (*Page 205*)

First printed in 1668.

7. *Thou golden shower of a true Jove*. In allusion to Jove's wooing the imprisoned Danaë in a shower of gold.

23. *post-angel*. "A swift angelic messenger" (*New English Dictionary*).

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29. *Scythian-like*. Nomadic.

44. *antic*. Fantastic.

45. *obscener*. More loathsome.

46. *conscious*. Guilty.

48. *Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way*. "Alluding to the old Roman superstition, which anxiously provided, when a great general marched out of the city, that no inauspicious object should obstruct or pollute his passage" (Hurd).

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69. *bravery*. Splendor.

74. *A crown of studded gold*. "A reference to the flower, the Crown Imperial" (Hurd). See note on "Peace," p. 306, l. 15.

76. *lawn*. A garment of fine linen.

93-100. *Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea, etc.* At this time light was thought of as due to a stream of material particles from the source of light. These, it was supposed, could pass through air or water, but would be stopped by a solid substance.

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102. *the empyrean heaven*. The highest heaven, a region of pure fire and light.

OF SOLITUDE (*Page 208*)

First printed in 1668, at the conclusion of the essay "Of Solitude," one of Cowley's *Several Discourses by Way of Essays, in Verse and Prose*. Several

¹ Translated by Martin.

of his essays were written at Chertsey, all of them probably during the last few years of his life. The following lines from Virgil (*Georg.* ii. 488, 489) precede the poem: "O, for one who shall set me in the cool glens of Haemus, and shield me under the branches' giant shadows!" (tr. Jackson).

23. *enamelled*. Adorned with various colors.

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59. *Islington*. Now a metropolitan borough in the north of London, but in the seventeenth century a country village.

TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY (*Page 209*)

First printed in 1667 in Thomas Sprat's *History of the Royal Society*. On March 12, 1667, John Evelyn wrote to Cowley urging him to compose an ode on the society. "We know," he concluded, "you have a divine hymn for us; the luster of the Royal Society calls for an ode from the best of poets upon the noblest argument." On May 13, Cowley replied that he had been "engaged before by Mr. Sprat's desire" to write such an ode and that the ode was soon to appear in the *History*, "some part of which" he had seen. See *Diary of John Evelyn* (ed. Wheatley), III, 349-52.

The Royal Society was founded in 1660, though for at least fifteen years prior to its founding, frequent meetings had been held by men interested in the new experimental philosophy, or, as we should say, natural science. In 1661 the king became a member, and in 1662 the society was incorporated as "The Royal Society of London for the Improving of Natural Knowledge." During its early years, the performing of experiments was an important feature of the meetings.

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24. *labyrinths of ever-fresh discourse*. Sprat, in his *History of the Royal Society*, thus comments on the method of the schoolmen: "Disputing is a very good instrument to sharpen men's wits, and to make them versatile and wary defenders of the principles which they already know; but it can never much augment the solid substance of science itself" (ed. 1772, p. 18).

37. *Bacon*. Cf. Sprat, *op. cit.*, p. 35: "The third sort of new philosophers have been those who have not only disagreed from the ancients, but have also proposed to themselves the right course of slow and sure experimenting, and have prosecuted it as far as the shortness of their own lives, or the multiplicity of their other affairs, or the narrowness of their fortunes, have given them leave. . . . And of these, I shall only mention one great man, who had the true imagination of the whole extent of this enterprise as it is now set on foot; and that is the Lord Bacon, in whose books there are everywhere

scattered the best arguments that can be produced for the defense of experimental philosophy, and the best directions that are needful to promote it."

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63. *the forbidden tree*. See Gen. 2:17. Though Bacon has opened up the world of experimental science, man still hankers after logic, the schoolman's unsound method for attaining truth.

69. *From words, which are but pictures of the thought . . . To things*. Cf. Bacon, *Works* (ed. Spedding), VIII, 53: "And all depends on keeping the eye steadily fixed upon the facts of nature and so receiving their images simply as they are. For God forbid that we should give out a dream of our own imagination for a pattern of the world."

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117-29. *Gideon's little band*, etc. Judg. 7:4-7.

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140. *Chaldean's watchful eye*. Among the Chaldeans (Babylonians), astrology was an important cult.

141. *no distance can obscure*, etc. Among inventions by Royal Society members Sprat mentions an instrument for grinding optic glasses, a double telescope, and several excellent telescopes varying in length from six to sixty feet. "Towards the exactness of all manner of these optic glasses," he says, "the English have got a great advantage of late years, by the art of making glass finer and more serviceable for microscopes and telescopes than that of Venice" (*op. cit.*, p. 250).

149. *to laughter or to scorn*. Sprat hopes that his book may in some degree reconcile "the wits and raillers" of the age to the new experimental philosophy. "For they, perhaps, by making it ridiculous because it is new, and because they themselves are unwilling to take pains about it, may do it more injury than all the arguments of our severe and frowning and dogmatical adversaries" (*op. cit.*, p. 417).

160. *celestial dance*. Orderly movement of the heavenly bodies.

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169. *a history*. Bishop Sprat's *History of the Royal Society*, justly praised by Cowley, was written largely as a vindication of the society.

176. *His candid style*. Sprat declares that a constant resolution of the Royal Society has been "to reject all the amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style; to return back to the primitive purity and shortness, when men delivered so many things almost in an equal number of words" (*op. cit.*, p. 113).

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER: LIFE

THE early years of John Wilmot were not unpromising. He was born in 1647, near Woodstock, a few miles from Oxford. His father, Henry Wilmot, first Earl of Rochester, had been a prominent Royalist officer during the civil war and was a close friend of Charles II, but he possessed some of the vices his son was later to exhibit; his mother was a woman of energy and good sense. Upon the death of his father in 1658, he became second Earl of Rochester; and two years later, when not yet thirteen, he entered Wadham College, Oxford. His biographers, Burnet and St. Évremond, declare that he was docile and unusually proficient at his books. At the Restoration he was inspired to write a congratulatory poem to Charles, and to celebrate the return of royalty with such untempered conviviality that his studies suffered. He became Master of Arts, however, in his fifteenth year; and during the course of a tour through France and Italy, which he presently undertook, he was won back by his tutor to sobriety and a love of books.

The court, to which he returned from his travels, was Rochester's undoing. He appeared there at the age of seventeen, slender and beautiful, and already commanding the brilliant, caustic wit that was to endear him to the king and make him greatly dreaded by all who aroused his ill will. After a short period at court he volunteered for service against the Dutch, and conducted himself with credit during an attack on the Dutch ships at Bergen, and with real distinction the following year in the Channel engagement, when he delivered a message in a small boat under fire of the enemy. Unfortunately he later failed to maintain the reputation for courage gained here. This engagement ended his experience with war; and he was soon back at court, where, in the quaint language of St. Évremond, "pleasure and love kept their perpetual rendezvous, under the auspicious smiles of a monarch made by nature for all the enjoyments of the most elegant desires." In his poem "Upon Drinking in a Bowl," Rochester calls Cupid and Bacchus his saints. He himself confessed to being once, for a period of five years, not altogether sober; and his intrigues with the court ladies and with their maids soon became notorious. In some of his love songs his theme is absolute fidelity, as in "Constancy" and "My dear mistress has a heart," but his own attitude is better reflected in "Absent from thee I languish still," or in "Love and Life," where he declares one moment of constancy to be a positive miracle. Rochester also wrote many lampoons and satires, some of which attacked even the king with incredible candor and naturally resulted in temporary banishments from court. Once only, probably toward the end of his life, did he try his hand at the drama, writing an adaptation of Fletcher's *Valentinian*; but his interest in

the drama was such as to make him patron to Settle, Dryden, and others, and to induce him patiently to train Mrs. Barry, a young waiting-woman whom he met at court, for the stage.

Rochester soon became notorious for his escapades and mad frolics, in which he was often accompanied by Sir Charles Sedley and the Dukes of Dorset and Buckingham, and sometimes even by the king himself. Once Rochester and the Duke of Buckingham, during a banishment from court, disguised themselves and rented an inn on the Newmarket Road, where they led a riotous life and played pranks that were far from innocent upon their guests. At another time Rochester, who had a passion for disguise, took up his residence in the city and passed for a man of business; his agreeable manners soon made him a favorite and gave him many opportunities to heap ironical and malicious abuse upon the court. Tiring of this masquerade, he set up as a quack doctor in Tower Street and won great repute, especially among the ladies. His prospectus, which was printed in several editions of his works, set forth in detail what he could accomplish for his patients, as, for example, "I will also preserve and cleanse your teeth, white and round as pearls, fastening them that are loose; your gums shall be kept entire, and red as coral, your lips of the same color, and soft as you could wish for your lawful kisses." One can imagine with what zest he recounted his adventures upon his return to court.

In 1667, when Rochester was twenty, he married Elizabeth Malet, according to Pepys, "the great beauty and fortune of the north." Two years before, having failed to win her hand, he had caused her to be kidnapped near Charing Cross as she returned to her lodgings by coach after having supped with Frances Stuart, the king's mistress. Rochester had been pursued by officers of the king, captured fifteen miles from London, and imprisoned in the Tower. Pepys records her marriage to him "after all this ado," and adds that some think her acceptance of him "a great act of charity, for he hath no estate." Rochester, who was now gentleman of the king's bedchamber, remained at court; and, though his marriage did not cause him to mend his ways, he appears to have been out of favor with his wife only at intervals. His letters to her and to his little son reveal, on the whole, the pleasantest side of his character; and no doubt when he was away from London with his wife his better instincts asserted themselves. He himself used to say that when he neared London, "the devil entered into him and never left him till he came into the country again."

In 1679 Rochester's health, undermined by his excesses, rapidly failed. About this time he became interested in Gilbert Burnet, afterward Bishop of Salisbury, through his *History of the Reformation*, and proposed that Burnet

come and discuss religion and morality with him. After many visits Dr. Burnet had to be absent for a time, but when he again visited Rochester the following year at the High Lodge, Woodstock, the latter's residence by virtue of his appointment as keeper of Woodstock Park, he found him a very ill, yet clearly a changed, man. Even the cynical St. Évremond believed in the genuineness of his tardy repentance. "At length," writes Anthony à Wood, "this noble and beautiful count paid his last debt to nature in the ranger's lodge in Woodstock Park very early in the morning of the 26th of July, 1680."

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER: BIBLIOGRAPHY

Rochester's complete absorption in pleasure left no room for any literary ambitions. Very few of his poems were printed during his lifetime, and no authorized collection of them was ever made for the press. His notoriety, however, prompted the publishers after his death to issue such of his verse as they could lay hands on and to print under his name some poems for which he was almost certainly not responsible; and many miscellanies of the time contained selections from his poetry. There is but one critical edition of his works, *Collected Works of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, edited by John Hayward (London, 1926). Though the editor declares his edition is "nothing more than the largest collection" of Rochester's poems and letters that has yet appeared in print, and in no sense "a definitive edition," one is inclined to doubt that a more nearly definitive edition will be printed for a long time. The most accessible and satisfactory selection is to be had in Samuel Johnson's *The Works of the English Poets* (London, 1779-81), Vol. X (reprinted by Anderson in 1793 and by Chalmers in 1810).

Thanks to the extremely prominent position occupied by Rochester at court, the facts of his life have been preserved in considerable detail. Much the best contemporary account is that of Gilbert Burnet, entitled *Some Passages of the Life and Death of the Right Honorable John Earl of Rochester* (reprinted in facsimile from the edition of 1680, London, 1875). The first thirty pages are devoted to the life, the remaining hundred and fifty to the death, Burnet's arguments for Christianity being given at great length. "The Memoirs of the Earl of Rochester's Life," purporting to be by St. Évremond, and printed in the *Works of Rochester and Roscommon* (London, 1707, 1709, etc.), is in part a paraphrase of Burnet's life and adds little of real importance. More valuable is the *Memoirs of the Court of Charles the Second by Count Grammont*, edited by Sir Walter Scott (London, 1846; Bohn's extra volume). A short, coherent account is that by Sir Sidney Lee in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. E. D. Forgues' "John Wilmot, Comte de Rochester,"

JOHN WILMOT

Revue des Deux Mondes, August and September, 1857, and Thomas Longueville's *Rochester and Other Literary Rakes of the Court of Charles II* (London, 1903), are dependable as well as highly entertaining. Both writers discuss at length the atmosphere of the court, which went a long way toward making Rochester what he was. Charles Whibley in *The Cambridge History of English Literature* (VIII, 233-44) presents the life and character of Rochester in a more favorable light than do most of his biographers. John Hayward prefixes to his edition of the *Works* a valuable biographical sketch.

Rochester's poetry, partly no doubt because of the uncertainty as to just what he wrote, has received scant attention, the lyrics even less than the satires. A few words of comment are given by Samuel Johnson in his life of Rochester; by Gosse in Ward's *English Poets*, Vol. II (Oxford, 1880); by George Saintsbury in his *History of English Prosody*, Vol. II (London, 1908); and by Edward B. Reed in *English Lyrical Poetry* (New Haven, 1912).

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER: NOTES

The poems of Rochester in this collection, except "The King's Epitaph," were (Mr. John Hayward informs me) first printed in 1680.

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL (*Page 215*)

This is little more than a free paraphrase of the fourth ode of Anacreon; for the "Anacreontea," see note on "On Himself," p. 282.

1. *such a cup As Nestor used of old.* Cf. Homer *Iliad* xi. 632 ff.: "A right goodly cup, . . . embossed with studs of gold, and four handles there were to it, and round each two golden doves were feeding, and to the cup were two feet below. Another man could scarce have lifted the cup from the table, when it was full, but Nestor the Old raised it easily" (tr. Lang).

11. *Maestrick.* It was taken by the French in 1673 in the course of the Anglo-French war launched in 1672 against the United Provinces.

12. "Yarmouth" *leaguer.* "The Yarmouth was a famous man-of-war, with an armament of 52 guns" (Hayward). "Leaguer" means besieging force.

15. *Sir Sidrophel.* The astrologer who figures in Butler's *Hudibras*, Part II, canto 3.

CONSTANCY (*Page 215*)

The first three words in the last line of each stanza are repeated in the original, presumably to accommodate the song to some air.

THE KING'S EPITAPH (*Page 217*)

"The King's Epitaph," Mr. Hayward writes me, "was (to my knowledge) first printed in 1707. It may occur elsewhere, for it was known to almost everyone, and suffered innumerable changes as it passed from mouth to mouth."

JOHN DRYDEN: LIFE

DR. JOHNSON remarks that Dryden's contemporaries revered him, but left his life unwritten. Most of the important events of his life we know, of course; but the pleasant personal gossip that is the spice of biography was, for the most part, non-existent even in Johnson's day.

John Dryden was born in 1631 at Aldwincle All Saints in Northamptonshire, of parents belonging to Puritan families that had attained some prominence in the county. Traditions are in conflict as to his earliest schooling; but presently he became a king's scholar at Westminster School, where he had the opportunity of feeling the "little rod" of the distinguished headmaster, Richard Busby. In 1650 he was admitted to Trinity College, Cambridge, and four years later took the degree of B.A. The course of his life for the next few years is uncertain, though a contemporary of his at Cambridge, Dr. Crichton, is reported to have said that "his head was too roving and active . . . to confine himself to a college life, and so he left it and went to London into gayer company." There we find him a few years later, acting as clerk to his cousin, Sir Gilbert Pickering, who was chamberlain to Oliver Cromwell. This connection may have prompted Dryden to write his first important poem, a panegyric on Cromwell, soon after the Lord Protector's death in 1658. The general shift in sentiment during the next two years, coupled with the fact that Dryden was temperamentally not a man of intense convictions, easily accounts for his welcoming the return of royalty in 1660 with his poem "*Astraea Redux*."

Dryden is said to have occupied himself after the Restoration with hack work for the publisher Herringman; whatever he was doing, it is certain that he was making his ability and energy felt. In 1662 he became a member of the Royal Society, founded to promote scientific research and strongly indicative of the new mental attitude that was rapidly developing. In 1663 he married Lady Elizabeth Howard.

That same year Dryden's composition of his first play, a comedy entitled *The Wild Gallant*, marked the beginning of his dramatic career. For eighteen years he wrote steadily for the stage, and soon won for himself a commanding position with his so-called "heroic plays." In these plays, written in the rhymed couplet, he avoided a comic underplot and strove, by means of rhetorical language and by the introduction of great personages, for an epic sweep. Elaborate costumes and scenery were employed; and the action was enlivened by the songs which, during this period, were Dryden's chief contribution to the lyric. Some of his best lyrics occur in *The Indian Queen*, *The Indian Emperor*, *Secret Love*, and *Tyrannic Love*, all written be-

tween 1664 and 1669, the first in collaboration with his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard. Pepys thought *The Indian Emperor* a very good play, "but not so good as people cry it up"; but *Secret Love* he found excellent, and was "infinitely" pleased by the acting of Nell Gwyn as Florimel. In *Tyraffic Love* she acted so bewitchingly as to captivate King Charles himself, who carried her away in triumph after the play. Honors resulted from the distinction to which *The Indian Emperor* lifted Dryden: in 1668 the king arranged that the Archbishop of Canterbury should confer upon him the degree of M.A.; and two years later Dryden succeeded Sir William Davenant as poet laureate and was made historiographer royal. In the winter following, as if to justify these appointments, Dryden wrote his greatest heroic play, *The Conquest of Granada*. That his success as a practical playwright had not excluded an interest in the theoretical side of the drama is shown by his important *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, written, in 1668, in the clear and forcible style that characterizes all his prose writings.

Although Dryden had become the leading figure in a new poetic school, he was discerning enough to recognize the greatness of Shakespeare and Milton. In 1674, the year of Milton's death, he wrote what might be termed a "closet-opera" adaptation of *Paradise Lost*, after having secured Milton's grudging permission. His much-quoted epigram on Milton was written fourteen years later for the 1688 edition of *Paradise Lost*. *All for Love*, first acted in 1677, and generally considered the finest of his plays, deals with the Antony and Cleopatra theme and was written avowedly in the style of "the divine Shakespeare"; it is significant as marking Dryden's inclination toward a new type of drama, with an emphasis on character that was largely lacking in his heroic plays. His work of the next three or four years included the tragedy *Oedipus*, with an impressive incantation scene; *Troilus and Cressida*, in the prologue of which he praises Shakespeare; and the anti-Catholic tragicomedy, *The Spanish Friar*, containing one of his best songs, "Farewell, ungrateful traitor." Not long before the appearance of *The Spanish Friar*, Dryden had had a most disagreeable experience. As he passed along Rose Alley after an evening spent at his favorite haunt, Will's Coffee House, ruffians in the pay of the Earl of Rochester set upon him and beat him severely. Rochester, under the impression that Dryden was the author of a certain caustic satire against himself, had settled upon this cowardly means of getting his revenge.

It was force of circumstances rather than inclination that had caused Dryden to find an outlet for his literary ambitions in the drama; and about 1681 he turned, doubtless with a sense of relief, to other forms of literature. In a single year he published three great satires: "*Absalom and Achitophel*,"

perhaps the greatest of all his poems, in which he attacked Shaftesbury for supporting the pretensions of the Protestant Duke of Monmouth as successor to Charles I instead of the Catholic Duke of York; "The Medal"; and "Mac Flecknoe." The following year his poetical achievements were rewarded, as Chaucer's services had been three hundred years earlier, by his appointment as collector of customs in the port of London. During these years he wrote several memorable lyrics. There is dignity as well as sincerity in the verses to the memory of his fellow satirist, Mr. Oldham; and in his ode to Anne Killigrew he attained a success such as had rewarded no previous efforts after Pindaric effects in English. Though there is some silly and conventional flattery in the praise of Mistress Killigrew's pedestrian rhymes, there is a touching honesty in the reference to his own profanation of the heavenly gift of poesy by pandering in some of his dramas to the coarsest tastes of his age. In 1685, shortly after James had ascended the throne, Dryden's allegorical opera *Albion and Albianus* was acted, with abundant praise both for James and for his predecessor; and that same year he embraced his monarch's religion and became a Catholic. Two years later he employed his pen in the interests of his new faith by writing a religious allegory, "The Hind and the Panther." His "Song for St. Cecilia's Day," written at the request of a London musical society for its festival in honor of the patron saint of music, if too obviously artificial, is nevertheless virile and appropriate.

The revolution of 1688 brings us to the last chapter of Dryden's life. With the passing of James, he lost his laureateship and his government pensions; and his financial position, which had not been satisfactory for some time, grew suddenly worse. However, he set himself bravely to increase his earnings. He turned again to the drama, and in 1690 wrote his tragedy *Don Sebastian*, which is but little inferior to *All for Love*. The last eight years of his life he gave chiefly to translations, completing in 1697 his great translation of Virgil. The same year he gave triumphant proof that his lyric powers were still unimpaired by writing another song in honor of St. Cecilia's Day, "Alexander's Feast; or, The Power of Music," decidedly the most famous of his lyrics. He worked during these closing years with astonishing patience and energy, but found time, nevertheless, for a good many hours of coffee-house chat with his friends. According to Pope, "it was Dryden who made Will's Coffee House the great resort of the wits of his time," and we are told that only after his death did cards replace the songs, epigrams, and satires that used to be in every man's hand. Dryden died in 1700 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In 1720 John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, erected a monument to him consisting of his bust on a heavy pedestal. The face gazes at the passer-by with an expression of mild amusement proper to a satirist,

JOHN DRYDEN

at least to a satirist who was on the whole so good-humored and essentially kind as Dryden.

JOHN DRYDEN: BIBLIOGRAPHY

Dryden's productivity was so great—his dramas alone number twenty-eight—that no one had the courage to print a collected edition of his works until 1808, when Sir Walter Scott, the indefatigable, edited *The Works of John Dryden* (Edinburgh), in eighteen volumes. Scott's edition was revised by George Saintsbury and published, also in eighteen volumes, from 1882 to 1893. The life by Scott and the critical comment, chiefly by Scott, are, for the most part, excellent; but unfortunately the text is not entirely dependable. Two recent editions furnish a sound text: *The Poetical Works of John Dryden*, edited by George R. Noyes (Boston, 1908), in which the poems are arranged chronologically and provided with valuable comments, and *The Poems of John Dryden*, edited by John Sargeaunt (London, 1910), which omits the translation of Virgil and is provided only with textual notes.

Though Dryden lacked a contemporary biographer, the story of his life has been often and, considering the meager matter available, well told. Samuel Johnson in his *Lives of the English Poets* (ed. G. B. Hill, Oxford, 1905, Vol. I) produced the first important biography, in 1781, long recognized as one of the best of his *Lives*. Edmund Malone in 1800, Scott in 1808, and W. D. Christie in 1870 prefixed to their editions of Dryden biographies that included the product of their independent investigations. In 1881 appeared Alexandre Beljame's *Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre au Dix-Huitième Siècle* (2d ed., Paris, 1897), with useful chapters on Dryden's relation to the theater and to politics; and in the same year, George Saintsbury's *Dryden* ("English Men of Letters," London). Brief but comprehensive and entertaining accounts of Dryden's life and work and connection with his time may be had in James Russell Lowell's *Among My Books* (1870), Vol. I; in David Masson's *The Three Devils with Other Essays* (London, 1874); and in J. C. Collins' *Essays and Studies* (London, 1895). The most recent life, that of Professor Noyes in his edition of the poems, combines to a notable degree the merits of brevity, sound scholarship, and interest.

An account of Dryden's life must be to a great extent an account of his manifold writings, and accordingly most of the lives contain considerable criticism of his works. Discussion of the lyrics, however, is overshadowed by treatment of the more important dramas and satires. Dryden's odes are handled with some fulness in chapter of A. W. Verrall's *Lectures on Dryden* (Cambridge, 1914), but the lyrics in the plays have received little consideration from anyone. The most adequate treatment of Dryden's non-dramatic

poetry is by Mark Van Doren, *The Poetry of John Dryden* (New York, 1920), an animated and frankly enthusiastic study, with chapters on Dryden both as an occasional and as a lyric poet. A briefer treatment is Professor Allardeyce Nicoll's *Dryden and His Poetry* (London, 1923), the concluding pages of which deal with the lyrics.

JOHN DRYDEN: NOTES

[INCANTATION] (*Page 218*)

The priest Ismeron pronounces this incantation in *The Indian Queen* (Act III, scene ii), first acted in January, 1664. The play, which deals with Montezuma, is the joint work of Sir Robert Howard and Dryden, but both Scott and Saintsbury believe that Dryden was chiefly responsible for the incantation scene.

4. *And see what men are doomed to do, Where elements in discord dwell.* These lines are explained in a passage preceding the incantation:

"There all the informing elements repair,
Swift messengers of water, fire, and air,
To give account of actions, whence they came,
And how they govern every mortal frame,
How, from their various mixture, or their strife,
Are known the calms and tempests of our life."

6. *Thou god of sleep*, etc. The god of dreams is summoned to interpret a strange dream of the usurping queen, Zempoalla.

14. *clifts*. Cliffs.

SONG: AH FADING JOY! (*Page 218*)

From *The Indian Emperor*, first acted in 1664 or 1665. The play deals with the conquest of Mexico. Act IV, scene iii, begins in a pleasant grotto. About a fountain are grouped Spanish commanders, forgetful of their military duties, and Indian women, one of whom sings this song.

SECRET LOVE (*Page 219*)

From *Secret Love; or the Maiden Queen* (Act IV, scene ii), first acted in 1667. The queen is represented as having composed this song, which she called "Secret Love," upon her favorite, Philocles.

[DAMILCAR'S SONGS] (*Page 219*)

From *Tyrannic Love* (Act IV, scene i), first acted in 1669. Damilcar, an airy spirit summoned by the conjurer Nigrinus, sings these songs before the sleeping Christian captive, St. Catharine, in order to incline her toward Maximin, tyrant of Rome, who loves her.

JOHN DRYDEN

THE FAIR STRANGER (*Page 220*)

First printed in *A New Miscellany of Original Poems* (1701). Dryden's editor, Derrick, started the tradition that these lines refer to Louise de Kéroualle, who came from France to the English court in 1670, in the suite of the Duchess of Orleans, sister of Charles II. She attracted Charles at once, the following year became his mistress, and in 1673 was created Duchess of Portsmouth. Dryden's authorship has been questioned.

[INCANTATION] (*Page 221*)

From *Oedipus* (Act III, scene i), first acted in 1678. The play is by Nathaniel Lee and Dryden, but Dryden was entirely responsible for the first and third acts. Tiresias, the blind prophet, is employing solemn rites in order to summon the ghost of the murdered Laius, from whom he hopes to learn the name of the murderer. The incantation is followed by the song "Hear, ye sullen powers below," a song such "as hell ne'er heard Since Orpheus bribed the shades."

[SONG]: HEAR, YE SULLEN POWERS BELOW (*Page 222*)

See preceding note, on "Incantation."

2. *taskers*. Taskmasters.

21. *Alecto*. One of the three Furies.

SONG: CAN LIFE BE A BLESSING (*Page 222*)

From *Troilus and Cressida* (Act III, scene ii), first acted in 1678 or 1679. Pandarus causes this song to be sung outside the chamber of Troilus and Cressida.

SONG: FAREWELL, UNGRATEFUL TRAITOR (*Page 223*)

From *The Spanish Friar* (Act V, scene i), first acted in 1680 or 1681; "the song which poor Olympia made when false Bireno left her" (characters in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*) is sung to Queen Leonora, who, like Olympia, finds herself no longer loved.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. OLDHAM (*Page 223*)

First printed, among other commendatory verses, in John Oldham's *Remains in Verse and Prose* (1684). Oldham supported himself by tutoring the sons of gentlemen but found time to write a number of rough, vigorous satires, chiefly in the vein of Juvenal. Dryden and other London wits made his acquaintance toward the end of his life. He died in 1683, of smallpox, when he was only thirty.

(*Page 224*)

9. *Thus Nisus fell*, etc. Virgil (*Aen.* v. 327) relates the incident. Nisus slipped on the spot where steers had been slain for sacrifice; but flinging him-

self in front of another runner, Salius, he made it possible for his friend Euryalus to win.

14. *the numbers*. The graces and rhythms of verse.

22. *hail and farewell*. "In perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale." Catullus 101. 10.

23. *Marcellus*. The son of Augustus' sister Octavia, whose untimely death Virgil predicts in the *Aeneid* vi. 860-86. Cf. lines 866-70 (tr. Dryden):

"But hovering mists around his brows are spread,
And night with sable shades involves his head.
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on earth, then snatched away."

[OLD FATHER OCEAN CALLS MY TIDE] (*Page 224*)

From *Albion and Albanius*, Act III, scene iii, first acted June 3, 1685, which portrays allegorically the triumph of Charles II and James II (Albion and Albanius) over their numerous enemies. In 1679 anti-Catholic feeling had become so strong, as a result of the "revelations" of Titus Oates, that James had found it expedient to retire for a time to Brussels. These lines are spoken by the Thames, on whose tide the ship of James is about to depart.

TO THE PIous MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW (*Page 225*)

Written as an introduction to the volume of Anne Killigrew's poems that appeared in 1685 (dated 1686), the year of her death. Her father was Dr. Henry Killigrew, author of a number of Latin poems and chaplain to the Duke of York; and she was maid of honor to the Duchess of York. Her little volume contains a frontispiece of herself engraved from one of her own paintings—an amiable face framed in a mass of curly hair. Her poetry, though without merit, is praised by Dryden in accordance with an insincere practice of the time. She died of smallpox at the age of twenty-five.

Mrs. Mistress, prefixed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to the name of an unmarried, as well as a married, woman.

6. *to some neighboring star*. To one of the planets, as opposed to the fixed stars alluded to in line 8.

23. *traduction*. Inheritance.

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38. *Return*. That is, to heaven, which was the soul's first home.

43. *in trine*. "The aspect of two planets distant from each other the third part of the zodiac. The trine was supposed to be a benign aspect" (*Century Dictionary*).

49. *music of the spheres*. See note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," p. 328, l. 125.

50. *no clustering swarm of bees*, etc. Cicero (*De Div.* i. 36) tells how bees furnished a sign of Plato's future eloquence by settling on his lips when, as a child, he slept in his cradle.

56. *we*. Dryden himself and perhaps also his fellow dramatists, some of whom erred more grievously than he.

63. *lubric*. Lascivious.

68. *Arethusian*. The nymph Arethusa, pursued by the river god Alpheus, was rescued by Diana, who turned her into a stream (Ovid *Met.* v. 572).

71. *Art she had none*, etc. Cf. Jonson's "To the Memory of Shakespeare," p. 35, ll. 55, 56, and note.

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82. *Epictetus with his lamp*. Epictetus, a Greek Stoic philosopher born about 60 A.D., is noted for the moral excellence of his teachings. His earthenware lamp, according to Lucian (*Avd. Ind.* 13), was sold after his death for 3,000 drachmas. Noyes suggests that Dryden may have been thinking of the more famous lamp of Diogenes.

93. *Painture*. Painting.

95. *A chamber of dependences*. A deliberative body representing the provinces subject to Poetry.

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124. *feature*. Form.

128. *Our martial king*. James II.

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162. *Orinda*. Katharine Philips, better known as "the matchless Orinda," poetess and founder of a society of friendship. She died of smallpox in 1664.

165. *her warlike brother*. Henry Killigrew, captain at this time of the "Mordaunt."

178. *When in mid-air the golden trump*, etc. I Cor. 15:52.

180. *When in the valley of Jehoshaphat*, etc. Joel 3:12.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687 (*Page 230*)

Written for a London musical society which had begun about 1683 to celebrate, by an annual concert on November 22, the festival of St. Cecilia; apparently first printed in *Examen Poeticum*, 1693. It is said that St. Cecilia

suffered martyrdom during the second century, in Sicily. Though she became the patron saint of music and was often represented in Renaissance art "with the organ or singing" (Bertha E. Lovewell, *Life of St. Cecilia*, p. 30), it was Dryden apparently who made her the inventress of the organ. This ode was set to music by the Italian composer Giovanni Battista Draghi. For the celebration in 1697, Dryden wrote his more famous "Alexander's Feast," which Handel eventually set to music.

1. *From harmony, etc.* Cf. Ovid's account of the creation (*Met.* i. 17-25): "No form of things remained the same; all objects were at odds, for within one body cold things strove with hot, and moist with dry, soft things with hard, things having weight with weightless things. God—or kindlier Nature—composed this strife; for he rent asunder land from sky, and sea from land, and separated the ethereal heavens from the dense atmosphere. When thus he had released these elements and freed them from the blind heap of things, he set them each in its own place and bound them fast in harmony" (tr. Miller: Loeb).

15. *diapason*. Concord.

17. *Jubal*. See Gen. 4:21.

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48. *Orpheus could lead the savage race, etc.* Ovid (*Met.* xi. 44) mentions "the throng of beasts, the flinty rocks, and the trees which had so often gathered to" his songs.

50. *Sequacious of*. Given to following.

53. *An angel heard*. Noyes "cannot discover Dryden's authority . . . for representing that she drew an angel to her by" the notes of the organ. Can this passage have been suggested to Dryden by one of the famous paintings of St. Cecilia? See Mrs. Jameson's description of Raphael's painting for the church of San Giovanni-in-Monte, which depicts her standing, with a small organ in her hand, listening to a group of angels singing above (*Sacred and Legendary Art*, II, 202).

63. *And music shall untune the sky.* That is, the music of the last trump will announce the destruction of the heavens and of the earth, after which the spheres can no longer produce their divine harmonies. (See note on "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," p. 328, l. 125.)

PIGRAM ON MILTON (*Page 232*)

Engraved, without the author's name, under the portrait of Milton that constitutes the frontispiece in the fourth edition of *Paradise Lost* (1688). Dryden's name was first connected with it in the 1716 edition of the *Sixth*

JOHN DRYDEN

Part of Miscellany Poems. Malone (*Prose Works of John Milton*, I, 205) quotes a Latin distich composed by Selvaggi in honor of Milton when he was at Rome that perhaps suggested Dryden's lines. It may be rendered thus:

“Let Greece boast her Homer, Rome her Maro [Virgil];
England boasts her Milton, the equal of both.”

SONG: HOW HAPPY THE LOVER (*Page 232*)

From the opera *King Arthur* (Act IV, scene i), first acted in 1690 or 1691. This is a song of nymphs and sylvans who, at the direction of their master, Osmond, a Saxon magician, would lure Arthur to his destruction. In the last act Arthur defeats the Saxon king, Oswald; Merlin predicts the greatness of England in the union of Britons and Saxons; and the play ends with a series of patriotic songs, among which are the “Harvest Song,” sung by Comus and three peasants, and “Fairest isle,” by Venus.

[HARVEST SONG] (*Page 232*)

See note on the preceding lyric.

1. *Comus.* In later Greek mythology, the god of festivity and mirth.
2. *hovels.* Sheds, used for storing grain.

[SONG SUNG BY VENUS IN HONOR OF BRITANNIA] (*Page 233*)

See note above on “Song: How happy the lover.”

SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY (*Page 234*)

First printed in a miscellany issued by Tonson in 1693, under the title *Examen Poeticum*, which contained poems of Dryden, Mulgrave, Prior, and others.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC (*Page 234*)

First printed in 1697. See introductory note on “A Song for St. Cecilia’s Day,” p. 399.

When Alexander the Great had completed the conquest of the Persian empire, in 330 B.C., he burned the palaces at Persepolis, the Persian capital. Though the Greek courtesan Thais had accompanied him into Asia, the story that she instigated the burning of the city is supported only by the untrustworthy Cleitarchus. The Greek lexicographer Suidas mentions Timotheus’ power of moving Alexander by his music; but it may be that Dryden’s immediate source, as G. G. L. points out in *Notes and Queries* (12th series, VII, 87), was a passage in Jeremy Collier’s essay “Of Music”: “Timotheus, a Grecian, was so great a master that he could make a man storm and swagger like a tempest; and then, by altering the notes and the time, he would

take him down again, and sweeten his humor in a trice. One time, when Alexander was at dinner, this man played him a Phrygian air: the prince immediately rises, snatches up his lance, and puts himself into a posture of fighting. And the retreat was no sooner sounded by the change of the harmony, but his arms were grounded and his fire extinct; and he sat down as orderly as if he had come from one of Aristotle's lectures." Mark Van Doren (*The Poetry of John Dryden*, p. 256) mentions other possible sources.

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20. *Timotheus*. The more famous musician of that name died the year before Alexander was born.

25. *from Jove*. That is, with the story about Jove that follows. Alexander's amazing military successes, aided by a pronouncement of one of the oracles and by the flattery of his friends, finally convinced him that he was divine and deserved to be worshiped as a god.

29. *Sublime on radiant spires*. Aloft on his radiant coils.

30. *Olympia*. Olympias was the mother of Alexander.

41. *shake the spheres*. Jove was supposed to shake the heavens with a nod.

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52. *honest*. Comely.

75-80. *Darius Deserted at his utmost need*. After burning Persepolis, Alexander pursued Darius hotly to the east; but the latter, when Alexander was on the point of capturing him, was stabbed by his companions.

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97. *Lydian measures*. See note on "L'Allegro," p. 335, l. 136.

107. *many*. Company (apparently from confusion with "meinie," a retinue).

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170. *She drew an angel down*. See note on "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day," p. 400, l. 53.

[HUNTING SONG] (*Page 239*)

From the short *Secular Masque* written to accompany a performance of Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Pilgrim*, which was revived for Dryden's benefit in 1700. Diana, Mars, and Venus appear, and symbolize, respectively, the devotion to hunting on the part of James I, the civil wars of Charles I, and the sway of "the Queen of Pleasure" in the court of Charles II.

4. *wexing*. Waxing.

5. *course*. Chase.

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